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THE NEW SPIRIT.

(AN ANALYSIS OF THE EMANCIPATION OF THE INTELLECT IN THE FOURTEENTH FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.)

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

It was my honorable duty to read an English essay on "The Renaissance," in the theatre at Oxford, on the 17th of June, 1863. At that time confused and erroneous views were common as to the meaning of the term Renaissance, and as to the importance of the historical period which it denotes. Even so able a thinker as G. W. F. Hegel, in his *Philosophy of History*, passed from the Middle Ages to the German Reformation with three pages of transition, in which he superficially alluded to the revival of learning, the efflorescence of the fine arts, and the discovery of America. Hegel, apparently, had not grasped the revolutionary character of humanism; its reaction against mediæval methods of thinking; its preparation of modern scientific criticism. But what re-

vealed a deeper want of insight into the subject, was his failure to perceive that the Reformation owed its force as an intellectual movement—apart from mere revolt against ecclesiastical corruption—to the New Spirit of independence which had been liberated in Italy by the Renaissance.

During the last thirty years rapid advance has been made toward a true knowledge of the Renaissance. A group of eminent writers in France, Germany, England, and Italy have devoted their best energies to investigating its origins in the Middle Ages, explaining the conditions of its development, and analyzing its specific character. Yet I feel that we are still very far from being able to give a plausible theory of the causes which produced

this reawakening of the human mind, or to define with absolute precision what was its vital essence.

What I wrote in my early youth returns to my memory now ; and I do not seem able, after thirty years of searching, to yield a better account of the ætiology of the Renaissance than I did then. Then I introduced my treatment of the subject with remarks upon the abyssmal depths of national personality, and the inscrutability of laws which govern human development, adding : \* " These remarks, if generally true, may be applied with special significance to the age of the Renaissance—that mighty period of dissolution and reconstruction, of the reabsorption of old material, and of the development of new principles, of discoveries and inventions mutually strengthening one another, and tending to diffuse and render permanent the power of man. If we ask, what was the Renaissance ? the lovers of art will answer that it was the change produced on painting, architecture, and sculpture, by the study of newly recovered antiques ; nor will they agree about the value of this change ; for some deplore it as the decadence of true inspiration, others hail it as the dawning of a brief but glorious day. The scholar means by the Renaissance that discovery of ancient manuscripts and that progress in philology which led to a correct knowledge of classical literature, to new systems of philosophy, to a fresh taste in poetry, to a deeper insight into language, and, finally, to the great Lutheran schism and the emancipation of modern thought. The jurist understands by the term a dissolution of old systems of law based upon the False Decretals, the acquisition of a true text of the Corpus Juris, and generally the opening of a new era for jurisprudence. Ask the historian of political Europe what marked the age of the Renaissance, and he will talk of the abolition of feudalism, of French interference in Italian affairs, of the tendency to centralization, of the growth of great monarchies, and of diplomacy, which was the instrument by which kings established their supremacy, and wrought out their schemes of self-aggrandizement. Besides, we hear of the discovery of America, and of the exploration of the East ; the true

system of the world is explained by Copernicus ; Vesalius teaches us how man is made ; printing, engraving, paper, the compass, gunpowder, all start suddenly into being to aid the dissolution of what is rotten and must perish, to strengthen and perpetuate the new and useful and life-giving. Yet, if we rightly consider the question, we shall find that neither one of these answers, nor yet indeed all of them together, can adequately explain the multiplicity and apparent incongruity of those phenomena which made the interval between 1450 and 1550 the most marvellous period that the world has ever known. In the word Renaissance, or palingenesis, in the idea of Europe arousing herself from the torpor of trance and incubation which weighed upon her for ten centuries, we detect a spiritual regeneration, a natural crisis, not to be explained by this or that phenomenon of its development, but to be accepted as a gigantic movement for which at length the time was come, which had been anticipated by the throes of centuries, which was aided and extended by external incidents, and which still continues to live and move and expand within us, by virtue of its own power, and of the marvellous mechanical inventions that preserve to us inviolably each onward step in its progress toward maturity."

It may be impossible to analyze the causes which produced this re-awakening of intellectual energy. But it is not beyond the scope of criticism to sketch out its essential character, and to describe the main conditions under which it was effected. In the first place, we must bear steadily in mind the fact that the Renaissance was, above all things, a spiritual process, a reacquisition of mental lucidity and moral independence after centuries of purblind somnambulism. For this reason, I have elected to define the genius of Renaissance as *the New Spirit* ; and I propose to consider, as broadly and generally as possible, what were the leading characteristics of this New Spirit.

Antecedent circumstances, affecting the whole of Europe in varying degrees, rendered the emergence of spiritual liberty possible. These were the absorption of the Teutonic barbarians into a common political system, at the head of which stood the Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire ; the assimilation of

\* *The Renaissance*. Oxford, Henry Hamman, 1863, p. 8.

one religious creed by all parts and parcels of the European community; the definition of those integers as separate nationalities, with languages of their own, and similar monarchical institutions; the possession by them all of one learned language in the Latin tongue; finally, the gradual relaxation of the mediæval dualism of Church and Empire, and the high degree of autonomy and social comfort attained by the Italians. The reason why Italy took the lead in the Renaissance may be found not only in her favorable geographical and economical conditions, but also in her unbroken connection with the antique past, her intolerance of feudalism, and her essentially mundane temperament. The power of the Empire had been sapped by its localization in Germany, by the rivalries of monarchies and republics claiming independence, and by the fierce war waged against the House of Hohenstauffen through successive papacies. The authority of the Church had been weakened by her Avignonian exile, by the councils of Constance and Basle, by Wycliffe and the Lollards in England, by the Hussites in Bohemia, by the heretics of Provence, the Paterines of Italy.

The Occidental nations, in the last years of the Middle Ages, had thus attained a point at which, without being conscious of a coming change, they were ready to enter upon a new epoch of civilization. We might compare them to a liquid mass of molten metal at the moment when it is about to settle down and solidify. When that happens, it is not the whole mass which suddenly becomes stationary, but the curdling process begins in what may be called the most propitious quarter. Here a crust or a cake forms, and this acts like a nucleus for the surrounding fluid substance. Something of the same sort occurs in all processes of crystallization or gelation. These analogies are clearly defective; for what took place at the beginning of the Renaissance ought properly to be compared to organic rather than to solidifying change. We could perhaps discover a better metaphor in embryology, appealing to that speck in the ovum out of which the complex vital structure has to be evolved. However, let that pass. In the phenomenon with which we are now occupied, the propitious quarter, the nucleus of the ovum, was Italy. The reasons for this priority of the Italians have

been already assigned. They never broke with the Roman past. They absorbed the Ostrogoths and Lombards. They resisted feudalism. They kept their language close to Latin. Their cities bore antique names, and abounded in monuments of the classical past. They created the Roman Church, and at the same time they were the least imposed on by its spiritual pretensions. Farther than all the sister-nations, they had advanced upon the path of material and social prosperity. They held the trade of the world in their grasp. They lived in diplomatical and commercial relations with the East, which was only known to Englishmen and Franks and Germans as the land of hated unbelievers. They owed no allegiance to kings, and were loosely bound together in a mesh of independent, mutually repellent and attractive city-states. It devolved upon them therefore to revive the positive and plastic genius of the antique world, and by combining this with what remained alive of mediævalism, to give form and substance to that hybrid which I have called the New Spirit.

These considerations help us to understand the importance of the Emperor Frederick II. in the history of the Renaissance; the hatred with which he inspired orthodox Christians; his precocious prefigurement of the coming epoch. I must repeat that the Renaissance was essentially intellectual—an outburst of mental and moral independence. The first and leading note of it is the reassertion of the individual in his rights to think and feel, to shape his conduct according to the dictates of his reason. *The resurgence of personality in the realm of thought* lies at the root of the whole matter. In the sphere of action, personality played freely enough throughout the Middle Ages. But men were agreed then to accept a certain system of thought, elaborated mainly by Churchmen. Dominant conceptions prevailed. We have the spectacle of whole nations in movement toward the Holy Land, governed by a romantic idea. We have the no less instructive spectacle of Henry of England doing penance at the shrine of Becket, of Henry of Germany kneeling in the snow at Canossa. But now comes Frederick II., the most mundane and humane of rulers, so far as we can judge him through the mists of prejudice and calumny: also the most

sceptical, most positive, perhaps most cynical of thinkers. He undertakes a Crusade, and brings it to a not inglorious conclusion by a treaty with the Sultan. He stocks his castles of Apulia with Saracen troops, and colonizes waste lands with infidels. His court is the rallying point for free-thinkers, artists, men of letters, selected without regard for creed or nationality. He is an incarnation of the first effective force of the Renaissance—personality in the sphere of thought, self-conscious of its aims, self-governed in its conduct.

During this shifting of the scenes from mediæval to modern modes of thinking, in this gestation of the New Spirit and creation of the hybrid which shall fuse past and future to form our present, it is impossible to distinguish objects very clearly. The protagonists of the movement often seem to contradict themselves. Frederick II. issues edicts against the Cathari and Paterini, probably because he regarded them as social anarchists, possibly because he strove in his diplomacy to humor the Church. Out of the midst of positive and practical Italy arise the last great flaming stars of Christian faith, St. Francis and St. Dominic. The Church is still so vital that she comprehends the utility of incorporating the Umbrian visionary and the Spanish tyrant over souls into her system. Still, whether we regard Frederick II., or Francis and Dominic, the fact of sharply defined individuality emerges into prominence.

Dante, whose master-work, the *Divine Comedy*, is rightly held to be the everlasting monument of mediævalism on the eve of dissolution, illustrates the same fact. He remained within the sphere of mediæval ideas in his religious creed, his philosophy, his political ideals. But he displayed his personal independence, the freedom of his intellect, not merely in the critical judgments he passed upon the lowest and the most exalted of his predecessors and contemporaries, not merely in the vivid picture he left of Italy seething in internecine civic struggles, but also, and far more effectively, in the quality of his great epic. Whatever else the *Divine Comedy* may be, it is the record of the man who made it, the intense and fiery self-delineation of a haughty spirit. Previous literature of the mediæval epoch had given birth to nothing of the sort. At

one bound art leapt from the region of dim generalities or genial arras-work, into that of incisive definitions and glyptic purity of outline. The New Spirit, in its first phase of personality, self-conscious and self-assertive, shone forth through Dante's poem, albeit the atmosphere he breathed, the material he handled, were still mediæval.

The second phase in this genesis of the New Spirit may be described as *Curiosity*. Personality had shaken itself to some extent free. In what are called the heresies of the mediæval epoch, it showed a will to investigate principles, to interrogate Church doctrine, to reconstitute the scheme of society upon some fresh basis. Personality began to vindicate the rights of the natural man, queried the condemnation of the flesh and senses, lusted after the world in thought as well as deed. In men like Wycliffe and Huss it disputed the sole right of clerical tradition to settle interpretations of Scripture. In Joachim of Flora it anticipated a revelation superior to that of Christ and his Apostles. In the Goliardi and the lyrists of Provence, it gave the agreeable form of literary art to appetites and sentiments. In the school of the Averrhoists it undermined those postulates and axioms upon which the huge edifice of scholasticism, triumphant in Thomas of Aquino, had been raised. In the court of Frederick II. it exhibited a temper akin to that of Galileo. Prepared by these processes of incipient scepticism, which were still carried on within the ring-fence of mediæval habits of thought, semi-emancipated personality now turned with eager inquisitive eyes to the vast neglected store of human experience funded in antique literature. Here stretched a whole untravelled empire of the intellect. The men of the Middle Ages, though it lay open to them, had wilfully refused to explore that realm; or, when they crossed its borders, they arrived with prejudices and preoccupations which obscured their mental vision. The pioneers of the New Spirit, exhilarated by the novelty of their experience, surveyed fertile and abundant regions, beyond the jurisdiction, untainted by the trail, of ecclesiastical authority. Into this paradise of mind and imagination they leapt like boys, for the pure pleasure of the excursion, without any settled intention of rebelling against Mother Church. Their keenly

awakened personality made them desire to know what man had been under diverse intellectual and moral conditions, when no thoughts oppressed him of damnation and eternity. Seeking thus, they arrived at a superior self-knowledge, and became aware of their own liberty. To their ineffable satisfaction they entered into the possession of a nobler and serener earth.

"Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera nô-  
runt."

That Elysium of the classic past was crowded with gods and heroes, with orators and poets and historians. Its monuments of art and literature were supereminent in beauty and in passion; throbbing with lyric life, pulsing with music, resonant with song, resplendent with imagined light and color. Its records unrolled majestic pageants of rising and falling empires, of glorious actions and heroic lives. In this congenial atmosphere their own resuscitated senses seemed to thrive. Their frost-bound perceptions thawed, their cramped limbs began to move with new delight in living. The natural man, no longer cowed by the conviction of his sinfulness, stood up and faced the heavens. The carnal appetites were dignified by contact with ideal loveliness and tragic destiny.

This, I imagine, was the attitude of mind which resulted in *Humanism*. We are wont to talk about the "Revival of Learning." But let us not forget the sense of inebriation, the revel and the riot, which attended that irruption of mediæval scholars into the Elysium of the past. Let us realize the intense joy with which they discovered that this Elysium was no dream, but concrete fact, was in sober earnest the truth of what men had been, might again be, ought to be, were made to be. In their first exultation, they dubbed their acquisitions by the significant title of "*Humaniora*," or the things which properly belong to man, as distinguished from things with which the Church and scholasticism defrauded and perplexed his reason.

Petrarch is the hero of this stage. He combined a personality no less defined and even more self-conscious than Dante's, with the curiosity of the New Spirit. His book of poems upon Laura is the subtle analysis of a highly sensitive soul. His

affection for the author of the *Confessions* proves him to have been already possessed with the ache and yearning of the modern temperament—"la maladie de la pensée—l'amour de l'impossible—l'autopsie psychologique de l'âme." This was one aspect of Petrarch's genius. The other was a manful belief in scholarship, a perception that classic literature would furnish the means of spiritual rehabilitation. He was the first to understand that the dignity of man as a rational being must be re-established, not by combating theology, but by leaving it alone, and by assimilating the wisdom of the ancients. Petrarch approached the classics with the tact and sensibility which had been lacking to mediæval students. Virgil, and Ovid, and Cicero were for him no magicians, no heretics, and no mystagogues, but men of like nature with himself, superior indeed in culture, yet such as he could comprehend, make friends with, learn from. Petrarch bridged the chasm of the Middle Ages, even as Milton's Satan, when he made that traversable roadway across chaos. After him scholars freely passed into Elysium and returned into the world of common day. History was seen to be continuous, and the unity of the human race was demonstrated.

Humanism, when once started by Petrarch, rapidly pursued its course of accumulation and assimilation. The tale of the Revival in its several stages—collection of manuscripts, interpretation of texts, study of style, resuscitation of Greek learning, printing, translation, and so forth—has been so often told that there is no need to retrace it. I must pause, however, to contemplate the mental and moral attitude of the humanists more closely.

"We go," said Cyriac of Ancona, "to awake the dead." It was in that frame of mind that Petrarch's immediate successors entered the classical Elysium by the bridge which he had built. But the dead whom they found there were at once seen to be the really living. These scholars then came back with the firm conviction that contemporary people of importance—hair-splitting dialecticians, superstitious quacks, relic-mongers, jugglers with holy vessels, salesmen of absolutions—were the dead or dying. Defunct and obsolete for them were Fathers of the Church, doctors seraphic and angelic, doctors of laws, saints of silly miracles, child-

ish worshippers at shrines, sleek, cunning Levites in the tabernacle. Alive and luminous with ever-during glory rose the poets and philosophers, the orators and statesmen, the artists and law-givers, of the ancient world. These worthies and heroes had either lived before Christ or had ignored the shining of his light. Therefore Dante, although he described them as—

"Genti con occhi tardi e gravi  
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti"—

placed them, without the smallest sense of the injustice and absurdity of their damnation, upon the first circle of Hell, within earshot of the wailings and the shriekings which eternally rise from its torture-chambers. The humanists having adopted these same noble personages as their sole guides in the lore of living, as the only teachers of true wisdom, could not maintain the orthodox attitude of reprobation. Yet scholarship was too engrossed with its own labor of discovery to open a crusade against Church practices or dogmas. Why waste valuable time in squabbles with ignorant authority when that wonderful region, the dreamland of a reality more real, a truth more true than daily life, awaited exploration? In this way paganism filtered tacitly but surely, like an elixir of fresh mountain air, or like a miasma from foul marshes—according to the point of view one takes of the matter—into the intellectual constitution of humanism. The significance of this will appear at a later point of our inquiry. At present it is enough to remark that the curiosity of the New Spirit early generated *Rationalism*.

We cannot connect the rapid growth of the fine arts in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries immediately with the Revival of Learning. But we can show that the arts, like learning, derived energy from the curiosity of self-conscious personalities, aroused to vivid interest in the world around them. As Petrarch revealed a new insight into literature, so Giotto and Nicolo Pisano displayed a sense of natural beauty, a feeling for form and composition, a power over dramatic action and emotional expression, which had been unknown in the Middle Ages. The painters and the sculptors of the early Renaissance looked on the world around them with eyes from which the scales of centuries

had fallen. They soon began to particularize, each individual forming his manner, selecting what pleased or touched him most in nature, aiming solely at the best and truest interpretation. This led to profound study of details, careful anatomy and drawing of the human nude, elaborate experiments in perspective, subtle attempts to render atmosphere, exquisite sympathy with plant-structure, birds, beasts, flowers, and shells. At first the artists served the Church. Giotto and his school covered the cathedrals of Italy with Bible histories, legends of the saints, allegories relating to ecclesiastical dogma. But when the Revival of Learning filled men's minds with classical mythology and story, the artists turned their attention with fresh delight and with no less scrupulous sympathy to the Greek Pantheon and the deeds of Roman worthies. Art was indifferent to the spiritual nature of the subject, impartial in the bestowal of her skill and pains. After this fashion sculpture and painting assisted Humanism, by exhibiting through plastic form and color the unity of the spirit of man under both Christian and pagan aspects. St. Sebastian might have been a Christian martyr, and Antinous the deified mignon of a pagan emperor; but art only saw their common qualities of beauty, convenient opportunities for depicting naked young men in the prime of life. A dead Christ and a living Hercules had equal merit if the torso was well modelled. Female charm shone forth in St. Lucy and the Magdalene as agreeably as in Aphrodite and the Graces. Moreover, in addition to this reduction of both pagan and Christian subject-matter to a common æsthetical denominator, the fine arts contributed what may be called *Naturalism* to the characteristics of the New Spirit. Naturalism was the product of artistic curiosity, as Rationalism had been the product of the humanistic curiosity.

This is a point of some importance. Sculptors and painters worked in complete independence. So long as they did not outrage religious feeling and moral decency too brutally, they were free to follow their own predilections. Like Signorelli, they might cover the arabesques of Heaven and Hell with male and female nudities displayed in grotesque and fantastic postures. Like Filarete, they might mould the Rape of Ganymede upon the

bronze gates of St. Peter's. Their duty was to succeed in beautiful presentation and expression. In order to arrive at this result they labored with enthusiasm at the technique of their crafts, they studied natural objects minutely, and made themselves familiar with every form of fact. Naturalism, as liberated by artistic practice, proved later on of great service to the physical sciences. It stimulated habits of close observation, bred a craving after exact knowledge, freed the mind from prejudices regarding the uncleanness or repulsiveness of anything which could be found in nature. Some of the earliest mathematicians, anatomists, physiologists, in Italy were artists. In Leo Battista Alberti, in Leonardo da Vinci, in Michelangelo Buonarroti, we have men who combined the subtlest sensibility to carnal beauty, the most thorough command of form and color, with profound practical science and with those prophetic indagations which contain the germs of luminous discovery. Naturalism, again, is the direct opposite of mysticism. In so far as mediæval Christianity was mystical, the figurative and naturalistic representation of its dogmas inflicted serious injury upon the fabric of the creed. The Creator did not gain in dignity by being represented as an old man with a hoary beard. The Trinity was reduced to the same level as the Pope, when it appeared as a robed pontiff with a triple crown; it became ridiculous under the aspect of an old man, a white dove, and a crucifix. Moreover, people soon perceived that Pagan mythology was not only more enticing and attractive, but also more adapted to plastic presentation, than the mythology of the Christian faith. Gods and heroes, nymphs and Graces, suited the sensuousness of arts which aimed at corporeal loveliness, far better than emaciated saints, disgusting martyrdoms, crucifixions, and infernal torments. Silent and unperceived, art, by its naturalism, sapped orthodoxy much in the same way as scholarship, by its rationalism, was serving the same purpose.

Naturalism did not confine its influence to the arts of form and color. It very early invaded literature, especially fiction, poetry, and narrative. Boccaccio, like his master, Petrarch, was both a humanist and a poet of marked individuality. In his former capacity he gave a start to the

study of Greek, and did yeoman's service by making miscellaneous compilations and collections from the classics. In poetry he ranks as the first and one of the greatest of modern naturalists. This is evident, not only in the *Decameron*, but also in the versified romances which he composed so fluently. Boccaccio bequeathed to Italy a peculiar type of literature, in close relation to the plastic arts, which, after passing through the hands of Sanzaro, Pulci, De' Medici, Poliziano, Boiardo, Bandello, reached its climax in Ariosto. The enormous influence exercised by this great writer over posterity was not due to the commanding grandeur of his genius, but to the fact that naturalism formed an essential ingredient of the New Spirit. Boccaccio, as novelist, remained unrivalled; but, as poet, he fell below the level of Poliziano and Boiardo. It was his merit to have imported crude, unabashed, and jocund naturalism into the sphere of monumental literature.

The New Spirit advanced under retarding influences of Catholicity and mediæval dulness. These drawbacks, however, were not so formidable as might appear. Neither scholarship nor art assumed a position of direct antagonism to Christianity; and though they were creating an intellectual atmosphere in which orthodoxy could not hope to survive and thrive, their first aspect seemed both innocent and agreeable. The Church had become secular and mundane, indifferent to her real essence and vocation, merged in diplomacies and compromises. Unaware of any special danger, her most enlightened sons, men dedicated to study by the fact of their profession, felt the gust of the new intellectual life abroad in Europe. Her chiefs, the popes and cardinals, regarded scholarship as an adornment of their social culture, and art as a convenient handmaid of their faith. The one was welcomed in the palace and the council-chamber, the other in the cathedral and the oratory. Humanism, in particular, proved at the outset a substantial ally against astrologers, Averrhoists, wrangling scholastics, sordid monks, and all the fanatical free-lances who are obnoxious to privileged establishments. The fabric of the Church appeared so solid, humanism so enlightened, art so pious, that Catholicity felt justified in swimming with the tide. She thought, and not unreasonably

thought, that she might acclimatize the New Spirit and secure it for her service, as she had annexed the fervent charity of Francis, the persecuting zeal of Dominic. Owing to the easy-going temper of the Roman Curia, and to the indifference of scholarship for theological disputes, the New Spirit obtained a century of quiet working at the very centre of European life.

When the Great Schism came to an end, and the Popes returned to reign in Rome, the triumph of humanism was secured. The first pontiff of this new régime, Nicholas V., was a distinguished scholar, derived in a direct line from Petrarch. The next pontiff of importance, Pius II., was a versatile diplomatist and man of letters, somewhat akin to Leo Battista Alberti in temperament, sensitive at all points to the charms of nature and of art, enamoured with the delicacies and ingenuities of humanistic rhetoric. These men gave tone to the Papacy, when Rome once more became a capital, and when the Holy See entered into political relations on a common footing with the despots and republics of Italy.

The whole peninsula at this period (1447-1464) had been saturated with humanism. Scholars educated in the lecture-rooms of Filelfo and Guarino held office as chancellors, secretaries, envoys, orators on state occasions, protonotaries, court-chamberlains. The new learning was the passport for young men of ability into all places of secular and ecclesiastical importance. No one regarded their morality, their orthodoxy, their private opinions or their personal conduct. It was sufficient if they commanded the main things needful at the moment: the tongue of the fluent rhetorician, the pen of the ready writer, the memory of the student stocked with antique erudition. We marvel at the rapidity with which this modern type of culture supplanted mediævalism. But the rapidity which moves our wonder is the proof of healthy and organic growth. One eminent family at Florence contributed in no small measure to the triumph of the New Spirit. The Medici, through four generations, beginning with Cosimo Pater Patriæ, passing through Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leo X., culminating in Clement VII., sustained the cause of humanism and of art. Nor did they stand alone. The lords of Milan and Rimini,

the kings of Naples, the dukes of Ferrara and Urbino, all the minor potentates in every city-state, vied with one another in conforming to this novel type of civility. Italians of all regions and all political diversities found themselves confederated by common sympathy with the New Spirit.

Meanwhile, Christianity continued to be the official religion of the nation. But the temper of the new civility was pagan. Sensuous in art, sceptical in study, it rejected asceticism and derided dogma. "Let us enjoy the Papacy now that we have got it," said one Pope. "If we believe nothing ourselves, there is no reason why we should interfere with believers," said another. "How much hath that lie of Christ profited the world," is a third of these Papal utterances. And those who acted more than they spoke—Popes like Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI.—presented a glaring spectacle of Antichrist enthroned upon St. Peter's chair. If such were the shepherds, judge what were the flocks!

The paganism of the Italian Renaissance, of which so much has been said, and justly, was a very real thing. Humanism and art, by returning to Greek and Roman ideals of thought and conduct, and by emphasizing the sensuous elements of life, created a fine æsthetic atmosphere, in which the emancipated personality of the modern man moved freely, feeling at liberty to sport with natural inclinations. Vices and passions had been frequent enough, and forcible enough, in the mediæval period; but then they were recognized as sins and contradictions of the dominant ideal. Now they assumed forms of elegance and beauty, claiming condonation on the score of polite culture. The scepticism inherent in men who criticised Christianity from the standpoint of antique manners, terminated in a not repulsive cynicism. Society strove to be epicurean, but did not quite succeed, for the barbarian and the ascetic had not been eradicated.

The paganism of the Renaissance might be described as moral and religious indifference, an attitude of not ungenial toleration toward believers and unbelievers, saints and sinners. In like manner the rationalism of the Renaissance was intellectual indifference, interest in thoughts without regard for the sources whence

they came or the particular shade of opinion they denoted. The naturalism of the Renaissance was sensuous indifference, an attitude of sympathetic observation toward everything in nature, without false shame or loathing, an openness of sensibility to all impressions. These three factors were needed for the formation of the modern analytical spirit, which is impartial in judgment, unprejudiced for or against religious and ethical codes, reckless as to the results of its method, indifferent as to the moral or æsthetical qualities of the thing to be examined. To this point, then, had the union of personality with curiosity or mental appetite brought the Italians in the golden age, as it is absurdly called, of Leo X.

The Revival of Learning was accomplished. That is to say, the Greek and Latin authors which we now possess, had, with a very few exceptions, been printed, commented and translated. During the course of this process, a new organ was added to the modern mind, which had been completely lacking in the Middle Ages. The elucidation of ancient authors, the settlement of texts, and the comparison of manuscripts, produced *Criticism*. Generated in the pagan milieu of the earlier Renaissance, criticism naturally attacked the superstitions and the vices of the clergy. But in Italy this was done with good humor by humanists like Poggio and novelists like Bandello. They did not mean mischief, and aimed at no revolution in the Church. The situation became more delicate when Christian dogma, ecclesiastical tradition, the principles of private and public ethics, the Biblical cosmology, the philosophy of Aquinas, were subjected in turn to destructive analysis. It was at the Court of Naples, during the warfare carried on between the House of Aragon and the Holy See, that humanism first showed its teeth in earnest. Lorenzo Valla attacked the temporalities of Rome by his treatise on "The erroneously believed and falsely fabricated Donation of Constantine." The same critic declared the epistle of Christ to Abgarus a forgery, sneered at the bad Latin of the Vulgate, and denied the authenticity of the Apostles' creed. Machiavelli, working in another region, openly proclaimed that the monastic virtues of humility and obedience sapped virility and character. He proved the Papacy to have been the source of

moral and political weakness to Italy. He studied history from a coldly analytical and positive point of view, treating mankind as a political community, governed by ability and might, without reference to a provident Deity. Copernicus, in the field of astronomy, dethroned Ptolemy, and made the sun the centre of our system. Pomponazzo called the immortality of the soul in question. Telesio pronounced that interrogation of Nature is the only basis for a sound philosophy. On all sides, therefore, criticism initiated a revolt against authority. That independent and self-conscious personality, which formed the vital principle of the Renaissance movement, had arrived at asserting the right of private judgment. Fortified by curiosity, rationalism, naturalism, the critical reason now rejected everything which could not be proved by positive methods of analysis. In other words, *Modern Science* had been born.

Down to the end of Leo X.'s reign, this advance of criticism caused little uneasiness. Society, including the Church, was imbued with humanistic scepticism and æsthetic sensuousness. The gay and glittering life of the Renaissance dazzled the eyes of all men. What if professors in dark corners blurted out uncomfortable truths? The weighty bearings of their utterances were not perceived. Scandals raised by Valla's heresy and Pomponazzo's materialism disappeared before the dubious assertion that, while they speculated as philosophers, they believed as Christians. This convenient sophistry cloaked a multitude of sins. The Copernican hypothesis was laughed at as an incredible theory started by a visionary barbarian from the shores of the Baltic. Telesio passed for a harmless natural philosopher, a kind of botanist or conchologist. No one noticed the significance of the discovery of America, the exploration of the globe, the proof of the Antipodes. It sufficed in Lateran Councils to confirm the views of the mediæval Church upon disputed topics. This was the sop which a sceptical Pope threw to ecclesiastics alarmed by the steady spread of neological opinions.

It is well to pause here for a moment and review the position which the New Spirit had secured in Italy. In literature, art and speculation, it enjoyed an almost untrammelled intellectual liberty. But the temper of the race did not favor search-

ing theological discussions, and the time was not quite ripe for an outburst of revolutionary metaphysic. The humanists were too indifferent and easy-going—lapped in their Elysium of antiquity. They aimed at culture more than the discovery of truth. Their paganism wore a self-indulgent and immoral aspect. They sneered at Christianity. In their cynicism they did not care for religion, and were well contented to leave a Church alone, which so conveniently fostered their tastes and condoned their vices. Moreover, we must not forget that we are tracing the history of a hybrid. The blending of present with past, of pagan with Christian, of ancient with modern, produced an inevitable confusion in men's minds. Thought could not run quite clear from the sediment of decaying mysticism, dogmatism, authority. It hardly knew the nature of its own audacity until the apparition of Giordano Bruno. Art was hampered and indecisive between Olympus and Calvary, literature clogged by mediæval reminiscences and scholastic pedantry. The New Spirit, although so vigorous, still remained a perplexed and seeking force—perplexed by opposing currents of influence, cumbered by erudition, seeking adjustments, groping after exits. The like is true of society and individuals. We have only to study the biographies of typical personages, a Michelangelo, a Cellini, a Roderigo Borgia, in order to perceive that the same contradictions existed in life as in the genius of the age. What makes the Renaissance so fascinating and so difficult to handle is the fact of its hybridism.

But now the tide began to take a serious turn. Humanism had been transplanted beyond the Alps. Criticism armed the scholars of Germany with artillery far more efficient than those light guns of the Italian sceptics. The Germans believed in Christianity, and clung to their religion. Horrified by the paganism of the South, indignant at the cynical hypocrisy of infidel Popes and prelates, irritated beyond measure by the sale of indulgences for the building of a pompous temple, the people stirred in revolt against Rome. Their leading humanists applied the method of critical analysis to the Bible, not with the intention of sneering Christianity away, but of discovering what was the true essence of the creed which had been

overgrown—like Glaucus in the myth of Plato—by weeds and barnacles at the bottom of that dead sea of ecclesiastical corruption. The Reformation attacked the authority of popes and councils; disputed the traditional dogmas of orthodoxy; proclaimed the fullest liberty of private judgment; denounced monasticism and the celibacy of the clergy as immoral and unscriptural; and, what was worse, menaced the very fabric of the Catholic Church, its temporalities, its hierarchy, its supremacy over souls.

The Reformation must be regarded as the product of that intellectual emancipation which started with the curiosity of Petrarch and performed the stages I have already described in Italy. Only this new force now animated a race which had no natural bias for the fine arts and letters, which disliked pagan license, and was not ready to abandon Christian doctrine. Sceptical and revolutionary at its outset, the German Reformation speedily revealed the inherent conservatism of its promoters. Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, differ as they might in minor details, agreed in preserving the main features of the Christian faith intact. For the authority of the Church they substituted the authority of the Bible. Less logical than the Italians, they were not conscious of the weakness of their own position. They did not surmise that their critical method must lead inevitably to Voltaire, Renan, and the science of comparative theology. Luther would have been indignant had he been told that he was playing the part of pioneer to coming Comtes and Huxleys. Yet this was the fact, and the Church in Italy perceived it. Luterano became equivalent to infidel.

The Church girded herself up for a conflict to the death in defence of her religious creeds, her system of discipline, her political interests, her temporal power. The clash of Catholicism and Reformation destroyed the tranquil medium in which the New Spirit had been thriving and advancing toward maturity. Positive, scientific, analytical, the Genius of intellectual independence and open-mindedness met with rancorous hostility in both camps. The Reformers of Wittenberg and Zürich and Geneva were at bottom no less opposed to free thought than were the Catholic reactionaries of Spain. Calvin burned Servetus fifty years before the Roman Inquisition burned Bruno. So far as Italy

was concerned, the Tridentine Council extinguished, or, to put the case more exactly, drove underground the New Spirit. In Germany the Thirty Years' War annihilated civilization.

It would be sentimental to deplore the waste of time, of energy, of human life, which this conflict between Reform and Catholic reaction involved for Europe. Considering the different moral and intellectual temperaments of North and South, the different stages of culture attained by Germany and Italy, the struggle was inevitable. Nor did the New Spirit lose in the end by the retardation of its development. Had it retained the complexion it assumed in Italy during the Renaissance, we should have been ethically poorer and volitionally weaker. Imagine a seventeenth-century Prussia ruled in tastes and opinions by humanists like Filelfo and poets like the author of *Hermaphroditus*! Paganism, barely tolerable in Naples, must have been repulsive when communicated to the coarse and eminently inartistic Borussian temperament. Time, moreover, was needed to leaven the heterogeneous masses of the Occidental nations with a common culture. This has been done by scholarship, and the steady, if slow, advance of scientific thought. The destinies of science were, from the first, secure. And are we not aware that *Virtus sub pondere crescit*?

At the commencement of the Catholic reaction some of the calmest and wisest spirits, who had imbibed the new philosophy of thought, but who were incapable of siding with the Reformers—who had, in fact, gauged the inherent finality and vulgarity of Protestant Dissent in any shape—became what I have elsewhere called religious Whigs. The attitude of men like Contarini, More, Erasmus, Sarpi, has great interest for the psychologist; and a fascinating book remains to be written upon this group of thinkers. They dreamed that the New Spirit might purge itself of Paganism, that Catholicism might cast off its superstitions and corruptions, that Reform might prove accommodating upon such comparative trifles as the nature of the eucharist and salvation by faith. They imagined an ideal Europe, in which religion and science should coexist, where men should be rational in thought and pious in conduct. But the very condi-

tions of the case rendered this solution of the difficulty impossible.

That the New Spirit would prove ultimately intransigent, and irreconcilable to Christian theology, was clearly demonstrated by its last and noblest representative in Italy. Bruno's life was cut short at the comparatively early age of forty-four, yet he left behind him voluminous writings, from which an adequate ideal may be formed of his philosophy. As a personality, endowed with singular courage and remarkable independence, Bruno towers eminent among the powerful characters of that age so rich in individualities. The two currents of Renaissance curiosity, which had produced criticism and naturalism, met and blended in his intellect. As a thinker, his chief merit was to have perceived the true bearings of the Copernican discovery. He saw that the substitution of a heliocentric for the former geocentric theory of our system destroyed at one blow large portions of the Christian mythology. But more than this, Copernicus had failed to draw the logical conclusions of his own hypothesis. For him, as for the elder physicists, there remained a sphere of fixed stars enclosing the world perceived by our senses within walls of crystal. Bruno asserted the existence of numberless worlds in space illimitable. Bolder than his teacher, and nearer to the truth, he passed far beyond the flaming ramparts of the universe, denied that there were any walls, and proclaimed the infinity of space. Space, he thought, is filled with ether, in which an infinite number of solar systems resembling our own, composed of similar materials, and inhabited by countless living creatures, move with freedom. Not a single atom in this stupendous complex can be lost or unaccounted for. There is no such thing as birth or death, as generation or dissolution, but only a continual passage of the infinite and homogeneous substance through successive phases of finite differentiated existence. This general conception of the universe, which coincides with that accepted at the present time by men of science, led Bruno to speculations involving a theory of evolutionary development, and to what would now be called the conservation of energy. Rejecting as untenable the dualism of mind and matter, he argued, from the presence of the

intellect in man, and from the universality of form in all phenomena, that the essence of the whole can best be grasped by our imagination under the analogy of life and spirit.

This brief summary of Bruno's system makes it evident to what a large extent he anticipated not only the philosophies of Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Hegel, but also the most recent conclusions of natural science. In his treatment of theology and ethics, he was no less original and prophetic. He solved the problem of evil by defining it to be a relative condition of imperfect development, not evil in itself, but evil to our partial vision. He denied that any Paradise or Golden Age preceded human history. In his opinion, the fall of man from a primal state of innocence and happiness is an absurdity in itself, contradicting all we know about the laws of growth. In morals he inclined toward determinism. Passing to theology in the strict sense of that term, he sketched in outline the comparative study of religions. It is obvious that he regarded no one creed as final, no sacred book as exclusively inspired, no single race as chosen, no teacher or founder of a faith as specially divine, no Church as privileged with salvation.

To this point had the New Spirit advanced when outraged Catholicism, very naturally, logically, and consistently with

the instinct of self-preservation, burned Bruno in 1600.

The synthesis of criticism and naturalism, which took this form with Bruno, a form usually described as idealism, though Bruno's own aim was to arrive at a probable conception of the universe as it actually exists, assumed a different aspect in another group of Italian thinkers, Pomponazzo, Telesio, Galileo, with the physicists, anatomists, and physiologists of Padua. Their line led up to Bacon, to inductive and experimental science.

It was my business in the present essay to analyze the main characteristics of the New Spirit in the Italian Renaissance. The history of Rationalism, or Naturalism, or Positive Philosophy during the last three centuries, and the sustained conflict of the New Spirit with dogmatic theology, is a subject too vast to be undertaken here. What the issue of that conflict in the future will be is, I think, already certain. The struggle may continue, perhaps, for centuries, until the New Spirit shall have thoroughly imbued the modern mind, and Christianity be gradually purged of all that is decayed or obsolescent in its creed, retaining only that ethic which we owe to it, and which, though capable of being raised to higher stages, will remain the indestructible possession of the race.—*Fortnightly Review*.

### THE FRENCH CANADIAN HABITANT.

BY LADY JEPHSON.

THERE is no peasant so much attached to tradition as the French Canadian. He finds himself on a continent whose moving spirit is that of progression. The rest of the American world is more or less given up to electric-tramway cars, elevated railways, and other abominations. Factory chimneys belch forth their disfiguring smoke, and saw-mills rend the air with hideous noises, within touch, almost, of the quaint, picturesque French villages which lie nestling to the south of the St. Lawrence. The contiguity of progress and push, of manufacture and wealth, in no wise affects the unambitious *habitant*. He teems with contentment and philosophy. Has he not a decent farm, a tidy cottage, a good wife, an enormous prog-

eny, and a *curé* to help him on his road to heaven? Is it not possible, also, to put by a little money each year toward his old age—enough to procure for him and his a decent burial, and to pay for masses, in the sad by-and-by? What more can a man want? Jacques Bon-Homme has a supreme belief in himself and his belongings, in his country and its Constitution. A poor *habitant* (the story goes) went to Quebec, and was taken by a friendly priest to see the sights of the city. In a convent church he saw a large painting of David and Goliath. Jacques fixed his gaze admiringly on Goliath. "Ah!" said he, "what a fine man!" "Yes," said the *curé*: "it is a fine man." "Magnificent!" said Jacques; then

paused. "I suppose he was a French Canadian?" "*Bien, oui!*" retorted the priest, not liking to disappoint the patriot. "O yes! Goliath was a French Canadian."

That strikes the key-note of the French Canadian character. Where people are self-complacent enough to believe themselves perfect, they do not need to seek improvement, nor do they strain after higher ideals. The *habitant* sees no reason to complain of himself or of his position: he believes implicitly in the wisdom of his forefathers, and remains the most picturesque and only historical figure on the continent of North America. He farms his own acres, owes allegiance to no man besides his priest, builds his cottage on the ancient Norman model, and looks upon all new-fangled inventions (such as steam-ploughs and threshing-machines) as creations of the Devil. Although more than a century has elapsed since the British Standard was unfurled in the Citadel of Quebec, the *habitant* remains as French as his ancestors were the day they left their country. This, too, on a continent where the English, the Irish, and the Scotch, merge their national characteristics in the course of thirty years into those of the ubiquitous Yankee. Jacques, happy in coming under the rule of a generous conqueror, has preserved his language, his laws, and his religion, intact; and he has gratitude enough to value the liberty given him by his English rulers and to make him the strongest opponent of Annexation in Canada.

The French Canadian peasantry are descendants of the hardy men brought to American shores by Champlain over 200 years ago. Their forefathers were, for the most part, mariners, and the French Canadian of to-day retains traces of his origin in his peculiar phraseology. No true-born *habitant* would use the verb *monter* as applied to a *voiture*: *embarquer* would be his word: and there are many idioms in hourly use which are essentially and strangely nautical. The *patois* of the French Canadian peasant has long been the subject of discussion and research; but there seems little reason to doubt that it is the dialect spoken by his Norman ancestors 200 years ago. Conservative in this, as in all else, the French Canadian has preserved the dialect of his forefathers; while his French cousin of to-

day has kept pace with the times and drifted into more modern forms of speech. The *habitant's* accent leaves much to be desired as regards beauty, and in this respect he shares the fate of his compatriot the English Canadian. American air does not seem to favor the cultivation of soft voices and graceful modes of speech. Our good friend Jacques has a shrill voice, and ugly forms of expression: he calls his wife a "*créature*" and his daughter a "*figue*."

The *habitants* of Canada are chiefly confined to the Province of Quebec, by far the elder province in point of colonization, and assuredly the more interesting as regards physical beauty and historical association. From the Gulf, all the way up the wonderful St. Lawrence, the river's banks are dotted with innumerable white houses and villages. Enter any of these, and you find yourself transported to old-world and time-honored institutions. Here are veritable Norman cottages, steep-roofed, with dormer windows, wide and deep chimneys, picturesque rafters. Cross the road and you see an oven of ancient construction; hard by, a wayside cross, before which the devout peasant kneels in prayer for a good harvest. In the middle of the village stands the church, severely whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof and a picturesque steeple. Glance behind it and you see the *curé's* neat cottage, and his reverence (arrayed in black *soutane*) pacing his garden-walk. Stiff rows of hollyhocks, dahlias, and sunflowers, delight his soul, and are not out of harmony with his prim exterior. Be sure that a convent lurks somewhere near: convents and seminaries are the only educational establishments approved by the orthodox French Canadian. A glimpse over a fence reveals demure nuns superintending the recreations of convent-bred misses, and the white goffered caps and black robes make us breathe the atmosphere of Old France. The avenues of poplar trees planted by the early settlers in memory of their beloved country help the illusion. On all sides we have evidence of the deep love for his mother country, the reverence for tradition, the piety, and the extreme contentment, which mark the French Canadian character. The *habitant* lives longer than his ambitious, restless neighbor over the border; his digestion lasts; his temperament is placid, and his temper good.

When he sins, he wipes out his transgressions by comfortable penance, and when he falls ill he makes a pilgrimage to "La bonne Ste. Anne."

The *habitant* works hard all summer in the fields, and when the winter's snow covers his land he sets to with a will to make boots of cured bullocks' hide (with uppers of sheepskin) for his numerous family. A skilful mechanic, he makes his own hay-carts and rakes, turns out his own furniture, cures the tobacco grown in his garden, salts his own pork, and builds his own house. Curiously enough, gardening is the one pursuit considered derogatory by the French Canadian. It is thought fit only for his women and children. Vegetables are not much cultivated for home consumption, and are usually intended for market purposes. The *habitant* lives chiefly on rye-bread, sour milk, fat pork, and potatoes. Maple sugar, eggs, and fish are appreciated; but fresh meat is little in demand. Omelettes and pancakes, as in France, are reserved for high days and holidays; and, although the present race of French Canadian women possess infinitely less skill or knowledge in cookery than their French sisters, they can generally toss a pancake with the best of them.

All good *habitants* marry young. Edwin is not usually more than twenty when he woos his Angela of seventeen. Enormous families follow; but they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage, and Jacques' bitterest taunt is reserved for the luckless wight cursed with the empty cradle. Owing to the prevalence of Canadian cholera, infant mortality in Canada during the hot summer is great; and thus the tendency to over-population is somewhat balanced.

The good wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot*. She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool of her own spinning into socks and stockings, and shapes and makes the simple skirts and jackets which her girls wear, and the loose trousers and shirts which clothe her lads. In point of thrift she is not behind her ancestors. Living amid an improvident, extravagant English population, she remains as careful and

economical as ever. If an English family come to spend a summer in a French Canadian cottage, Jeanne turns out with all her children into a sort of *dépendance*, taking her spinning-wheel and cradles with her. She petitions the cook for tea-leaves, set apart otherwise for the dust-heap, dries them, and stores them against the winter. She asks for the cast-off and useless clothes, tears them into rags, dips them in home-made dyes, and weaves the strips together, by means of a strong twine, into a firm and useful carpet, called "*catalan*." Her instincts, if immature, are artistic. There is no attempt at tawdry ornament nor gaudy cheapness, no terrible antimaccassar. The walls of the kitchen (which is also the living-room) are of pitch-pine, and the ceiling is made picturesque by rafters. Generally a little staircase, painted deep-red, leads from one corner of the kitchen to the rooms above. The fireplace is open, and much what one sees in Norman cottages. The chairs, severe but suitable, are made of unpainted wood, which by constant use has assumed a rich tone and polish. The spinning-wheel and distaff gives an air of quaintness to the room, and two rocking-chairs lend the one touch of comfort. Underneath the table is a strip of bright "*catalan*"; over the chimney-piece is a black wooden cross; near it, a print of St. Veronica's Veil. Pio Nono's portrait is in every good French Canadian's house. He has not yet seemed to grasp the fact that another man sits in the chair of St. Peter. The bedrooms are usually small, carpeted with "*catalan*," curtained with homespun material, and having huge four-posters with feather beds and bolsters of great height.

Compared with most peasantry, the French Canadians are wonderfully clean in their houses and persons. Unlike most peasantry, they nearly all ride in their own carriages. On market-days those living outside towns jog long distances in their carts to sell their produce. There can scarce be a more picturesque sight (be it even the Piazza dell' Erba at Verona, or the Campo dei Fiori at Rome) than the old Quebec market-place as it was a few years ago, with its rows of covered carts drawn up side-by-side, and filled with little bright-eyed French women offering their wares for sale. Lamb, butter, eggs, cheese, maple sugar, ayurp, homespun

cloth, and home-grown vegetables form the staple commodities of the *habitant*.

The ambition of every well-to-do farmer is to have an *avocat* in his family, or a priest; and where enough money can be scraped together to send an olive-branch to a seminary, great are the rejoicings of these simple people. All French Canadians are deeply religious. As a rule their priests are singularly pure in their lives, and wholesome in their doctrines. They are often men of deep learning, and not infrequently of cultivated tastes. They are not devoid of humor. A troublesome parishioner roused his *curé* at uncanonical hours to baptize his newly-born child. The *habitant* (Gouin by name) had driven some distance in order to have his baby received without delay into the bosom of Mother Church, and was not to be balked. The *curé* demurred, grumbled, and at last consented, on condition that he should name the child. Gouin was enchanted, and heard with complaisance the name of "*Marin*" given to his baby. As he jogged homeward he coupled the names together: "*Marin Gouin, Marin Gouin.*" "*Sacré bleu!*" cried he: "he has christened my child '*Mosquito*'!" Many have journeyed once in their lives to Rome, and brought back the memory of experiences which last all their lives, and furnish many a tale to amaze "the gazing rustics ranged around." They are all intensely patriotic, and pride themselves on the immeasurable superiority of Canada, in point of scenery, climate, and constitution, to the rest of the world. In times of cholera or of fever the priests have proved themselves worthy successors of the heroic band of Recollet fathers who bore the toil and burden of the day two hundred years ago.

The chief religious *fête* is that of St. Jean Baptiste. Not even in Papal Italy is the procession more picturesque. Emblematic cars and various bands playing the air of "*A la Claire Fontaine*" form part of the procession; but all the interest centres in St. John, who is personated by a small lad wearing a golden wig, dressed in sheepskins, carrying a crook, and accompanied in his car by a lamb. Another great day is that of the *Fête de Dieu*, in which the Host is carried through the streets to various stations, all prostrating themselves before it. Very picturesque, too, are the ceremonies in con-

nection with the first Communion. Troops of little girls in white muslin frocks, wearing white gloves, and caps covered with white veils, are to be seen, accompanied by proud mothers and fathers, walking about the streets.

Poor as he is, the French Canadian is not without his national literature, which takes the form of songs. Every *habitant* loves his fiddle, and in fiddling finds his chief amusement when the labors of the day are over. These lays are often curiously Bacchanalian: in contrast with the habits of those who sing them. In M. de Gaspé's valuable book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, I find two good examples of the style I mean.

"Où ! j'aime à boire, moi :  
C'est là ma manie  
J'en conviens de bonne foi,  
Chacun a sa folie :  
Un buveur vit sans chagrin  
Et sans inquiétude :  
Bien fêter le dieu du vin,  
Voilà sa seule étude," etc.

.And

"Bacchus assis sur un tonneau,  
M'a défendu de boire de l'eau,  
Ni de puits, ni de fontaine.  
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau  
Il faut vider les bouteilles ;  
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau  
Il faut vider les pots," etc., etc.

Another is "C'est le Bon Vin qui danse," etc.

Not a few are erotic.

"C'est François Marcotte,  
Qui s'habille ben propre  
Pour aller en promenade,  
C'est à Deschambault  
Chez Monsieur Bondrauit.  
C'est une fille qu'il lui faut.  
Bonjour Madam' Bondrauit,—  
En faisant le faraud,  
Faisant des politesses  
Des civilités,  
A la compagnie  
Marcotte fit un' belle entrée."

"Quand il fut entré,  
Il s'agit de parler  
Des affaires de conséquence :  
De sa bien aimée  
Il s'est approché ;  
C'était pour la demander," etc., etc.

The majority deal with marriage, as :

"Je voudrais bien me marier,  
Mais j'ai grand peur de me tromper :  
Ils sont si malhonnêtes !  
Ma luron, ma lurette,  
Ils sont si malhonnêtes !  
Ma luron, ma luré."

Another characteristic French Canadian song is this :

" Mon père a fait bâtir maison ;  
L'a fait bâtir su' l'bout d'un pont,  
Le beaux temps s'en va,  
Le mauvais revient ;  
Je n'ai pas de barbe au menton,  
Mais il m'en vient."

Another, better known than any I have here quoted, begins as follows :

" Derrière chez nous, ya-t-un étang,  
En roulant ma boule,"

and the monotonous refrain is

" En roulant ma boule, roulant."

The manners of the French Canadian are superior to those of his English compatriot in the same rank of life. He condescends on occasions to say " Monsieur" and " Madame"; but he is absolutely devoid of any feeling of social inferiority, and merely gives these titles from a sense of politeness, and as he would do to his equals. Without the slightest taint of Republicanism or of Communism, the *habitant's* views find expression in John Ball's lines :

" When Adam dolve and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?"

In a country where all men work, the only distinction between classes, recognizable to him, is that of wealth and poverty, which he understands. With all his simplicity, M. Jacques is keenly alive to the advantages of money, and no Jew can drive a better bargain.

With the upper class of French Cana-

dians (descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who fled from the horrors of the guillotine and Reign of Terror) it is not within the province of this article to deal. I may say, however, without undue digression, that there are many French Canadian *seigneurs* who received their lands earlier than the French Revolution, under charters of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; and life and death were placed in their power.\*

The *habitant*, however, is menaced with a change from his idyllic stagnation. The overflow of French Canadian population is gradually finding its way to the broad lands of Manitoba. Here a struggle for supremacy between the English and the French recently began. The *habitant* wished to apply his limited views of life. He insisted, besides, upon a dual language, and that French should be taught in the schools. Fearful lest the priesthood should become all-powerful, as in the Province of Quebec, and the laws be framed exclusively for the French population, the English Canadian resisted. In the end the Englishman triumphed; but time alone can show how far the French Canadian transplanted to Manitoba will assimilate with English ways. In the Province of Quebec he stands alone as

" One in whom persuasion and belief  
Have ripened into faith, and faith become  
A passionate intuition :"—

faith in his God, faith in his forefathers, faith in himself, in his country, and his belongings. Where, in this doubting, sneering age, can you find a more unique personality?—*National Review*.

## THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

[WITH Goethe, as with his friend Schiller, lament for the decay of the old pagan faith was a favorite theme, and he touches it with his usual masterly skill in his "Bride of Corinth," his "Roman Elegies," and elsewhere. It inspires one of the finest passages in Schiller's "Piccolomini"—a passage which in Coleridge's translation expanded into something far more beautiful than Schiller himself had imagined, but for which it would almost seem that Coleridge took suggestions from Schiller's "Gods of Greece." It is in this poem, and not in the text of the "Piccolomini," that the germ may be found of the following well-known lines :—

" The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,

\* The de Lotbinières, for example, whose charter, signed by Louis XIV., I have seen.

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have vanished ;  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down ; and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair."']

BRIGHT beings of the land of fable, when  
 You guided still in joy's light leading-strings  
 Our mortal race—how happy were we then !—  
 In a fair world, where you were sovran kings !  
 To serve you then was rapturous delight ;  
 How different, oh, how different was the day,  
 When men still garlanded with flowerets bright  
 Thy temple, Venus Amathusia !

Then Truth was fairer, as her beauty gleamed  
 In all the witching hues of poet-lore ;  
 Then with abounding life creation teemed,  
 And thrilled with soul, as it will thrill no more.  
 To Nature man gave attributes more high,  
 That he with love might clasp her to his breast ;  
 All things, all wheres, to the initiate eye  
 The trace of some pervading god confessed.

Where now, the sages tell us, a mere ball  
 Of fire revolves, by soulless impulse driven,  
 Urged Helios then, serene, majestic,  
 His golden car along the plains of heaven.  
 These heights with Oreads swarmed, a joyous horde,  
 In every tree a Dryad had her home,  
 And from their urns the winsome Naiads poured  
 Clear crystal waters flecked with silvery foam.

Yon laurel shielded Daphne once from taint,  
 Within this rock is Tantalus' daughter hushed,  
 From yonder sedges Syrinx poured her plaint,  
 And Philomel's wail from yonder thicket gushed.  
 This brook received the tears Demeter shed  
 For her Persephone by Pluto ta'en,  
 Cythera called to her Adonis dead  
 From yonder hill, and called, alas ! in vain.

Still came the Celestials down their joys to share  
 With those their blood who from Deucalion took  
 To win the heart of Pyrrha's daughter fair,  
 Latona's son assumed the shepherd's crook.  
 Then did god Amor heroes, gods, and men  
 In love's delightful bondage intertwine,  
 And mortals, blent with gods and heroes, then  
 Did homage at the Amathuntian shrine.

No thoughts of gloom, no self-renouncements sad,  
 Were to your cheerful service claimed as due ;  
 Light every heart was bound to be, and glad,  
 For happy man was kin, ye gods, to you.  
 The Beautiful alone was holy ; no  
 Delight e'er flushed immortal cheeks with shame,  
 That from the coy Camenæ took its glow,  
 Or at the bidding of the Graces came.

Your temples with palatial splendors shone,  
 Heroic were your sports, their meed renown,  
 And to the goal the chariots thundered on  
 To win the glory of the Isthmian crown.  
 Dancers in rhythmic cadence circled round  
 Your stately altars, oh, how passing fair !  
 Your brows were with victorious chaplets bound,  
 And crowns bedecked your odor-breathing hair.

The Thyrsus-shaker's shout, " Evôe, hear !"  
 The panthers with the glistening ear reveal  
 The presence of the great Joy-bringer near ;  
 Before him Fauns and bearded Satyrs reel,  
 Around him Mænads fired with frenzy leap,  
 Their dances hymn the glory of his wine,  
 And his brown russet cheeks invite to deep  
 Full-brimming beakers of the juice divine.

There stood not then before the bed of death  
 A skeleton to scare with ghastly frown ;  
 A kiss caught from the lips the latest breath,  
 A Genius quenched his torch, and turned it down.  
 The ruthless judgment-scales of Orcus by  
 A mortal born of mortal sires were held ;  
 The Erinnyes, too, were by the Thracian's cry  
 Of anguish poured in song subdued and quelled.

In the Elysian groves the happy shade  
 Renewed the pleasures he had loved in life,  
 The charioteer careered through dell and glade,  
 The constant husband found the constant wife.  
 There Linus' lyre resounds its wonted strains,  
 Admetus to his loved Alcestis clings,  
 Orestes there his bosom's friend regains,  
 And Philoctetes there his shafts re-wings.

They won a guerdon of the noblest meeds,  
 Who up the toilsome path of Virtue clomb ;  
 The brave achiever of heroic deeds  
 Among the blest Immortals found a home.  
 To him who back from Hades brought the dead, '  
 The Gods were gracious in their dreamful ease ;  
 The Twins flashed light from high Olympus' head,  
 To pilot mariners through stormy seas.

Oh lovely world, where art thou ? Come again,  
 Come, Nature's flower-time, that bloomed so long !  
 Alas ! no trace of all thy witcheries then  
 Is left, save in the fairy-land of song !

Gloom o'er the meadows broods, no more they smile ;  
 My eyes look for a god, but look in vain ;  
 Ah, of those forms that glowed with life erewhile,  
 Shadows, and shadows only, now remain !

Blighted of that fair world is every flower  
 Before the icy North's relentless blast ;  
 That One, One only, over all might tower,  
 A galaxy of Gods must forth be cast.  
 Sadly I search along yon starry steep,  
 But thee, Selene, thee I find not there  
 Across the woods I call, across the deep,  
 But comes, alas ! no answer anywhere.

Unconscious of the pleasures that she gives,  
 Nor by her own magnificence impressed,  
 Though void of thought, inspiring thought that lives,  
 Dowering with blessings, yet herself unblest,  
 Unmoved by all that makes her beautiful,  
 Nature, like some mere clockwork, cold and dead,  
 Submits, a slave to gravitation's rule,  
 Of all her whilom gods disherited.

That on the morrow she anew may rise,  
 She for herself prepares a grave to-day ;  
 The moons, they wax and wane, as through the skies  
 In endless round they hold their joyless way.  
 Home to the poet's world the Gods have flown,  
 And left a world unworthy of their grace,  
 A world that now, their leading-strings outgrown,  
 Self-poised, swings idly in the void of space.

Yes, they have flown, have flown, and with them ta'en  
 All that is grand and high and bright and fair,  
 All that gave life its charm ; the names remain,  
 And but the names,—the soul is wanting there.  
 Safe from the whelming waves of time, they throng  
 The heights of Pindus, breathe its ether clear ;  
 And all that lives immortally in song  
 From this our life must fade and disappear.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### A PACKET OF OLD LETTERS.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE, AUTHOR OF "RED LETTER DAYS."

In the corridor of an old manor-house in Somersetshire, there stands a massive oak cabinet with heraldic carvings of arms, initials, and date. By token of the latter, we know that this goodly piece of furniture, with its deep recesses and secret drawers, was set up in its place in the memorable year in which Marlborough and Prince Eugene put the French to rout at Blenheim, and the world said "'Twas a famous victory."

The great events of history are blazoned forth, and every school-boy knows them by rote ; but in some secluded spot we come by chance upon a few trifling records that carry us back with all the magic of simple homeliness to the contemporary life of the past—the undercurrent of history. The old cabinet yielding its master-key to each successive heir, has heard many sounds, the sad music of humanity in that ghost-haunted gallery. There are

echoes of the pattering feet of childhood, the laughter and sighs of youth, the pacings to and fro of meditative scholarly manhood, the tottering steps of age, and then the heavy tramp of those who are bearing away the confined dead to their rest under the shade of the yew trees, in the churchyard on yonder slope !

These whispered sounds from out the past become very real and personal, when an opened drawer of the guardian chest reveals its treasures of family letters and mementoes. I take up a child's toy and a little worn shoe, fit for a six years' darling ; they are bound together with white ribbon—yellow with age now—and a black seal is on the bow—no name, no date. What need of either ? the angels have their record of these little ones ! The old life with all the commonplace of yesterday is there, mingled with the sweet scent of dead rose-leaves. I take up the careful housewife's receipt-book for the use of kitchen and sick-room ; it is beautifully transcribed in the neat eighteenth-century handwriting. They had excellent dishes in those days, methinks, where nothing was stinted in the way of generous adjuncts. The stewing of a carp required "three half pints of good port wine." Haunch of venison, jugged hare, mock turtle, and every stew and hash demanded their libations of wine. Some of the sauces are worthy of note, such as vine-leaf sauce with roast pigeon ; but who wants now to make frumenty, mead, shrub, or carnation syrup ? There is in this same book the receipt of a sauce which by some other name—for its own is too shocking—might prove, if tried, a rival to that of the "deceased Worcestershire nobleman." It is called "Quin's Blood," and is simply as follows :—"Take 2 doz. of anchovies, 2 doz. of shalots, a pint of walnut pickle, a pint of mushroom pickle, a pint of port wine, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, boil it together, strain it off, and bottle for use." Was the name-giver of this sauce, I wonder, Quin the actor, who taught George the Third elocution, and who, when he heard that the monarch had delivered his first speech from the throne very gracefully, exclaimed, "Ay, it was I who taught the boy to speak." Poor boy ! they had not taught him much in his young days, as he had good cause to feel afterward. Quin lived some years in Bath, and died there in 1766 ; that town

being the social capital of the west, and the centre of fashion, the country ladies went there to remodel their clothes, and pick up such novelties as they could find in culinary and other receipts, and most probably this one came from thence.

A prescription for a cough, accompanied by weakness, ends up with the injunction that the patient should "Be merry, and keep from sad apprehensions." This recommendation evidently suggested the insertion of the doggerel couplet :—

"Joy and temperance and repose,  
Slam the door on the Doctor's nose."

The writer of the housekeeping book soon becomes serious again, and now gives a receipt for *Fryar's Drops*. The virtues of this balsamic are reported to be marvellous, not only for burns and wounds, but for inward application. Among a number of other things required to make this panacea, are "roots of angelica, flowers of St. John's Wort, rosemary flowers, spotted sage," which remind one of the Mediæval physic-garden. It is directed that the *Fryar's Drops*, when made, should be put in a bottle "well stop'd and set in the sun all the dog days." The writer goes on to say that "this receipt was given to the Duke of Marlborough by a Fryar abroad, and cured great numbers in his army." There is another prescription which has a curious allusion to an historical personage. This is a lotion for "Inflammation in the eyes and decay of sight." The receipt has this concluding note :—

"Sir Stephen Fox, who could hardly see to read with Spectacles at 50 years of age, by the use of this liquor quite recovered his eyesight and could read the smallest print to the end of his life, which consisted of 90 years, without the use of glasses."

This Sir Stephen was, we know, the grandfather of Charles James Fox ; he built an hospital for aged persons at his birthplace, Farley in Wiltshire. His portrait by Lely is preserved in the building, but as the celebrated painter died in 1680, the likeness was probably taken before Sir Stephen Fox had recourse to the wonderful eye-lotion.

Closing the housekeeping book, I take up three old newspapers. The first, not much larger in dimensions than an octavo volume, and containing twenty-four pages, is number 38 of "The Parliamentary In-

telligencer, comprising the sum of Forraign Intelligence, with the affairs now in agitation in England, Scotland, and Ireland." The date is from September the 10th, to Monday, September 17th, 1680. Why this newsletter was put aside it is impossible to say; the only west-country matters of interest is a list of the deputy-lieutenants of the county of Devon, and the names of the colonels of the local regiments, all names familiar enough in the present day.

Among the items of news significant of the date, it is mentioned that "The arms of the late pretended Commonwealth are now taken down in the Isle of Jersey." Also it is mentioned with an undertone of satisfaction that "Monsieur de Bordeaux, the late French ambassador in England who made the famous articles with *Oliver Cromwel*, and went out of England soon after his Majesties happy return, is 'since gone out of the world.'" However, the dealings of fate are regardless of party. It was a fine saying of Sir Humphry Gilbert's that "the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death." The same newspaper announces that the King's brother is also gone out of the world. "On September 13 it pleas'd Almighty God, to deprive these nations of that Incomparable Prince Henry Duke of Gloucester." He was carried off by "Small Pox, that malicious proud enemy to all excellent Persons."

The foreign news in *The Intelligencer* comes from a variety of places, Madrid, Warsovia, Venice and the Levant. It is curious to reflect that when these old sheets were new, the present capital of Hungary was in possession of the Turks, and had been since 1541, forming thereby a standing menace to Christendom. The paragraph referring to the Moslem occupation of Buda reads thus:—

"We understand by a Vessel this week arrived from Zara that the Proveditor, General Conaro doth continue the fortifying of Sebenico, and that word was brought him from Bosnine, of a party of the Militia of that country, being upon their march to joyn the Bashaw of Buda." \*

\* The powerful administration of Mahomet Köprili as Grand Vizier had so raised the strength of the Ottoman Empire in the 17th century, that the position of the Turks in Hungary was a perpetual menace to Europe. The wresting of Buda from the Turks in 1686, and the reconquest by the allies of a large portion of Hungary, forms an important epoch in the history of Christendom. It is an interest-

I found two other old newspapers, these were copies of *The London Evening Post* of May 14th, and June 1st, 1745. These papers contain accounts of the Battle of Fontenoy, with the names of the principal persons killed and wounded. I remember in the autumn of 1850, that my husband and I were dining at Halswell Park, when our host, Colonel Tynte, then nearly eighty years of age, told me that his father was present at the Battle of Fontenoy, and heard the gallant bidding of the French, when they called out for the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first. I believe some writers consider the anecdote as among the mock pearls of history; others aver that the sly Frenchmen under the guise of courtesy were but propitiating the Fates, who are said to be unfavorable to those who strike the first blow. Colonel Tynte told the story in the spirit that Thackeray accepts it, as an instance of the "grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness of the French."

The mention of this dinner at Halswell reminds me of a little incident, a survival of an old custom, which amused me somewhat, for it was the first time I had been the guest of Colonel Tynte and his widowed daughter, Lady Cooper. We had dined at seven, it was rather a ceremonious party, and the servants were more numerous than the guests. At ten o'clock, to my surprise, two footmen appeared bearing into the drawing-room a table capable of seating half a dozen people. Then, like a scene in a theatre, came more servants bringing in a dainty, hot supper. When the repast was announced to be

ing fact that a valuable documentary work has recently been published in Magyar, by the Bishop of Kassa, which throws fresh light on the siege of Buda. A review of this volume in the *Athenæum* of December 3d, 1892, informs us that the chief sources of the Bishop's information are derived from some lately-discovered letters written by Cornaro, then Venetian Ambassador to Vienna. This, in all probability, is the same man who is mentioned in my old newspaper. It will be remembered that there is a very curious account of the siege of Buda by an Englishman, Mr. Jacob Richards, in one of the Harleian Manuscripts (No. 4989). He gives a list of the numerous Britishers who were volunteers in the Imperial Army on this occasion. He tells with great satisfaction, how four hundred Hussars captured the Bashaw's family as they were trying to escape, and secured "Booty to the amount of £100,000, besides what the women and children will sell for"!!

ready, our host pressed his guests to partake of supper, specially inviting the gentlemen to have "a stirrup cup." Every one declined, Colonel Tynte himself seemed to feel no surprise that the supplementary meal was declined, but it was a fad of his to keep up an old custom.

One of the advertisements in the newspaper of 1745, reminds one of an old custom in another sphere, said not to be altogether extinct even now in some remote parts of the country :—

"For Sale by the CANDLE

"At the Widow Preston's at the sign of the Barley Mow in Falmouth about the middle of this month the ship *St. Esprit*, with all her Rigging, Apparel and also all her Cargo, being bound for Newfoundland, but taken by the *Hardwicke Privateer*," etc.

If I understand rightly, this peculiar custom at an auction means, that the last flicker of a candle-end decides the distribution of the lots, instead of the tap of the auctioneer's hammer.

Laying aside these old newspapers, with all their quaint evidence of fashion's changes, we come upon a packet of papers, endorsed, "Letters rec'd during my travels 1770 1 R. C." These initials stand for Richard Crosse, a Somersetshire Squire of ancient family and moderate estate. He was born in 1739; his father, a younger son, was for many years vicar of Cannington, and had married a grand-daughter of Lord Say and Sele. By the death in 1766 of his uncle, Andrew Crosse of Pyne Court, Broomfield, this Richard Crosse came into the family estates. He soon set to work making improvements on the property, and in extending and laying out the ornamental grounds. He is said to have been assisted by the advice of "Capability Brown," the famous landscape gardener of the last century, so much praised by Repton, his successor in popular esteem.

Thackeray, in his "Four Georges," and a host of other writers have depicted the coarseness of manners and the laxity of morals in the last century with a breadth of shadow that is almost unrelieved. It is impossible to gainsay the facts of these writers; the decadence of tone at our Universities, and the license of fashionable society are distinctive of the memoirs of the time. Vice is ever noisy, conspicuous, and amusing, while virtue is none of these things; the true balance is there,

but it is difficult to weigh and measure the unrecorded daily acts of kindness in a good man's life. There must have been a considerable leaven of righteousness in those drinking, gambling, and corrupt old days, or the national life could not have preserved its nobler characteristics. The young squire of Broomfield is no bad example of what was to be found in all classes of society in the eighteenth century—a man of sense and soberness. His life would not have qualified him for saintship, he was undistinguished, and never even tried to make his mark in politics, though he held strong liberal opinions. We know by tradition and by record that he was a good scholar and an honest gentleman, and there were scores like him in the length and breadth of our England of that day. When years had passed over the squire's head, and children's voices were heard again in the sunny gallery where stands the old cabinet, his eldest boy—a child full of the spirit of his race, was one day patted on the head by a friend, who said, "I like your father, he is such an honest man." The little fellow had heard this before, and, irritated at the repetition, turned and said, "Sir, would you have me the son of a rogue?" "Young gentleman," replied the elder, "when you are grown up you will know what I mean."

We learn that Richard Crosse was on friendly terms with Franklin, when he, "who snatched the thunderbolt from Jove and the sceptre from tyrants," was lodging in Craven Street, Strand, and was much occupied in trying to settle the difficulties between our American Colonies and ourselves. Crosse also knew Priestley, which seems curious, for the former was a Churchman and more literary than scientific. But he was at one with all men of liberal opinions; almost his closest friend, "a man of good parts, and an elegant scholar," was Mr. White, a Somersetshire rector, of whom it is recorded that he was the first man in England to sign a petition for the abolition of slavery.

Our young squire was a good linguist, speaking French and Italian thoroughly well; he had probably acquired these languages with the view of travelling on the Continent. His uncle and predecessor at Broomfield had been a man of profuse hospitality, and left heavy debts; when Richard Crosse had paid these off, and

arranged his affairs, he resolved on a continental tour. He left England in 1769, going direct to Italy, as I infer from family tradition.

In the winter of 1770 Richard Crosse was in Paris, and being provided with introductions to our Ambassador and other persons of distinction, he was at once launched into the best society of the capital. In a drawer of the old cabinet there still remained the dress suits that he wore at the Court of Louis XV. Some of these smart coats and waistcoats are good specimens of the gorgeous habiliments in which gentlemen—of condition—were clothed in those days. There was a white satin coat beautifully embroidered in colors, and to be worn with it a long square-flapped pink satin waistcoat, stiff with gold lace and embroidery. Another suit, a pale blue satin coat and waistcoat of the same, was if possible still richer in quality. What a picture is brought before one's mind of the time when the wearer of these costly garments was a guest at the Court which held its revels on the thin crust of a hidden volcano. There was the wicked, shameless old Louis XV., grinning and bowing over the hand of his mistress, the infamous Du Barry, who was surrounded by intriguers and sycophants, such as the Duke d'Aiguillon, and Chancellor Maupeou. There was the girlish bride of yesterday, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, who was warned that even she, the proud daughter of Marla Theresa, must stoop so low as to conciliate the favor of the vile woman who played the part of Queen in this hideous farce of Royalty.

The Somersetshire squire saw Paris society at a critical moment, for Choiseul, the only man of the day whose rule was beneficial to France, was driven from office by the intrigues of the Jesuit party, and the influence of Madame Du Barry. The Englishman, mixing in literary as well as Court circles, heard the "New opinions" abundantly discussed, and they made a profound impression upon him, as future years testified. He is reported to have known and admired Turgot, and in all probability he encountered many others of the Encyclopædists, whose writings formed the leverage of the great Revolution.

I have not the aid of Richard Crosse's letters home at this period, but the letters from his correspondents, which I found carefully preserved, are not without inter-

est. The first in the packet is from Henry Hobhouse, who was born in 1742. We hear of his eldest son in this century as the Right Honorable Henry Hobhouse, Under Secretary of State from 1817 to 1827. The letter is a sheet of foolscap, and is thus addressed according to the fashion of the time. "A Mons<sup>r</sup> Mons<sup>r</sup> Crosse, Gentelhomme, Anglois. restante chez Sign<sup>r</sup>, Barazzi, Banquier, Roma, Italia."

"DEAR CROSSE,—I received y<sup>e</sup> Favour of yours of y<sup>e</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> ult. from Rome at my return from London to this place two Days ago. I believe I have executed your Commissions in London very ill by sending Fir Seeds enough to plant all Quantock Hills. I was not aware till since how many it would amount to; I ordered Friend Obediah to send two hundred oaks, some pears and cherries, which I could not have in the neighbourhood.

I was lately at a Gentleman's where among other Elegancies of Furniture was a set of Dressing Boxes on a Lady's Toilet made at Naples out of y<sup>e</sup> Lava of y<sup>e</sup> Mountain, which was brought home by Benson Earle. I almost wish'd for the like, and if you had not quitted Naples should have requested you to have bought me the like Thing. As to Books in y<sup>e</sup> Italian print I cannot say I prefer it as supposing it not equally advantageous to the Eyes, however if it is sufficiently large and otherwise unexceptionable I shall not object on that account. I did mention *Machiavel's Storie Florentine* only if no good Edition of that work is to be had separate I shall choose the whole rather than none. I must on this subject give you a very general order, begging you that if you meet with any production of y<sup>e</sup> Italian press which for its Learning or Ingenuity is worthy to travel into England that you would remember your Friend by sending Duplicates for which I shall esteem myself doubly your Debtor.

"I presume by your shortening your intended stay at Naples that the whole Term of your sojourning in Italy will be proportionally abridged; as for Sir Paul I suppose he is detained in captive chains by some Lady of Beauty and quality at Naples.

England stands in the same place, our politics in y<sup>e</sup> same State, our Divisions as wide, and our Colonies as rebellious as when you left. The Duke of Grafton has resign'd his place to L<sup>d</sup> North who now acts himself as premier but no other alterations have been made in our Ministry, nor are I believe likely to happen speedily. The late Lord Chancellor Yorke's Death tho' at first attributed to his Doctors is not without some suspicion of Suicide, but this matter is full of Doubt.

"Your old friend Secretary Morris is labouring very hard to solicit subscriptions to deliver M Wilkes from y<sup>e</sup> King's Bench against his Time is elaps'd in April; for this purpose he press'd y<sup>e</sup> Counsel in Westminster Hall y<sup>e</sup> last day of Term, but this was certainly y<sup>e</sup>

wrong place to expect to get money from a Lawyer, his success corresponded accordingly, and I believe he carried away as much as he brought thither.

The great patriots having expended £7000 in y<sup>e</sup> Dover Election, from which they have no Fruit but what their petition will bring 'em, are much in need of money and reduced to every Extremity to know where to find it.

The people of this place are somewhat apprehensive of an attack from y<sup>e</sup> Spaniards upon y<sup>e</sup> Island of Jamaica, as they have collected together a large Naval Force at Havannah for what destination is uncertain; however our Governor has thought it necessary to proclaim Martial Law in that Island as in Cases of extreme Danger. I hope soon to have a particular account of Rome from you. As his Holiness is so kind as to bestow his Blessing upon you I shall not be surprised to hear of his bestowing one of the vacant Hats of the sacred College upon you, I think you will make an excellent Cardinal and greatly promote the Reconciliation of England to the Holy See, which might compensate somewhat for y<sup>e</sup> undutiful Behaviour of his sons of y<sup>e</sup> House of Bourbon. I wish you all Health and pleasure and shall be glad to hear of you every opportunity, and am Dear Crosse yours sincerely,

H. HOBHOUSE.

"Clifton, 24 February, 1770."

The references in the foregoing letter to home and foreign politics serve to draw aside the curtain of the past, and we see before us the society of the time, divided against itself, by the acrimony of party spirit, into various conflicting groups. The first of Junius's letters, as we know, had appeared in 1769, in the *Public Advertiser*; these fierce denunciations, following the steps of King and Ministers into the very Council Chamber, continued at intervals to flash across the troubled sky like portents of evil. Woodfall's trial for libel as the publisher of those letters had the significant effect of raising the question of the powers and rights of juries. Lord Chatham denounced what he styled, "this modern manner of directing juries from the bench." Dunning, Wedderburn, Burke and many others of mark, were with him on this vexed question against the strenuous action of Lord Mansfield. Sergeant Glynn gave notice of a motion in the House of Commons for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the administration of criminal justice, and when the debate came on he alleged that judges were generally believed to be unfriendly to juries and encroached on their powers. Though strongly supported by the eloquence of Burke, Glynn's mo-

tion was negatived by 134 to 76, as we may see on referring to this page of history.

Hobhouse's allusion to the apprehension of an attack of the Spaniards on Jamaica arose out of our dispute with Spain over the Falkland Islands. The Spaniards were in excessively bad odor with the British public at this time, for it was not forgotten that only six years earlier (1764) a diabolical scheme had been formed in Spain to burn the dockyards of Portsmouth and Plymouth, a scheme which was only frustrated by the timely discovery of the plot by our Ambassador, Lord Rochford, at Madrid. When the debate came on in the House of Lords about the defenceless state of Jamaica, Lord Gower, a great stickler for the privacy of debate, interrupted the Duke of Manchester, who was speaking, by desiring that the House might be cleared of all persons except those who had a right to sit there. He gave his reasons for doing this, saying that in a crowded house there was no knowing that emissaries from the Court of Spain and other Powers, might not be present; adding, that persons had been admitted who had taken notes, and actually printed a speech lately made by a noble lord. A disturbance little short of a riot ensued upon this, when the Peers insisted on turning out the members of the Lower House, though some of them retorted they were there in discharge of their duty, that they were attending with a bill. Upon this, they were commanded to hand up their bill, after which the outcry recommenced and "the long-tongued Lords hooted the members of the Commons out of the House." What a delightful cartoon this incident would have made for "Punch"!

Richard Crosse, as I mentioned before, was in Paris at the end of the year when Choisen was driven from office by Madame Du Barry's intrigues; if France had to deplore the loss of an able minister, England might rejoice over the fall of a formidable enemy. Spain was only a source of trouble to us when supported by France.

Hobhouse indulges in a little good-humored banter over the fact that his friend has been blessed by the Pope. His Holiness was no other than the enlightened Clement XIV., better known by his family name of Ganganeli. It was said of

him, in his youth, that it was no wonder he loved music, seeing that everything in his own character was harmony. Ranke draws a beautiful picture of the gradual development of Ganganelli's spiritual nature. In blameless companionship, and retirement from the world, he diligently studied the Greek writers, turning from Aristotle to find greater satisfaction of soul in Plato, and finally obtaining from the Holy Scriptures the highest aid to a knowledge of God and to the service of humanity. Verily the blessing of such a man was worth a pilgrimage to Rome! If, as we may infer, the young Englishman was admitted to an audience, one would like to have had his impressions of the Pope, who two years later took that "decision of immeasurable importance," the suppression of the Jesuits.

In the month of May our traveller had moved on to Venice, as we learn from the direction of the following letter from his friend Hobhouse:—

"London May 18, 1770.

"DEAR CROSSE,—Yours dated at Rome of y<sup>e</sup> 25th ult. reached me here this morning, having first sought for me in vain at Clifton. I am now enabled to return you my earliest Thanks for your obliging Remembrance of me in y<sup>e</sup> sett of prints which you have inclos'd for me from Naples; and I shall when I go into the country forward another sett of them to y<sup>e</sup> Reverend Doctor.\*

The Residue of y<sup>e</sup> Contents of y<sup>e</sup> Box remains in my Chambers anchor'd safe after their long voyage. My curiosity made me look into y<sup>e</sup> Contents, but I can assure you I was not the first, for y<sup>e</sup> Custom House officers had penetrated into its inmost Recesses, scrutinizing them with y<sup>e</sup> most piercing zeal, nor was this all, for when they had taken good Care that the Revenue should not be defrauded; it was assigned over to y<sup>e</sup> officers of y<sup>e</sup> very Reverend Bp of London, that they might examine lest it should contain Mass Books, Relics, Agnes Dei, or other Articles of Superstition; so ever watchful and anxious are our worthy Prelates to prevent the growth of Popery, which next to poverty they have y<sup>e</sup>

most horrid Fears of; however if they had known both you and me, they might have spared these great precautions; for y<sup>e</sup> Box turning out to have neither Contraband or Superstition amongst its Contents

It is Time for me to inform you that I was about a month ago at Broomfield, having made it on my way from Clifton to Taunton Assizes. I had then full opportunity to contemplate the improvements your Major Domo Mr John Wood has made, his lawns, his woods, his cascades etc; it would be vain for me to praise them, after I tell you that they have received y<sup>e</sup> stamp of Mr. Bampfyl'd's\* Approbation that paragon of Taste . . . Y<sup>e</sup> Ha! Ha! is a great advantage and y<sup>e</sup> Retreat which is placed above y<sup>e</sup> Shrubbery, over y<sup>e</sup> Garden commands a Noble prospect . . .

The physical world are amus'd at present with a newly discover'd Remedy for y<sup>e</sup> Gout, y<sup>e</sup> production of one Le Fevre a regular Physician at Liège in Germany. . . . Before the cure is perfected y<sup>e</sup> moderate sum of one hundred guineas is charg'd. The Discovery promises to have a mighty Run, it may obtain as much Renown as even Tar Water did and I believe it may have equal Merit to support it.

For politics I avoid 'em as much as possible. I am of no party and no Faction; y<sup>e</sup> Heads of both are Rogues, and their Followers are Dupes and Fools: Our squabbles at Home will end in Noise and Smoke, but I wish they may not give too serious an Encouragement to those in America, for the men of Boston like their Forefathers are seeking the Lord in prayer and hatching y<sup>e</sup> most Devilish machinations, but it is their Abettors at home which alone make 'em formidable, and who perhaps direct their motions.

The city of London is framing another remonstrance to the King, but it will avail as much as the former and as much as it deserves, for while the Crown has two Houses of Parliament at its command, it laughs with security at such attacks tho' headed by Beckford and Wilkes: the latter of whom is now at Liberty, and presides with an Alderman's gown with the utmost gravity. Surely such a Magistrate is a Satyr upon public justice, and shows y<sup>e</sup> Folly and Madness of y<sup>e</sup> populace and proves to me beyond all other argument how unfit they are to have more share than they have in y<sup>e</sup> powers of Government. However deficient y<sup>e</sup> production of y<sup>e</sup> Italian Press may be in some Branches of Learning, where they labour under the restraint you mention, their Historians are nevertheless in good Reputation. I must therefore request of you to think of my Library in that Department principally by choosing y<sup>e</sup> best of them all according to your discretion. Adieu.—Yours,

H. HOBHOUSE."

The first necessity of travel in the old days was a portfolio full of introductions to people of position, in the places where

\* Dr. Jenkyns of Wells is here referred to, a man held in traditional respect by the descendants of his contemporaries. One of his sons was known to a generation now passing away as Head of Balliol and Dean of Wells. But it is a curious fact that his youngest daughter survived until 1891, dying at the age of (I think) 104. This estimable lady was Mrs. Thring, the mother of the present Lord Thring. Henry Hobhouse married a sister of Dr. Jenkyns about 1774, and a little later purchased Hadspen House, in the parish of Pitcombe, Somersetshire.

\* Mr. Bampfyl'd, of Hestercombe House, Kingston.

the traveller designed a sojourn. Evidently, Crosse was extending his tour in a new direction, and had written to his friend and next neighbor, Sir Charles Tynte, for introductions to the British embassies at Dresden and Berlin. The following letters, somewhat quaintly expressed, refer to the subject :—

"DEAR SIR,—As soon as I came to Town from Bath (where I have been for my Health two months) I made it my business to get you letters of recommendation to our Ministers at Dresden and Berlin, not being acquainted with either of them. I applied to a great man, who made me a fair promise, and I waited for some time, till I grew impatient, I then sent to an old acquaintance that I was told was very intimately acquainted with Both, who obliged me immediately with the inclosed Letters. They were sent me a few days ago, But my mind at that time was so much engaged in a melancholy affair, that happen'd between My Friend Lord Poulett, and Lord Milton, prevented me from writing to you before now, but *thank God* that affair is ended and much to my Friend's Honour. The Lords met with their Seconds behind Montague House with Pistols only. Lord Poulett wounded his Antagonist, and Lord Milton was taken of the field. His Lordship has since asked Lord Poulett's pardon for giving Him a blow. I hope you have had y<sup>r</sup> Health ever since you left England, and that y<sup>r</sup> tour has afforded you a great deal of pleasure. If I can be of service to you let me know in what, that I may convince you I am your sincere Friend and hearty Servant,

CHARLES K. TYNTE.

Feb: y<sup>e</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 1771.

"Lady Tynte begs her comp".

This letter with its enclosures was wrapped in an outer sheet of paper, and sealed with Sir Charles Tynte's coat-of-arms; strange to say this had been broken, and the letter reclosed with two official seals in red wax, with the remark in writing "Opened on account of the postage not being paid."

Capper's farm, or, as it was more often called, the "Field of the Forty Footsteps," behind the British Museum, then Montague House, was the place where the Lords Poulett and Milton met for their duel. It is very frequently mentioned in the memoirs of the last century as the *rendezvous* for duellists. The tradition connected with the forty footsteps, is that two brothers, who were in love with the same lady, fought together in this place so long and fiercely, that in the end both were mortally wounded, and that from that time forever after no grass would grow on the accursed spot!

There is another letter of Sir Charles Tynte's which, like the former, is not without some interest as indicating the change of style at the time in epistolary and colloquial English. He belonged to an older generation than young Hobhouse, and there is a marked difference in the fashion of their phraseology, albeit they were both Somersetshire men, moving very much in the same society :—

"DEAR SIR,—I should have answer'd your Letter long ago had I known who was appointed Envoy Extra, in the room of Sir Andrew Mitchel. My Friend that gave you the two Letters one to Dresden, and the other to Berlin I accidentally met, who told me that he had taken care of my friend Mr. Crosse, for he had wrote to his acquaintance Mr R. Gunning, who is appointed in the room of Sir Andrew Mitchel. I was yesterday to call on my Friend Sir James Porter.

Sir James Porter I was not at all acquainted with before this affair of yours, which has brought me to visit as knowing and as good-natured a Man as ever lived.

I think you are very lucky to be out of England in these troublesome times, for I believe the storm will be quite blown over by the time you arrive in England. I suppose the news of the Lord Mayor of London being sent to the Tower is look'd on where you are to be a very extraordinary event. This morning we had a very hard frost, and the weather has been very unseasonable and severe for our Lands in Somersetshire. Lady Tynte desires her respects to you, and I am with great sincerity your friend and Ser<sup>t</sup>.

CHAR. K. TYNTE.

"Hill Street, April y<sup>e</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1771."

The well-known and sensational chapter of history to which Sir Charles refers, has an interest of its own, when viewed through contemporary spectacles. The picture is crowded with historic personages, the mention of whose very names sets one's ears tingling to catch the faintest echo of their voices. It would have been amusing to have heard Colonel Barrié's passionate yet comical description in the Commons, of the celebrated riots in the House of Lords against the presence of strangers, when one of the Peers, hooded behind the disguise of a hideous mask, and a Scotch lord, in his peculiar brogue, called out repeatedly, "Clear the *Hoose*. Clear the *Hoose*." Better still to have listened to Burke's well-turned compliment to the Earl of Chatham, when he said, "I desire to hear the discussions of the other House, in my endeavor to get knowledge. I desire to learn of that great man, who, though not a member of the Cabinet,

seems to hold the key of it, and to possess the capacity of informing and instructing us in all things." Chatham, as we know, regretted the diminution of his audience, and writes to Lady Stanhope: "The House being kept clear of hearers, we are reduced to a snug party of unhearing and unfeeling Lords and to the tapestry-hangings." These tapestry-hangings represented the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and were eloquent of a noble past. The burning question, however, that sent the Lord Mayor to the Tower, as we all remember, was the right of outsiders to be informed of the debates in Parliament through the medium of printed reports. Strengthened by the rapid growth of public opinion on this subject, the practice of reporting speeches in Parliament had already, in 1770, assumed nearly its present form, throwing aside the affectation of disguise and concealments. A strong party both in Lords and Commons were against the newspaper people. Colonel Onslow moved for and obtained a reading of the resolutions passed in the House in 1728, to the effect "that it is an indignity to, and a breach of privilege of, this House for any persons to give in printed newspapers any account of the proceedings of this House."

When it was proposed to summon the contumacious printer Evans to the Bar of the House, Mr. Whitworth moved to add—"and with all his compositors, pressmen, type and devils." Mr. Townshend thought the devils might be left out, but Burke thought otherwise, and said "the devil is the most material person in all this business—the most material evidence for discovery." Ears polite were destined to hear a good many more jokes about the personage who should be nameless, for Wedderburn, in a subsequent debate, remarked, "I think the wisest thing we can do is to leave the devil to the printer, and the printer to the devil."

An awkward complication, it will be remembered, had arisen. The messenger of the House of Commons had attempted to arrest, within the jurisdiction of the City, Miller, a printer of debates, whereupon the officer of the Commons was himself arrested for assaulting a citizen. He was brought before the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, and Aldermen Oliver and Wilkes, the result being that they committed the messenger, holding him to bail. The

House of Commons, in a fury of indignation, issued orders for the Lord Mayor to attend in his place before them, and on the 19th of March he went down to the House accompanied by an immense mob. It is curious to recall the fact that Fox, the ultra-Liberal of later times, was against the freedom of the press, and conspicuously strenuous for the maintenance of privilege. He was exceedingly irate on this occasion at being hooted at, and hissed by the mob; and in his wrath, denounced the "assassins" of the other party.

On the 27th of March the Lord Mayor had been sent to the Tower. On the 8th of May he was released from prison; for the anxious session of the spring of 1771 was closed by prorogation. A gorgeous procession attended the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver from the Tower to the Mansion House, accompanied by a vast concourse of people; and in the evening bonfires and illuminations gave further token of the general satisfaction. "Warned," says Lord Mahon, "by such signs of the popular feeling, the House of Commons, in the ensuing session, more wisely forbore any renewal of the conflict."

Sir Charles Tynte was quite right in his prognostics; the storm had blown over long before Crosse returned from his travels.

Another friend, whose letter Crosse receives while at Geneva, expresses his regret that an English acquaintance of Voltaire, to whom he applied, has declined giving Mr. Crosse an introduction, because the philosopher is now too old and infirm to receive strangers at Ferney. He was nearly eighty, but destined for yet a few more years of life. The same correspondent writes that he has been frequently feasting his eyes on the fair ones at Ranelagh, "which has been much in vogue this spring." He adds, "If you return by Brussels, and can conveniently bring them I wish you would buy me a good pair of lac'd Ruffles, value about three guineas, and give me credit till we meet."

No wonder that we come repeatedly on letters concerning the various packages that are sent home by the squire from various places abroad. Two boxes from Leghorn were delayed by quarantine—"now very strick"—and after frequent visits to the City, are heard of by Mr. Savage, who says he has "delivered a

Petition, as usual, to the Custom House for their delivery."

This correspondent writes a great deal of idle gossip about their mutual acquaintances. He says :—

"Poor Mr. Gunning has the great mortification to find his mortal enemy Hunter more respected and sought after in the hospital (St. George's) than himself, also flying about Town in a Chariot for grandeur and magnificence next to that of the Sun."

This was the celebrated John Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist, who drove about town in his grand chariot. He was living then in Jermyn Street, not having yet migrated to Leicester Square, where he built a museum for his large collections of anatomical objects.

Of fashionable gossip Mr. Savage has some items. He writes :—

"Our Countryman Mr. Coxe lays siege to Miss Colebrook a niece of the great Banker, Sir George Colebrook and Chairman to the East India Company. . . . Report says he lost in the Spring, at Hazard in St. James's Street half his fortune ; his best friends confess £20,000."

From Mr. Hobhouse the traveller learns some local news :—

"What Disposition Sandford of Nynehead has made of his estate, I cannot precisely tell you, but from the best accounts I can get, he has lock'd up his Estates from the immediate enjoyment of his son, without absolutely disinheriting him

You have undoubtedly seen in y<sup>e</sup> public papers y<sup>e</sup> Death of your Neighbour Lord Egmont, what is to become of y<sup>e</sup> Castles, Baronies etc. etc. I cannot tell you, the world has believed that he was not on the best of terms with his son, but whether his pride would suffer him to strip y<sup>e</sup> title of any part of the estates I should doubt.\*

The celebrated patriot Mr. Burke has undertaken y<sup>e</sup> Task of writing an History\* of y<sup>e</sup> Reign of George y<sup>e</sup> third. I understand it is already publish'd but I am at present so far removed from y<sup>e</sup> Meridian of these things (he was at Clifton) that I shall hardly be able to get it before my Return to London. He has undoubtedly a very able pen but what impartiality We are to expect from a man who is y<sup>e</sup> known Mercenary of the Head of a very Corrupt and disappointed party, who is paid for being an Advocate and not a Representative in Parliament, I will leave you to judge. However such a performance will out of respect to y<sup>e</sup> abilities of y<sup>e</sup> Author be universally

\* Thirty years later, the then Lord Egmont of Enmore Castle bestowed much friendly attention on Coleridge. A man of culture himself, he was frequent in urging the former to more sustained literary effort.

read, more especially as y<sup>e</sup> Author is enabled to lay open many Transactions, however he may be disposed to suppress or to misrepresent others.

A set of Literati at Edinburgh have undertaken as I am told to compile and publish an History of England to be comprised in seven volumes in 4<sup>to</sup>, divided into ten periods, one Volume to be published annually, and to each period to be portioned out into various distinct titles of Ecclesiastical, Military, Civil, Legal, Constitutional, Arts and Sciences, Learning, etc.; every one of these is appropriated to a different person, somewhat upon the plan which you may remember pointed out by Blackstone. . . . Lord Temple has declar'd his Resolution never more to interfere in public affairs and has hitherto kept his word. The cautious and circumspect Conduct of Lord North has reconciled many to his Administration who dislik'd y<sup>e</sup> Character of the D of Grafton."

Hobhouse, as we know, was misinformed respecting the publication of any treatise by Burke, on the reign of George III., though he contributed, according to the fashion of the time, many pamphlets on contemporary politics. He was more correct in expressing the public opinion of the day, in saying that Burke was regarded as a paid advocate of a party rather than a representative in Parliament. It was at this juncture that he had consented to take the post of agent to the disaffected politicians in New York, with, it was said, "a salary of little short of £1000 a year." In the debates on American questions, this taint of hired advocacy, unfortunately for the issue of affairs, robbed Burke's wisdom of its due influence, and impaired the force of eloquence which should have carried conviction, while it won admiration. Such, indeed, was the power of Burke's eloquence, that Gibbon, in the admiration of his genius, chose to forget that he had a reverence for Church establishments, and almost forgave him for being a Christian !

The packet of old letters contains many besides those I have quoted. I unfold and read them one after another with the respect due to their age ; the sand is glistening thick on the ink,—the writing, the discolored paper, the huge seals, the formal superscription, are strange and unfamiliar, yet one can read into the human life of it all. Several of the letters before me are in French, exquisite as to penmanship, with names subscribed that belong to the old *Régime*. In some instances these letters are written by foreigners to

their Embassies introducing Mr. Crosse, who is now and again styled "*le Baron Crosse*." The untitled English gentleman who *is* a gentleman, was always a trouble to our continental friends. The letter of Sir James Porter to Sir Andrew Mitchell, recommending "the bearer Mr. Crosse a Somersetshire gentleman, of great merit," etc., was never presented as we know already, because Sir Andrew was moved to St. Petersburg. Indeed I have my doubts whether the Squire ever got to Berlin, Vienna or Prague, because letters of introduction to these places are in the "packet"—and because the said squire fell in love with and married a young lady at Geneva. Ulysses matched with an aged wife, could not "rest from travel," but Richard Crosse's spouse had youth on her side, and so he "ceased roaming with a hungry heart"—and now went back to his place with its several charges, in dear old Somersetshire, there to lead a Darby and Joan life along with his bucolic neighbors. No mingling any more in the festive scenes of Versailles and Paris for the handsome young Englishman, whom tradition says, had been wonderfully well received by the great ladies, in all the grandeur of those monstrous head-dresses, called "*pouf en sentiment*," fashionable at the time. Barely two decades, and the towering headgear "like Gothic castles" were to fall—and the heads too—by the guillotine!

There are many relics in my possession that the traveller had sent home in those boxes so carefully overhauled by the Bishop of London's officers—a table of *pietra dura* work from Florence, engravings from Rome and Naples, and a lantern and other trifles made by the Monks of La Trappe.

A trifling incident of a personal nature forms a link which I have never forgotten with this remote past. One morning in the early autumn of 1850, when I first settled down at Fyne Court, the home of my married life, we received a visit from an old man, John Ingram by name. In his early days he had been a gardener in the Crosse family, and though for many years past no longer in their service, he kept up his interests in all the family events—no bad example of old-world loyalty. Thus it came about that he, a man "gone ninety years of age" had walked from Charlinch, a village five miles off, to pay his respects to the Squire and his wife

on their marriage. The old man was stone blind, and of course dependent on the guidance of the lad who accompanied him, but he was still quite erect in stature, strong of limb, with a most picturesque head, and his memory was unimpaired.

When sitting by his side he took my offered hand, stroking it gently, and then amused me by asking if he might just touch my cheek with his fingers. Naturally I complimented him on his age and physical strength—he was proud of his years; this led him to speak of bygone times. In the soft, pleasant Somersetshire dialect, with *z* for *s* and *v* for *f*, which with its *dh* for *th*, Professor Earle says, was probably the speech of King Alfred—my aged visitor told me much that was interesting. Among other things, he said he remembered the old Squire's first wife, the lady that came from foreign parts. He said he recollected how she used to pace up and down the garden, and with a touch of poetic feeling, he added that she was more beautiful than the flowers themselves. Then he went on to say that the beautiful foreign lady died when he was a lad of fifteen, and there was a great talk about her funeral, because she was buried by torchlight; he remembered it well.

The parish register has on record that "Louise wife of Richard Crosse Esq. was buried Nov 4 1775," and I remember to have seen a locket with a curl of dark brown hair, with her name, the date of her death, and her age engraved on the back. She was only twenty-five!

There was no heir to the Broomfield estates except a distant cousin, who probably was as much liked by the Squire as remote heirs-presumptive are liked by childless landowners. The widower took seven years to consider, and then, as time was going on, he resolved to marry again. I have the letters, both hers and his; I cannot call them love-letters, for in making the offer of his hand, he addresses the lady of his choice as "Madam." The only scrap of sentiment in the whole letter is where he conscientiously tells her that he cannot even now think of his first wife without tears. Miss Porter of Blaxhold has attained the sensible age of thirty-two, both her parents are dead, and she is mistress of her own estate, a comfortable little property on the Quantocks. Her suitor credits her with excellent business capacity, for he explains fully and can-

didly the position of his affairs, and takes occasion to point out that their eldest son, "if they are blessed with one" (the blessing by the way is sometimes a matter of doubt)—the eldest son, I repeat, must have his estates, which are strictly entailed, and the problematical second son will have her property for his sole provision.

This territorially-assorted couple married, and in due course the exemplary wife fulfilled the obligations demanded of her, and two sons were born, respectively called by the family names of Andrew and Richard. There is no record of the distant cousin standing godfather to either of these boys. When the elder of the children was four years old the family wearied a little of dull neighbors and the monotony of being dragged up and down hill by four horses, through deep rutted lanes, in a country which Camden described as "wet and weely to the exceeding great trouble of those that travell in it." And being thus weary of roads that had improved very little since old Camden's time, the Crosse resolved to set out for a tour in France. This was in 1788, and the old cabinet had in its keeping a diary written by Mrs. Crosse, which will afford an extract here and there respecting their journey:—

"Wednesday Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1788 left Broomfield with Mr. Brown, Mr. Crosse, my little Andrew and two servants—drank tea, supp'd and slept at Piper's Inn. . . . Thursday morning we left, the two gentlemen in one chaise, Andrew myself and Sarah in the other; we call'd on Dr. Lovell at Wells, took fresh horses there. . . . We arrived comfortably at Bath, took a cold dinner at the Bear. . . . We pursued our journey to Chipenham and slept there. . . . left again on Friday morning and came on to Marlborough. . . . We only stayed here to take fresh horses and went on to Newbury. . . . and supp'd and slept at Reading. . . . At Reading nothing appear'd worth remarking except the extravagance of the House and the affectation of the Domestics. From here we sat off on Saturday Morning, changed horses at Honnslow, and arriv'd in London at 3 o'clock."

The travellers put up at the Bolt-in-Tun, near Temple Bar, and resumed their journey on Tuesday. Passing Dartford and Rochester, they arrived at "Citen-bourn in the evening."

"Supp'd and slept there, The Rose Inn was remarkably large and handsome. . . . the accommodation extremely good and reasonable. Wednesday we went on to Canterbury, took an early dinner and went on to

Dover, where we were detained three days by contrary winds. . . . We left the Royale Hotel at Dover on Saturday morning being call'd at 5 o'clock. . . . We went on ship-board intending to sail to Calais but the wind blew quite contrary, . . . after being six hours on the sea, the Captain propos'd to the Passengers to go to Boulogne, and within two hours we were in sight of it. A boat was now to carry us on shore. . . . where were 40 or 50 women dancing and skipping in the water with their petticoats above their knees. They presented themselves by the side of our boat, to take us on their shoulders and carry us on shore. Some of the women were of gigantic make, and made nothing of carrying Mr Brown and Mr Crosse on their back, and Mr Crosse very humorously knighted his Lady by bastinading her with his sword."

The travellers in these old days were certainly spared "the sick hurry" of modern life.

Mr. Crosse and his family remained for some time in Orleans and at Rouen, but of their precise movements there is no record. It must have been a very interesting time for a man who knew France so well as he did, and whose temper of mind led him to catch the enthusiasm of all that seemed good and of fair promise to humanity in the liberalism of the day. Joubert wisely says: "Liberty! Liberty! Let us have *justice*, and then we shall have enough liberty." It was on these lines that the Englishman had seen the struggles for reform and freedom in his own country, the quarrels over privilege between Lords and Commons, the maintenance of the rights and powers of juries, and other questions. In France there had been no retrenchment, no concessions, the reckoning was the unbalanced wrong of centuries. The *dilettante* liberalism of fashionable philosophy became a force terrible in its earnestness, when once wielded as a weapon by the starving, the oppressed, and the unscrupulous; it was no mere play of wit and flicker of sentiment, for it brought death and spoliation.

One pauses to wonder if the foreign visitor in Paris had the faintest conception of what was awaiting France. The well-known story, told by La Harpe and repeated by Taine, occurs to one, in its dramatic significance. It was in this same year of 1788, that, as La Harpe says—

"A gay party were dining with one of the *Confrères* of the Academy, when a person named Cazotte, who had hitherto taken no part in the brilliant conversation, broke in by saying in a serious tone, 'Gentlemen, you

will witness this great revolution that you so much desire.' He then went on to describe how within six years one after another of the party would die by the scaffold. 'These are miracles,' exclaimed La Harpe, 'and you leave me out?' 'You will be no less a miracle, you will be a Christian.' 'Ah!' interposes Champfort, 'I breathe again: if we are only to die when La Harpe becomes a Christian—we are immortals!'

Mr. Crosse was in Paris throughout the summer of 1789; in all probability his wife and child had returned to England in the spring, leaving him free to move in the feverish society of the capital. What rumors must have reached him of angry speeches in the National Assembly; above all, the echo of Mirabeau's defiant words when, in reply to the message from the king, that the deputies should adjourn immediately, he had said to the Marquis de Brézé: "Return and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing short of the bayonet shall drive us hence." Sièyes, as we know, brought the business of this meeting of the National Assembly to a conclusion, by voting "the personal inviolability of its members, and the penalty of death against any one who should attack their liberty."

The memorable 14th of July quickly followed, which saw the fall of the Bastille. Mr. Crosse, wearing the tricolor cockade, had the satisfaction of standing on the ruins of this stronghold of despotism! The thin crust of the volcano on which the Squire had danced and flirted, in the bridal days of Marie Antoinette, had veritably fallen into the gulf of Nemesis, leaving society itself gasping for very life in the fumes of sulphurous fires.

The next page of history, with *sans-culottism* for its heading, had not yet been turned, when Richard Crosse left France a wiser and a sadder man. It took him the best part of a fortnight to get from Paris to Somersetshire, counting the passing visits he paid, according to the fashion of the time, at the Hobhouses, the Jenkyns, and the Whites, whose houses lay on his route. Ere reaching the deep-set lanes on Quantock-side, the Squire, who, by the way, had been high sheriff of the county two years before, found he had to reckon with his neighbors the townfolk of Bridgwater. Somerset generally, and particularly this place, was vehemently anti-Jacobin. "Republicans, levellers, and flaming democrats," were among the terms applied to all reformers alike. They stimulated the Tory fervor by taking oaths of loyalty to King and Constitution, and by occasionally burning in effigy their political opponents. Being in this temper, some of the more zealous defenders of the British Constitution resolved to stop Mr. Cross on his way home, and smash his carriage. The incident of the tricolor cockade, and his presence at the fall of the Bastille, had got noised about, and Bridgwater was in a ferment of indignation. A friend in the hostile camp gave timely warning, and the traveller quietly took another route, and thus prevented the malcontents of Bridgwater from indulging in a foolish breach of the peace. The tricolor cockade, of no use in a country where liberty is sought through law and justice, was given over to the old cabinet as a relic of the past.—*Temple Bar*.

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## THE DREAM AS A REVELATION.

BY JAMES SULLY.

In the history of human ideas we meet with two opposite views of the nature and significance of dreaming. The one attributes to it a degree of intelligence, of insight into things, vastly superior to that of waking cognition. The extreme form of this idea invested the vision of the night with the awful dignity of a supernatural revelation. The other view goes to the opposite extreme, and dismisses dream-

experiences as so much intellectual fooling, as

"Children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy."

The modern scientific theory of dreaming may be said to combine and to reconcile these antagonistic ideas. It recognizes and seeks to account for the irrational side of dream-life. At the same

time it regards this life as an extension of human experience, as a revelation of what would otherwise have never been known.

According to this theory, the form of mental activity which survives during sleep is made what it is by the very special cerebral conditions of the sleeping state itself. What these conditions precisely are physiology cannot as yet tell us, though it is probable that they consist in the main in a greatly retarded circulation in the fine blood-vessels of the brain, and in a resulting increase of pressure on the nervous substance. This new state of things excludes the perfect normal action of the brain as a whole, and as a connected system of organs. It reduces the complexity of this normal action to a comparative simplicity, a restricted or isolated functioning of particular brain-tracts, which tracts happen to be stimulated during sleep, whether directly as the result of some agency supplied by a particular local condition of the blood, or indirectly through the action of stimuli on the peripheral sense-organs.

As a result of this altered state of the "organs of mind" we get a new pattern of mental experience. The complicated web of thought and feeling of waking hours becomes simplified. In place of a full reflective consciousness we have a rudimentary, fragmentary consciousness. In this respect the mental phenomena of natural sleep are analogous to that greatly restricted pattern of consciousness which is brought about by the hypnotic trance, as also to those truncated forms of consciousness which result from certain varieties of brain disease, involving the suppression of the functional activities of particular cerebral regions.

It seems natural at first to think of this transition from waking to sleeping consciousness as a degradation, as a reversion to a primitive infantile type of psychosis, in which sensation and its immediate offspring, sensuous imagination, are uncontrolled by the higher later-acquired functions—rational reflection, moral self-control. There is, no doubt, a certain appropriateness in this way of envisaging our dreams. There is a good deal of the *naïveté* of the child in our ways of conceiving of things and of feeling about things during sleep. On entering dreamland we leave much of the later and maturer intelligence behind us, and survey

the spectacle with the pristine directness, with the pure elemental emotions of little children.

Yet the change from waking to sleeping consciousness is less simple than the figure of retrogression from mature to infantile experience would suggest. Even the process of mental dissolution brought about by brain disease cannot, it is said, be accurately described as a mere removal of the higher and later acquired functions. And it is still less true of the reduction of consciousness during sleep. The dream may be a weakened mental activity, but it is a weakened activity of a mature mind, of a mind that has been formed by complex human experience.

The tendency of most persons, I think, is to exaggerate the undoubtedly wide interval which separates the dream and waking experience. I was much struck in making some inquiries as to the characteristics of people's dreams at finding a number of my respondents averring that they never dreamed of the events of real life. No doubt there is a considerable rupture of continuity between waking and sleeping. Yet my own observations, carried on for some years, lead me to think that recent impressions, often those of the evening before, have much to do with starting the currents of dream-activity. Here is an example that might, I am sure, be easily multiplied.

The evening preceding the dream I called on a friend who pointed out to me an article of mine which had just appeared in a magazine. I had been asked by the editor to cut down the article, and having been wilful enough to decline I was curious to see what the editor had himself done. I was, however, prevented from seeing by my host who called me into another room. Now comes the dream. I was at this very friend's house, and saw the magazine. Carrying out the unaccomplished purpose of my waking visit I looked at the last page, into which, as a matter of fact, a troublesome six lines or so had overflowed. To my dream-mind's surprise I found the lines still standing. Only there was not the big blank below, but more print, an advertisement, I believe, which was separated off from the tail of my article by a line of big print, "The article ends here."

Still more striking than this prolongation of waking experience into our dreams

is the carrying on of those habits of rational reflection and of moral self-criticism which have become so firmly woven into the mental tissue of educated men. It is often said that conscience slumbers when we dream. Yet I have in my sleep done a wrong action, recognized its wrongness, tried to excuse myself to myself, and finally rejected the excuse. Similarly the impulse to explain, to understand, frequently reappears in the dream-state. The explanation is often fanciful enough, no doubt, yet it is enough to show that the dreamer is still in a sense a "rational animal."

A good illustration of such surviving rudimentary ratiocination is given by Southey in the account of his dreams. He saw in his dream three old ladies of the respectable ages of 102 to 135. Their chins had grown very long and were covered with a thick black beard. "I thought" (he adds) "that this curious growth was akin to the ligneous fungus which grows upon old wood, as if Nature were thus whimsically disposing of materials for which it had no better use." Still more quaint, perhaps, was the mode of dream-inference carried out by a lady friend of mine. She dreamed that her dress was covered with red halfpenny postage stamps. After vainly trying to get them off she bethought her that she must go into court and get an order for their removal. The judge gave the order, but added smilingly, "I don't see how it can be carried out."

Yet, as these examples show plainly enough, the dream is the outcome of a maimed consciousness. When overtaken by sleep the mechanism of mind does not work as a co-ordinated whole, but only in a disjointed fashion. The mark of the vigorous, unimpaired intelligence is ability to grasp a number of facts at one and the same moment. This power is greatly weakened during sleep. I once had an uncanny feeling in my sleep that I was clutching somebody's arm. I remembered that I was alone, and racked my brain to discover who could be in my bed. On waking, I found that I was clasping my right wrist with my left hand. I had in my sleep become aware of the sensation in the clutching hand, but was apparently unequal to giving attention at the same moment to the sensation of the clutched hand. I suspect that the common dream

experience of flying illustrates the same monopoly of consciousness by single impressions. Certain sensations, possibly those connected with the stretching of an arm or leg, or even with the movements of respiration, start the idea of aerial locomotion, and the idea realizes itself in its blissful fullness, unchecked by the contradictory reports of the other sensations of the moment.

It is this same limitation of the area of consciousness which gives to dreaming its aspect of absurdity. A rational view of things is the result of a complex process of reflection, which again depends upon the instantaneous reinstatement of a whole cluster of experience-products. If, for example, I happen when awake to see my image in a glass, I instantly check the impulse to take the image for my real self by a rapid mental side glance at the cause of the appearance. Not so when dreaming: the impression now calls up merely the first and most obvious suggestion. Like children, we innocently take the appearance for what it seems to be. Thus I once dreamed that a friend, who, like myself, had been troubled with insomnia, approached me and drew a scroll-like curve on my forehead as a charm against sleeplessness. I saw but did not feel the gliding movement of his fingers over my skin; and this seemed perfectly natural and right. It is evident that the impression imaged in this dream failed to bring up its complete escort of experiential concomitants; either the seeing or the not feeling should have been enough in itself to suggest the idea of another's face, but the corresponding cerebral pathways were closed.

Closely connected with the loss of customary lines of association, is the suppression of that co-ordinative function by which impressions are fitted into a consistent series, into what we understand by an intelligible experience. Nothing is more striking in our dreams than the kaleidoscopic transformations, the new scene having no discoverable relation to its predecessor, yet being confusedly identified with it in the jumble of the nocturnal phantasmagoria. I once dreamed of seeing an intimate friend of my youth. Moved by a childish impulse of tenderness, I put out my hand to touch his face, and, lo, I found it to be a mosaic. The impression of the cold hard surface in place of the

softness and warmth of the skin, brought no shock, and what is odd, the initial caressing feeling persisted. One may easily see that in this dream the mind had lost its hold on all that we mean by the persistence and identity of external objects.

This simplification of the mature complex pattern of consciousness is at the same time a bringing to light of forces and tendencies which, under normal circumstances, are hidden under the superincumbent mass of the later and higher acquisitions. The newest conception of the brain is of a hierarchy of organs, the higher and later evolved seeming to control, and in a measure to repress, the functional activities of the lower and earlier. Translated into psychological language, this means that what is instinctive, primitive, elemental, in our mental life, is being continually overborne by the fruit of experience, by the regulative process of reflection. By throwing the higher centres *hors de combat* you may bring back the earlier state of things in which sensation, instinct, and a rudimentary animal intelligence have it all their own way. Sleep is one means of stupefying the supreme controlling organs. Hence in sleep we have a reversion to a more primitive type of experience, an upwelling in vigorous pristine abundance of sensation and impulse.

This unveiling during sleep of the more instinctive layers of our mental life may be seen in the leaping forth into full activity of some nascent and instantly inhibited impulse of thought or feeling of the waking hours. Thus a new name through its similarity to a familiar one may happen to start a train of ideas, which we at once check as irrelevant; or the perception or imagination of a thing may rouse a momentary desire which we repress as foolish or wrong. The next night these half-formed psychological tendencies, relieved of all restraint, work themselves out to their natural issue, and we dream irrationally or immorally as the case may be. Nor need the impulse thus attaining complete fulfilment in sleep be a degrading one. Southey tells us that he dreamed again and again of killing Bonaparte. George Sand, when a girl, more girl-like, dreamed that she took the tyrant in aerial flight to the top of the cupola of the Tuileries and remonstrated with him. We may assume, perhaps, that in each case the dream was the

expansion and complete development of a vague fugitive wish of the waking mind.

And now, perhaps, the reader begins to see how the dream becomes a revelation. It strips the ego of its artificial wrappings and exposes it in its rude native nudity. It brings up from the dim depths of our sub-conscious life the primal, instinctive impulses, and discloses to us a side of ourselves which connects us with the great sentient world.

I may illustrate this emergence into the full light of consciousness of the deeper and customarily veiled strata of our nature in another way. It has often been observed that dreaming stands in a very close relation to the bodily life. The sensations by means of which we apprehend the existence of the several regions of our organism and their varying condition are greatly obscured during waking life through the preponderance of the "objective consciousness," as it has been called, the impressions supplied by external things. In sleep, however, this organic sentience grows intense and impressive. So much is this the case that some writers would regard dreaming in general as a kind of pictorial symbolism into which the exalted organic sensibility of sleep projects itself. Thus the frequent dreams of water, of burning or freezing, of vast cavernous spaces, of preternatural forms of motion, and so forth, may be supposed to have their origin in some altered condition of the bodily organs, giving rise to a marked change of organic sensations.

Here, again, we appear to see a reversion to a primitive phenomenon. Absorption in the bodily life is the characteristic of infancy before the growing intelligence has been attracted and held by the ever-changing spectacle of the external world. It is probable that a child or an animal feels its hunger with an overpowering intensity of sensation, of which grown persons know next to nothing. A slight change of temperature is for the infant a stupendous calamity. When asleep we may be said to go back to this primitive animal immersion in bodily sensation. The all-important groundwork of our life once more engages our thought. We hear the heart beat, and feel the incoming and outgoing of the breath; we rejoice with the weary limb in its repose, with the chilled extremity warmed by an effusion of generous blood, or, on the other

hand, suffer with the overlaid stomach or with the cramp-seized muscle.

It is possible that this re-immersion during sleep in that primitive consciousness which grows out of the nutritive life may have its biological utility. When awake we are prevented, partly by the multiplex distractions of the situation, partly by the disturbing effect of imagination, from getting into close and accurate touch with our bodily condition. Hence the difficulty which most people experience when called upon in the physician's consulting-room or elsewhere to give an account of their sensations. When asleep the curtain is withdrawn and we seem to have an immediate awareness of what is going on in our interior framework. It has been ingeniously suggested that, owing to this close rapport between spirit and body in sleep, the dream may take on a prophetic function by disclosing to the subject the slight initial stages of organic disturbance which would otherwise have been overlooked.

However this may be, our dreams, by restoring the bodily factor of consciousness to its primitive supremacy, may properly be described as revelations. By noting this aspect of our dreams, we may learn much concerning that organic substrate of our conscious personality which links us on to the animal series.

Closely connected with this reinstatement of organic sentence is another feature of our dream-life. The impressions which, when asleep, we seem to receive through our senses from the external world are not like waking impressions. The brightness, the expanse of diverse color which greets the eye, the flow of musical sound which ravishes the ear, has a new and surpassing intensity and delightfulness. The sensuous magic of things never seizes and possesses us in waking life as it does in sleep. Here, again, we see the effect of simplification. As life progresses our senses become sophisticated; we cannot see the color of mountain, water, or sky for the object which it denotes and into which, in our consciousness, it is instantly absorbed. The painter tries to free his eye of these trammels, so as to see color as the child sees it. Yet even he never quite succeeds in getting back to the pristine "innocence of the eye" as the dreamer gets back. To myself color and tone not infrequently reveal themselves in

sleep with all the luxuriant splendor, with the thrilling and entrancing effect, which my memory seems to tell me I know as a child.

In this intensification of sentient experience we see the dream restoring an otherwise lost part. Such a restoration is further effected by revivals of concrete experiences, of what we call memories.

I have said that when dreaming we often take up the thread of some recent experience. Yet it is indisputable, I think, that after we reach a certain age, our dreams have more to do with remote than with proximate events. I, at least, quite commonly find myself revisiting former abodes, communing with those long since dead, or lost in the shifting crowd of the living. I know men who have a recurring form of dream, dating back to adolescence, such as the undergoing of an examination, or the sending in of the first picture for exhibition.

More than one writer has testified to the far-reaching action of memory in dreaming. Experiences that were totally forgotten in the waking state have been distinctly revealed under the hand of the wizard Sleep. De Quincey tells us that, in his opium dreams the minutest incidents of childhood were often revived, clothed with all the evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings. A well-known lady writer informs me that she not long since dreamed that a person was talking to her of politics, and remarked that he was a Conservative and his color blue. She thereupon exclaimed, "How can that be, when the song goes—

" 'My own blue bell' ?"

On waking and recalling the dream, she remembered that this was an old electioneering song of her childish days, and gave the color blue to the Liberal candidate. She adds, "I had not thought of this song for perhaps forty years or more."

It is probable that many of the strange faces, scenes, and occurrences of our dream-life may be handed down from a remote past, though not recognized as recollections. M. Maury gives one curious example of this. He dreamed that he met a person with features quite strange to him, who told him that he had been a friend of his father's. This dream turned out to be a genuine prophecy, for on revisiting the home of his childhood he ac-

tually met the original of the dream-image, who proved to have been his father's friend, and must have been known to himself when a child. I suspect that we are much less creators in our dreams than we are apt to suppose, and that the rush of apparently new imagery which sometimes threatens to overwhelm the spirit, is but a sudden tidal return of the swiftly receding past.

This reversion of consciousness to the remote half-forgotten past finds its explanation in a temporary disabling of that portion of brain-function which answers to our later mental acquisitions. That when asleep we do forget much of our recent experience is certain. It is quite astonishing to note how profound is the oblivescence of late events, even when dreaming of things which should, one supposes, directly remind us of them. This is clearly illustrated in our dreams of the dead, in which awareness of the fact of death wholly disappears, or reduces itself to a vague feeling of something delightfully wonderful in the restored presence. It is this temporary withdrawal of the pressure of the newer experiences which allows the overlaid strata of old experience to come to light again. If, as we have supposed, the brain is a system of parts, the functional activity of any one of which interferes to some extent with the complete vigorous activity of the others, we may say that these revivals of half-effaced memories is due to the resumption of certain forms of cerebral activity which have been obstructed by later developed forms.

We cannot but be reminded here of an analogous phenomenon, the reversion of old age to the experiences of early life. According to the common hypothesis senility is the first stage of cerebral dissolution, in which, reversing the order of evolution, that which is last acquired is the first to disappear. The old man does not realize and retain the facts of his present surroundings; and this disabling of the brain for newer modes of functional activity brings with it a reinvigoration of the older and partially suspended modes. Sleep does for us temporarily what old age does permanently: it cuts us off from the fulness of the present, and so allows us to drift back into the past.

In the case of many persons, for a certain period at least, this reversion in dreaming to the experience of early life is

recurrent and habitual. To this extent dreams constitute a second revived life, which intersects and interrupts our normal waking life.

Here we find the dream touching analogically another and more distinctly abnormal region of human experience. Psychology has of late occupied itself much with the curious phenomena of double or alternating personality. By this is meant the recurrent interruption of the normal state by the intrusion of a secondary state, in which the thoughts, feelings, and the whole personality become other than they were. This occasional substitution of a new for the old self is sometimes spontaneous, the result of brain-trouble; sometimes it is artificially brought about in specially susceptible persons by hypnotizing them. In the hypnotic trance it is possible to blot out from the subject's mind all that has occurred in his experience since a particular date, and in this way to restore the childish self. In the case of certain hysterical subjects, the hypnotic trance may disinter more than one abnormal personality which are buried and forgotten during the normal state.

There are, no doubt, important points of difference between the abnormal perturbation of the whole pattern of consciousness and the comparatively normal mutations introduced by sleep. Thus it is noteworthy that, in the former, memory of the primary normal state persists in the secondary state, but not *vice versa*; whereas in the case of natural sleep, as we have seen, we only retain a very fragmentary recollection of waking experience, and, on the other hand, may succeed after waking in recalling whole tracts of our dream-experience. Nevertheless, the points of resemblance between the two orders of phenomena are striking and suggestive. In the transition from waking to sleeping, as also in that from the normal to the pathological state of the hysterical patient, there is a large effacement of factors of ordinary consciousness. Thus in natural sleep there is a considerable diminution of sensibility to external sense-stimuli, and also a blotting out of many pages of memory; and a loss of sensibility (*anæsthesia*) and of memory (*amnesia*) are prominent features and determining conditions of abnormal transformations of personality. In both cases we probably have to do with a temporary suppression of certain important

constituents in the complex action of the brain, which suppression, through a removal of "inhibitions," produces an exaltation of the remaining functional activities.

The proposition that the soundest of men undergo changes of personality may well strike the reader as paradoxical; yet the paradox is only on the surface. Although we talk of ourselves as single personalities, as continuing to be the same as we were, a little thought suffices to show that this is not absolutely true. Just as our bodily framework undergoes material re-formation, so the pattern of our consciousness is ever being re-formed and transformed. As the years go by old fancies, beliefs, emotions tend to drop out and new ones to take their place. I may dimly remember the fact that as a youth I felt about nature, music, religious subjects in a particular way, but I know I do not now feel in this way. Under the conditions of a happy development these changes are gradual, though most of us probably can refer a part of them to memorable crises, catastrophic shocks in our experience. However this be, when we sit down and quietly glance back over the succession of our years, we may see that by making the interval wide enough we confront what is, in a large part of its characteristic modes of consciousness, a new, a foreign personality.

Now our dreams are a means of conserving these successive personalities. When asleep we go back to the old ways of looking at things and of feeling about them, to impulses and activities which long ago dominated us, in a way which seems impossible in the waking hours, when the later self is in the ascendant. In this way the rhythmic change from wakefulness to sleep effects a recurrent reinstatement of our "dead selves," an overlapping of the successive personalities, the series of whose doings and transformations constitutes our history.

There is one other way in which dreams may become an unveiling of what is customarily hidden, viz., by giving freer play to individual characteristics and tendencies. It is a commonplace that our highly artificial form of social life tends greatly to restrict the sphere of individuality. Our peculiar tendencies get sadly crossed and driven back in the daily collision with our surroundings. Much that is deepest

and most vital in us may in this way be repressed and atrophied. The particular personality which we have developed, which is all that our friends know of us, is a kind of selection from among many possible personalities, a selection effected by the peculiar conditions of our "environment."

Now these undeveloped, rudimentary selves belong to the hidden substrata of our mental being. Hence, according to what has been said above, they are very apt to disclose themselves when sleep has stupefied the dominant personality. A friend of mine tells me, and I believe him, that he is perfectly matter-of-fact and unimaginative during the waking state, but that when asleep he indulges in the wildest flights of fancy. Thus he once dreamed of visiting the Crystal Palace with some friends, of their all leaving their bodies outside, and of his finding, on going out, that somebody had gone off with his body. In another dream he met a stranger to whom he felt strongly attracted, and was afterward told that the interesting person was himself as he was to be three years hence. Such quaint freaks of phantasy in one habitually unimaginative seem to point to the existence of germs of faculty which have never in this limited world of ours found their external developing conditions, their proper nutritive soil.

Such considerations suggest that Shakespeare was not in his profoundest philosophical mood when he made Mercutio attribute to the courtier, to the parson, to the soldier, and so forth, dreams which merely reflect their daily passions and pursuits. There is no doubt that our particular mode of life, our habitual directions of thought and purpose, influence the currents of nocturnal fancy. Yet their influence is only one of the factors which combine to impress the individual stamp on a man's dreams. The personality of each one of us is a much deeper and more complex thing than the well-defined character, made up at most of some half a dozen distinctive traits, which is so neatly ticketed and pigeon-holed by his acquaintance. We are capable of emotions, of aspirations, of lines of intellectual activity, which are quite foreign to our everyday surroundings and occupations, and for which our most intimate friend would not give us credit. When dreaming, these

germinal capacities for other modes of life than the one the fates have allotted us have their passing hour, and may sometimes astonish our poor *borné* commonplace selves by suddenly leaping to the height of glorious achievement.

It would seem then, after all, that dreams are not the utter nonsense they have been said to be by such authorities as Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton. The chaotic aggregations of our night-fancy have a significance and communicate new knowledge. Like some letter in cipher, the dream-inscription when scrutinized closely loses its first look of balderdash and takes on the aspect of a serious, intelligible message. Or, to vary the figure slightly, we may say that, like some palimpsest, the dream discloses beneath its worthless surface-characters traces of an old and precious communication.

I am well aware that most of this unveiling of the self is unpleasant and humiliating, and I am not surprised that sober-minded men should dismiss dreams from their mind as quickly as possible. Yet our slight study of the phenomena suggests that this is by no means necessary. If now and again we catch ourselves when asleep supinely obeying some gross instinct we light at other times on worthier selves. We do better things as well as worse things in our dreams than we are wont to do in the waking state. The stripping off of life's artificial swathings, if it sometimes gives too lively play to appetite, will also give free bound to some nobler impulse, as the perfect candor, the unstinting generosity of youth.

Whatever the moral dignity of these dream-disclosures may be, there is no doubt as to their having at their best a high hedonic and æsthetic value. In the revival of young experience, the delicious fulness of childish sensation, the dreamer may be said to enjoy a prolongation of life's golden prime. He sees things with the glad dilated eyes of the child artist,

and feels once more the masterful spell of earth's beauty.

In truth, so real and precious a gain in æsthetic enjoyment may come to us through this channel, that we need not wonder at poets considering by what means they might best extend the region of bright, joyous dream. In this age, too, when men purposely set themselves to escape for the nonce from the melancholy of years by trying to revive jaded sensation at the fount of boyish literature, there would seem to be a peculiar appropriateness in cultivating the neglected fields of dreamland.

The pessimist tells us that the world is growing sadder and sadder as it sees through its happy illusions. This announcement sounds so doleful just because the author has omitted to add that men may go on drawing comfort and refreshment from illusions after they have been recognized. We can still get a delicious thrill out of a good story or a fine dramatic show, even though we abandoned the simple belief in their full reality with our first years. In our dreams we attain to a more perfect state of illusion than when we half lose ourselves over a novel or before the stage of a theatre. Indeed, from a philosophical point of view, it is difficult to say in what respect a dream is less a direct apprehension of the real than a perception of waking life. This being so, what does it matter that when we are illumined by the cold, penetrating light of day we see our dreams to be pretty unsubstantial bubbles, the creations of a sportive brain? Such intervals of scientific disillusion need not deter the wise man from repairing to the nocturnal phantasmagoria as a source of preternatural delight, as an outlet from the narrow and somewhat gloomy enclosure of the matter-of-fact world, giving swift transition into the large and luminous spaces of the imagination.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE RENAISSANCE FLORENTINES.

BY GUIDO BIAGI.

It is not easy to form an idea of what the city of Florence was like in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To those

who look down on her from one of those heights that form so beautiful a crown around her ramparts, and which to-day

are covered with innumerable gardens gay with flowers, but which then were dark with densely foliaged trees, bushes, and jungles, she would have appeared a gloomy mass of battlemented towers, encompassed by walls and bulwarks. The public buildings that we admire to-day, the graceful cupolas of the churches, the bell-towers whose voices repeat the heart-beats of a nation, did not yet stand out against a background of deep-blue sky like the huge masts of a mighty vessel. The third cincture of walls that enclosed the city, whose demolition our own day has witnessed, was not yet completed, and Arno flowed where now stands the Piazza di Santa Croce, issuing from the Ponte a Rubaconte and the Castle of Altafronte. This was in the early times of the fourteenth century, when the little Church of Santa Reparata was still extant, and the very name of Santa Maria del Fiore was unknown. In the place where later stood the *loggia* of Or San Michele, the corn-market was held; the tower begun by Giotto, and called after his name, had not yet been carried up to the last tier of windows by Francesco Talenti; only on the tower of the Palazzo dei Priori the great bell of the people, known as the Vacca, already bellowed forth its deep brazen tones, evoking the echoes of the sweet voice of liberty. The miniatures of Biadajolo, the frescoes of the Bigallo, barely give a notion of the Florence of those days. They are rather fanciful representations made at a period when perspective was still unknown; and the brilliant red roofs contrast too vividly in tone with the forest of towers that intertwine and seem to mount one on the top of the other. The painting by Domenico di Michelino that can still be seen in the Duomo, endeavors to show the Florence of Dante, whose figure is a conspicuous object in the very centre of the picture; but this also is a fancy Florence, imaginary like the "Purgatorio" and "Inferno" which the artist has painted close beside it. A more recent view of the city can be seen in the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Botticelli, painted for Matteo Palmieri, and now in the English National Gallery. The subject was taken from Palmieri's poem "La città di Vita," and the painting was at the time considered almost heretical, because the artist had depicted the Virgin as received into the glory of heaven, sur-

rounded by a sublime vision of female angels. But the landscape that serves as a background to this marvellous composition is so lost in the distance and in the shadows of a golden twilight, that it does not help us much in our quest. It is only later on that our desire is gratified, when we can see a plan of the city as it appeared at the end of the fifteenth century in the "Chronicles of Nuremberg."

But in order faithfully to picture Florence from the thirteenth century to the glorious days of the Renaissance, when the treasures that her merchants had garnered from all parts of the world were poured forth for the creation of immortal monuments, following up the traditions of art inaugurated by Arnolfo, Giotto, and Orcagna,—to picture these scenes, which should be peopled with figures of artisans, merchants, women, friars, monks, jugglers, hawkers, poets, story-tellers, men-at-arms, rustics, pages, knights, that crowd the canvas—to give an even incomplete idea of the history of the Florentine people, that from mediæval manners upraised themselves to the polish of the Renaissance,—to do this would be the work of an artist who was at the same time an archaeologist and a poet. Nor would this suffice. But until this artist arise, if ever it be possible, who shall thus teach us by sight, we must content ourselves with tasting only such palatable bits as can be extracted from old books of reminiscences, domestic chronicles, and private correspondence, from story-tellers and poets, from dusty archives and forgotten records. Here embedded are many interesting particulars, many anecdotes, many items of news that help to give an insight into the life of that time, so remote even from our imagination.

In the narrow crowded streets, beside the massive stone palaces secure as fortresses, with their embattled towers rising proudly above their heads, crouched little low houses with thatched roofs and windows covered with oiled linen in lieu of glass. These houses were always exposed to danger by fire, wherefore Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo, a writer of the fourteenth century, whose interesting record lies unpublished in the Riccardiana Library, counselled that the people should always keep ready twelve large sacks, "in which to put your things whenever there is a fire in your vicinity or anywhere even

near to you or in your house, and also thick cord to reach from the roof to the ground, so as to enable you to escape from the window." The dusty streets were never swept, except by the water that ran like a rivulet in and out of the gutters, in which, as Sacchetti tells us in his famous "novels," those animals especially protected by Sant' Antonio used to grubble, "after which they will pay visits in the neighboring houses, bringing with them dirt, confusion, and disorder." Not that these houses were patterns of cleanliness. They were swept once a week, on Saturdays; on other days the refuse was tossed under the bed, where could be found a little of everything, such as fruit-parings, cores, bones, plucked chickens, and live fowls, cackling geese, and an abundance of cobwebs. These were just the modest dwellings of a people satisfied with very little, who thought more of gain than of the comforts and luxuries of daily life,—people pertaining to good families, nevertheless, but who passed their time shooting and hunting in the country over their own lands. Sometimes, however, they were also inhabited by upstarts, who endeavored to enrich themselves by arts and trades. The grandfather of Messer Lapo da Castiglionchio, who lived on the threshold of Messer Riccardo da Quona, beyond the Colonnine, which now stand in the Via dei Benci, and where at that time was one of the city gates, used to have this gate closed for him every night by an old woman, a good faithful servant, who afterward deposited the key for him in his bedroom, so primitive were the manners.

But Florence meanwhile was gradually growing as the prosperity of her citizens augmented. The old houses with thatched roofs were often burned down. When a fire broke out, the whole population was excited, and every one had to be under arms and on guard. Even the Signoria, to destroy with the least expense the houses of their adversaries whom they had perchance banished from the city, used to set them aflame, and then pay the damages the fire might have caused to innocent neighbors. And passions burned as hotly as fire. The quarrels, riots, feuds, *vendette*, that were incessant, dyed the streets red with blood, while the triumphs in these frays were celebrated with feasts and banqueting. The Commune, a proud and haughty Signoria, quickly offended

too, and ready to strike, redoubled its forces in order to subdue its foes. This achieved, the merchants of the conquering city celebrated a new species of triumph; they led their mules, laden with the cloths of Calimara, the silks of Por Santa Maria, across the plains and mountains that a short time before had been scoured by the horse and foot soldiers of their army. The traders following hard upon the footsteps of their less peaceable neighbors, bore the gold of Florence and its manufactures to the city, under whose walls had but lately waved the banner that bore the symbolic ensign of this great free people.

The Mercato Vecchio was then the heart of Florence, and seemed to the Florentines the most beautiful piazza in the world. Whoever reads its praises in the pages of Antonio Pucci, or searches among the tales of Franco Sacchetti for the chronicles of daily life, can form an idea of a life that was contented to enact itself upon so small a stage. Here, on this the true emporium of Florentine commerce, were gathered together shopkeepers, merchants, doctors, idlers, gamblers, rustics, apothecaries, rogues, maid-servants, courtiers, beggars, hucksters, and gay bands of spend-thrifts. Here, too, were to be found merchandise of every sort and kind; fresh meat, fruit, cheese, vegetables, game, poultry, linen, flowers, pottery, barrels, and second-hand furniture. The street-boys, mischievous and quick-tongued even then, took up their permanent abode there, as if it were their proper home; here, too, rats held perpetual carnival. In short, people and things from all parts of the then known globe were gathered together in this tiny space. No day passed that some disturbance did not occur, some quarrel, some alarm. Thus a horse became obstreperous, and every person shouted at the top of their voices for help, "Accorr'uomo"; the Piazza dei Signori was filled up with the runaways, the palace-door was hastily shut, the family armed itself, and so did the followers of the captain and of the executioner; some for very fear hid under their beds, to come out after the tumult had subsided covered with dirt and cobwebs. Two mules pecked at by crows would begin to kick and jump over the stalls of the sellers. Once again all the shops were hastily shut, and serious quarrels would arise between the

linen-draper and the butchers on account of the harm done by these infuriated beasts. Sometimes even graver disputes arose. Gamblers and keepers of gaming-tables would come to blows, and such a scene be enacted as is represented in the fresco in the Monastery of Lecceto near Siena. The dice fall on the table in such a manner that one of the players loses; he springs to his feet maddened by the stroke of ill-luck, and stretching out his arms clutches the winner by the throat; the other, pale with fear and anger, seeks in vain for the avenging knife; oaths break out from the lips of the combatants; the voices of the bystanders, women and children, rise up in fear, "Accorruomo." The dense crowd retreats, and when the executioner arrives with his followers, always too late of course—justice, then as now, was never up to time—the victim already lies on the ground in a pool of blood.

Such the dramas, the *faits divers*, of those days, which every now and again disturbed the peace of our ancestors. The burgher story-tellers who fulfilled the office of our modern newspapers rarely tell of these cruel acts. They prefer to dwell on the tricks and practical jokes with which the merry folk amused themselves, eternal source of fireside talk when the house-mates were gathered together before the andirons of those huge open hearths, under whose blackened chimneys the family assembled before the hour of putting out the lights should sound, after which whosoever went last to bed would ascertain that the barrels were well closed and the doors and windows tightly shut. They were always ready for a laugh, this people—always ready to forget the terrors of the other world held up to them by their priests, and calculated by their weird horrors to damp the most buoyant spirits. The incredulity of the new age already began to peep forth, mocking at the priests, and also a little at the miracles and many like impostures. The mockers and scoffers who laughed at others, and sought to deceive their neighbors and the world, called themselves "new men," and their mischievous doctrines "new things." The group of people that gathered around the counters of shops and under the *loggie*, that nestled close to the palaces, made the place re-echo with their clear silvery laughter, to which the knot of whispering wom-

en corresponded, who clustered chatting beside their house-doors. The artists, or, as they then called themselves, the artificers, were the most ingenious plotters of practical jokes, concocted between one stroke of the brush and another. The memory of them endured for a long while, so much so that Vasari has incorporated into his *Lives* various of those which the novelists had not consigned into their chronicles of citizen life. "It has ever been that among painters are found new men," says Sacchetti; and Bonamico Buffalmacco, immortalized in the "*Decamerone*," and the names of Bartolo Goggi, Bruno di Giovanni, Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, Paolo Uccello, and Donatello, recall to our memories tricks played on a certain Calandrino and on the Fat Carpenter, besides many others who were the victims of these merciless high spirits. But the mad wish to joke and laugh was caught also by grander people, and from the workshops of artificers it entered into those of the apothecaries; it took possession of the doctors, of the judges, of the proctors, it even climbed up into the Palace to enliven the dulness of the Priori obliged to stay here shut up far away from wife and child, simple men of simple habits, both men and habits bearing the stamp of ancient boorishness. Thus the whole Signoria slept in one room, a fact that gave occasion for many jokes, that indeed provoked them. So simple, truly, were these *signori*, that it was not uncommon for the provost of the Priori to go himself into the kitchen to broil his own slice of meat. The tricks and pranks played bordered often, it must be owned, on roguery; but a good laugh at the expense of the person who was in the wrong, and on whom the joke had been perpetrated, was considered to put everything square. For in these days, when everybody thought of themselves and of their own interests, public opinion had no pity or compassion on the man who let himself be befooled. By common consent all manner of wily tricks were permitted to merchants, and the Florentine traders were famous for their great cunning. Sacchetti tells what happened to a certain Soccebonel of Friuli who went to buy some cloth from one of them; he measured out four canes, but then managed to steal half the amount. To cover the fraud, the merchant said to Soccebonel, "If you want to do well with

this cloth, leave it to soak all night in water, and you will see how excellent it will become." Soccebonel did as he was told, and then took the cloth to the shearer. When he went to fetch it back, he asked how much he had to pay. "It seems to me, nine *braccia*," said the shearer; "therefore give me nine *soldi*." "Nine *braccia*," said the other, "alas! they measure, but the cloth does not grow under their hands." Soccebonel runs to the cutter, runs hither and thither, in his despair. At last he is told that these Florentine cloths do not grow in water, and one man tells him about a person who bought a *braccio* of Florentine cloth, kept it in water, and by next morning it had shrunk so that there was none left.

But whoever searches the mercantile codes amid the dust of libraries and archives will find that they all concur in condemning such tricks. All of these papers, each of which begins, "In the name of the Father, Amen," are pervaded by instances of good examples, and all breathe excellent customs, wise saws, and honest rules. Their theoretical precepts were clearly inspired by the most severe morality. One of these sapient scribes says:—

"Bear well in mind that when you pronounce a sentence you go on straightforwardly, loyally, and justly, and do not let yourself be swayed aside from this either by bribes, love, or fear, by relationship or friendship, or for the sake of a companion. For the person against whom you give your sentence will be your enemy, and he whom you would serve will hold you neither honest, nor loyal, nor straightforward; he will, instead, always distrust and despise you."

Immediately after, a little below, we read:—

"If you have need in trade or in any other business of the friendship of any lord or proprietor, I advise that with carefully chosen presents you curry his favor; watch those who are of his household, above all his secretary, and make friends with him; you can present him with some little thing to his taste, asking help and counsel of him that he may teach you how best to find favor in his master's eyes."

Nor is this all. Our practical moralist gives yet another useful counsel:—

"When you buy oats, look out that the measure is not filled too quickly, for it will always sink two or three per cent; but when you sell, fill quickly and your oats will grow. . . . Always speak well of the members of the Commune; live in charity with your

neighbors, because they always are the first to speak of your affairs, and in honor or dishonor they may make or mar you."

It was thus these men of yore counselled their sons, who grew up quick-witted and expert in the art of living amid a people who were learned in all the stratagems and wiles of life. What marvel, then, that a preacher, in order to attract a congregation, and not to speak his words to the desert air, announced that he would proclaim from the pulpit that usury is not a sin? and so he did all through Lent and on Palm-Sunday to a large and attentive congregation. What we moderns term "log-rolling" was the order of the day. Families widened their borders and strengthened their connections by this means, usually favored by matrimonial alliances, for capital was the one and only basis of safety, and this was upheld by a whole mass of laws and privileges. The father was the despot master of all his personal property. He could leave it to whomsoever he chose, to collateral relations or to some pious foundation, nay, even to those children whom love had brought into his house; and this he could do by will, a matter now impossible in Continental countries, though still possible in England, where the "Code Napoléon" does not obtain. From this fact we can realize the important place that lawyers and clerks then occupied, for disputes about testaments were quite common occurrences. A wife inheriting *ab intestato* had a right only to a fourth of her children's goods, and in reality only to mere nourishment. Everything conspired to preserve the integrity of capital and prevent it from leaving the family, the firm, and the commune. It is a point that cannot be too much insisted on. Inside that society of merchants a greed for gain was the supreme law of every action. It would be useless to look for the sentiment that inspires the modern family, where for woman is reserved so noble a rôle, such honorable and tender offices. Those poor Florentine mothers had to be contented with such humble activity as the tyranny of their husbands permitted to them, and to live, or rather to drag out, their lives in those gloomy squalid houses, taking care of the children, visiting the churches, and confessing to the friars their manifold sins of desire. The daughters—those girls with whom to-day we take such pains—

were then never even taught to read. "If it is a girl, put her to sew and not to read; it is not good that a woman should know how to read unless you wish to make her a nun," thus counsels Paolo di Ser Pace da Certaldo. The convents were then, and for centuries after, the sole refuge for these poor wretches. They were also a providence for the prolific families. To have twenty or more children seemed the most natural thing in the world. If they lived it was said, "Heaven be praised;" and if they died, "For everything be heaven praised, Amen." Such were the sentiments of the times. In the memorandas, in domestic chronicles in the time of great mortality, were registered in such terms the deaths as well as the births, with a serenity that to-day to loving mothers would seem cynicism indeed.

These documents also hand down to us indisputable proofs of a singular fact—that is, the intrusion in the family of a new element that obscures the vaunted purity of the morals of those past days. Benevolent critics find an excuse for this because of the great void made by the plague among the city and country dwellers, and because the prospect of small wages was not enough to induce the men and women of the people to go out as domestic servants; hence it was necessary to look to foreign commerce to supply the deficiency. But this reasoning hardly holds. Rather we think it was the trade with the East, the vagabond life led by the merchants, and their ever-increasing wealth, that caused that traffic in slaves of both sexes which lasted through two centuries, from 1300 onward. Oriental slaves bought as live goods, generally through Genoese, Venetian, and Neapolitan brokers, were chiefly Tartars, Greeks, Turks, Dalmatians, and Circassians, and do not seem to have been archetypes of beauty. The registers in which the notaries marked down, together with the name and age, the price and description of the wares, "the points" of the necks and faces of the slaves bought and sold, bear witness to this circumstance; nearly all had olive complexions, though some were found who had rosy skins and were florid and fair. The faces never seemed to lack some special and distinctive mark—some were pocked, some had moles, others were scarred; the nose was generally squat and flat, the lips thick and

prominent, the eyes dull and small, the foreheads low and freckled. To these pen-sketches made by pedantic and precise lawyers, some portraits correspond that are still extant of these women. In a rare and curious book, the memoranda of Baldovinetti, in which this forebear of the famous painter used to illustrate by drawings his journalistic jottings, there are preserved for us the portraits of three slaves he bought in the years 1377, 1380, 1388: "Dorothea, a Tartar, from Russia, eighteen years or more of age; Domenica, of white skin, from Tartary; and Veronica, sixteen years old, whom I bought almost naked from Bonaroti, son of Simon de Bonaroti"—that is to say, from an ancestor of Michael Angelo. These three—Dorothea, Domenica and Veronica—could, when a little older, have easily served for models to the future Buonarroti for his "Three Fates." Such women, ugly or beautiful, entered the houses of the rich Florentines to perform the most humble services and to take care of the children. They caused much anxiety on every account to the poor house matrons. Pucci, in one of his sonnets, tells us that the slaves had the best of it in everything, and were above every good match, checkmating their masters. He maliciously explains some reasons, and tells that they often knew how to play ugly tricks on their mistresses, who, as Alessandra Mancinigi, the mother of the Strozzi, confessed some years later, would avenge themselves by laying hands on these same slaves. Still, pests though they were, it seems the families could not do without them. They were the nurses, the maids-of-all-work, of their days; and Alessandra wrote to her son Filippo when at Naples: "Let me remind you of the need we have of a slave, for so far we have always had one. If you give orders to have one bought, ask for a Tartar, for they are the best for hard work, and are simple in their ways. The Russians are more delicate and prettier, but according to my judgment a Tartar would be best." Nor could Madonna Alessandra have found any one who could execute her commission better than Filippo, who already had with him for a long while a slave who knew how to work well, and about whom his mother wrote, April 7, 1469: "Andrea as well as Tomaso Ginori, who are now with you, came to see us on Easter Day, and told

me many things about your household, and especially about Marina, and the many pretty ways she has with you." And a year later, in an ironical tone, she says, "I send you the towels; be careful that you do not lose them, and that Madama Marina does not make them disappear;" from which we gather that by cunning and pretty ways these women knew how to win over their masters and become madam. They even obtained, by faithful labor, good behavior, and general aptitude, many a liberal testamentary bequest. It was yet worse when that bartered blood of Tartars and Russians mixed with that of this pure, ancient, and free race.

But let us return to the chaster atmosphere of the family, in which, with accumulated riches, there entered also, alas! those poisonous germs which later on were destined to corrupt and corrode Italian life and conscience. Between the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a great change occurred. The renovation of manners and customs, already panting toward a freer life, that became entirely unbridled in the Renaissance, had weakened faith and discouraged religion. It seemed as though the people no longer understood any but worldly pleasures. The letters of Mazzei, the good notary of Prato, the wise man of "rough soul and frozen heart," bear witness to this. Ser Lapo was an ascetic spirit, a man of good and ancient faith, and a convinced moralist. In his letters is reflected the rebellious sinner, struggling against the holier tendencies that seek to lead him to a peaceful death and the redemption of his earthly errors. It is the fight between the religious sentiment and the moralistic spirit of the new age that radiated in the glory of the Renaissance, but which, after a wonderful moment of splendor, left behind it in the souls of Italians a black and deadly void. Out of this darkness the modern man was to arise later on, purified by these centuries of servitude, and matured by many vigils of thought.

But we have again wandered from the family. Let us look in once more upon the Florentine house, out of whose windows "the loving slaves shook the dust from their masters' dress every morning, looking fresher and happier than the rose," as a poem of the period has it—this house where the wife barely passed in happiness even the very first months of her married

life: later on she merely numbered the years that sped by the names of the children who grew up around her, each of whom recalled to her one of her husband's long absences, when he had gone away to trade far off beyond the mountains and over the seas. The youthful freshness of these women faded quickly, and as Sacchetti writes, the most beautiful among them in a short time "drooped, degenerated, withered in old age, and at last became a skull." It was but natural that they should try to correct nature by art, and repair the ravages induced by domestic cares; and this not merely from vanity. Even great painters like Taddeo Gaddi and Alberto Arnolfini agreed that the Florentine women were the best artists of all the world.

"Was there ever before them a painter—nay, even a mere dyer—who could turn black into white? Certainly not; for it is against nature. Yet if a face is yellow and pallid, they change it by artificial means to the hue of the rose. One who by nature or age has a skinny figure, they are able to make florid and plump. I do not think Giotto or any other painter could color better than they do; but what is most wonderful is, that even a face which is out of proportion, and has goggle eyes, they will make correct, with eyes like to a falcon's. As to crooked noses, they are soon put straight. If they have jaws like a donkey, they quickly correct them. If their shoulders are too large, they plane them; if one projects more than the other, they stuff them so with cotton that they seem in proportion. And so on with breasts and hips, doing all this without a scalpel, so that Polycletus himself could not have rivalled them. The Florentine women are past-mistresses of painting and modeling, for it is plain to see that they restore where nature has failed."

We cannot blame them, nor do we wish to do so. Poor women! this was the only freedom they enjoyed, to masquerade as youthful, happy creatures, to make their faces bright and fresh while their hearts were often weeping at finding themselves supplanted by other women. They also loved to change the fashion and shape of the dresses, and here they were able to give free vent to that ambitious spirit which they possessed no less than their male relatives. The admirers of the past, beginning with Dante, blame them for so much volubility, which irritated even the story-tellers and priests, not to mention the husbands, who would willingly have economized on these extravagant expenses of their wives. Sacchetti had much to

say on this theme, over which he grows eloquent. He writes in his virtuous indignation how

"some women had their dresses cut so low that the armpit could be seen. They then gave a jump and made the collars come up to their ears. The girls who used to go about so modestly have entirely changed the shape of their hood, so as to reduce it to a cap, and with this head-gear they wear around their necks a collar to which are attached all sorts of little beasts that hang down into their breasts. As for their sleeves, they can almost be called mattresses. Was there ever invented a more harmful, useless shape? Could a woman wearing those things lift a glass or whatever else from the table without soiling both sleeve and table cloth, not to mention the tumblers they upset? Their waists, too, are all squeezed in, their arms are covered by their trains, and their throats enclosed with hoods. One would never end if one wished to say everything about these women, beginning with their immeasurable trains. Then their heads are dressed high, and reach up to the roofs; some curl their hair, some plaster it down, and some others powder it. It is enough to make one sick."

It would seem, however, that this craving for the new attacked men as well, and was by no means confined to the weaker sex. Poor Messer Valore di Buondelmonte, an old man cut on the ancient pattern, was forced by his relations to change his hood. Everybody marvelled and stopped him in the street. "Oh, what! is this Messer Valore? I do not know you. What is the matter with you? Have you the mumps?"

At one time it was the fashion to wear such ruffs and wrist-bands that it could be said of the Florentines that they wore water-pipes around their necks and tiles on their arms; whence it happened that Salvstro Brunelleschi, while eating chick-peas with a spoon, instead of putting them into his mouth, put them inside his ruff, and scalded himself. Later on it became fashionable to have the hose divided and crossed in three or four colors. Shoes had very long points, and the legs were so swathed with strings that the wearer could hardly sit down. Most of the youths went without a mantle, and wore their hair down to their shoulders. For the wrist-band a *braccio* of cloth was allowed, and more stuff was put in a glove than in a hood. The old fashions struggled with the new, the newer, the very newest. Everybody was individually capricious. The Florentine people, inquisitive then as

now, liked to behold the new hats, new hoods, new dresses, mantles, and gabardines in which their townfolk were muffled, so that they hardly recognized each other, and had to scan one another keenly in the face before friend knew friend. It was a veritable masquerade. They finally assumed such proportions that the men, who have always been the law-makers, pondered how they could by legislation put a check upon the "extravagant ornament of the Florentine women." In 1306 and 1333 the Commune promulgated sumptuary laws, reinforced in 1352, 1355, 1384, 1388, 1396, when very severe regulations were added. These had again to be revived in 1439, 1456, and once more in 1562. The clergy thundered from the pulpits, the wise men admonished, and some of them went the length of furnishing regulations to careful mothers about their own dress and that of their daughters. The story-tellers lashed with their wit this immoderate luxury—the result, as they maintained, of female vanity. Meanwhile the other cities of Tuscany and Italy sent to the Florentine merchants for samples "of the above-named goods," and constantly repeated their orders, showing that Florence set the fashion in those days, and that its extravagance in habiliments was eagerly copied outside its walls. At the same time there began a curious contest between the severity of the rigorous legislation and the cunning of the women. These astute ladies did not fight openly; they pretended to bow their heads and merely appear annoyed, while in reality they waited for the storm to pass. They were too wise; they knew the world too well not to be aware that laws which are too severe remain ever a dead letter. Whenever and howsoever they could, they sought, if not to annul, at least to elude them. Thus, when the Duke of Calabria came to Florence in 1326, the ladies gathered round the duchess, who was a Frenchwoman, Marie de Valois, and obtained from her the concession that a certain thick yellow-and-white silk braid, which they had worn instead of plaits of hair in front of their faces, should be restored to them. "An immodest and unnatural ornament," grumbles Villani, who had observed how the inordinate appetite of women triumphs over reasonable and wise men. Four years after, on the 1st of April 1330, the Florentines deprived their women of every

ornament. But even this tempest blew over. Like the women of Flanders, of whom Paradin writes in the "Annales de Bourgogne," when tormented for the same cause by Thomas Cornette, a fanatical Carmelite, they "relèverent leur cornes, et firent comme les lymacons, lesquels quand ils entendent quelque bruit retirent et resserrent tout bellement leurs cornes ; mais, le bruit passé, soudain ils les relèvent plus grandes que devant." And an occasion to put forth their horns anew was the coming of the Duke of Athens to Florence in 1342, when the French wore "such wonderfully different dresses," as a contemporary chronicler observes. These were the days when young men clothed themselves in such tight and short kilts that in order to put them on they had to be helped by another person—kilts that were belted in at the waist by a band of leather, closed by a rich buckle, from which they appended a fancifully worked German purse. Their hood was joined on to a short mantle, and ended in a long peak that reached to the ground, and which they were able to wrap round their heads when cold. The cavaliers wore close-fitting jackets, with the points of the wrist-band, lined with miniver or ermine, reaching to the floor. Of course the women immediately copied this new caprice. In the frescoes attributed to Simone Memmi in Santa Maria Novella, we can behold these fashions, which had then but just come in, and whence we can gather a faint conception of the magnificent material employed in the making of these gorgeous garments. The pragmatical laws of dress, dating from 1343, which are preserved in the Archivio della Grascia, tell of splendid dresses that were sequestered by the rigor of the law, and marked by the servants of these unfortunate foreign officers chosen by the Commune to apply the laws, with a seal of lead, having on one side half a lily, and on the other half a cross. Here is the description of a forbidden gown which belonged to Donna Francesca, the wife of Landozzo di Uberto degli Albizi, of the parish of San Pietro Maggiore : "A black mantle of raised cloth ; the ground is yellow, and over it are woven birds, parrots, butterflies, white and red roses, and many figures in vermillion and green, with pavilions and dragons, and yellow and black letters and trees, and many other figures of various

colors—the whole lined with cloth in hues of black and vermillion."

Often instead of letters they had whole proverbs embroidered on their dresses. In those same archives they keep a curious document, telling of those unlucky officials who were obliged to fulfil a duty so ungracious—of those poor *podestà* and captains, cavaliers, judges, notaries, and servants, who came to Florence from the Guelph cities of Lombardy and the Marches to hold the office of governors, and who had to dispute in their rough dialect with the quick tongues of the Florentine women and their husbands, and were laughed at for their pains by the story-tellers of the city. There is a tale told by Franco Sacchetti narrating the sufferings of a judge, Messer Amerigo Amerighi of Pesaro, "in person most beautiful, and able in his science," who was ordered, while Franco was one of the Priori, to proceed with solicitude to execute certain orders, as usual on the ornaments of the women. The valiant judge set to work, sending around notaries and servants to make the requisite inquisition ; but the citizens went up to the Signoria and said that the new *podestà* did his work so well, that never before had the women been so free to dress as they pleased as they were now. Here is the justification of the unfortunate Messer Amerigo :—

"My Lords, I have studied all my life, and now, when I thought that I knew something, I find that I know nothing. For, looking out for these ornaments of your women, which, according to your orders, are forbidden, such arguments as they brought forward in their defence I have never before heard, and from among them I should like to mention to you a few. There comes a woman with the point of her hood peaked and twisted round. My notary says, 'Tell me your name, because your point is peaked.' The good woman takes down the point, which is fastened to the hood with a pin, and, holding it in her hand, says, 'Why, no ; do you not see it is a wreath ?' Then my man goes farther, and finds a woman wearing many buttons in front of her dress. He tells her that she cannot wear all those buttons. She answers, 'Yes, Messere, I can wear these ; they are not buttons, and if you do not believe me look for the hanks, and see, too, that there are no button-holes.' The notary goes to another, who wears ermine, wondering what she will have to say for herself. 'You wear ermine,' he remarks, and is about to put down her name. The woman says, 'Do not put down my name, because these are not ermine. This is the fur of a suckling.' 'What is this suckling ?' asks the

notary; and the woman answers, 'It is an animal.'

The notary does not insist, nor can the Signoria, who, remembering their own women at home, conclude, as they have always concluded at the Palace, by exhorting Messer Amerigo to let things be, to allow the women to pass their wreaths for hoods, their false buttons, their suckling's fur, and their belts. They do not wish perhaps that the judge from Pesaro should remember the melancholy distich that one of his colleagues of the guild of merchants had written on the margin of his sumptuary statutes:—

"If there is a person you do hate,  
Send him to Florence as officer of State."

Once again one of Sacchetti's stories proves itself a truthful historical document. The Archivio della Grascia preserves the acts of the Judge of Appeal and Cassation. Among these protocols is one written by Giovanni di Piero da Lugo, notary under Ser Amerigo of Pesaro, officer of the Grascia to the Commune of Florence for six months, beginning from March 15, 1384. On that day Amerigo issued a proclamation to recall to memory the punishment inflicted by the law against whomsoever transgressed the sumptuary regulations. On the 27th of March the inquisition on the part of the officials began. When they met a woman with two rings ornamented with four pearls, or wearing a little cap embroidered, or a wreath, or too many buttons on her dress, immediately the unlucky creature was noted down as being in contravention, to use a modern phrase. The sergeant would go to her house with a summons for her to appear before the judge. On the day appointed her husband would put in an appearance on behalf of his wife, who, recognizing the error, paid the fine. These things went on for a good while. Later on the women, grown malicious, began those contests recounted with such evident gusto by the story-tellers, but naturally omitted in the protocols of the notary. The inquisitions grew more rare, the sentences less frequent, and those husbands who appeared before the tribunals began to deny the guilt of their wives with valid arguments. One is too old to be capable of what is imputed to her, another was at home on that day and at that hour, a third is in mourning—and so forth. The protocol is closed with hardly a sentence regis-

tered, the real fact being that the Signory, and the judges above all, had given themselves up as vanquished—a defeat that is not devoid of the suspicion that those officers and notaries chosen for this hateful magisterial office had allowed themselves to be conquered by the fire of some beautiful eyes and the caresses of some flattering voice. For inside the cover of a copy of the pragmatic or sumptuary laws of that date still extant in the Florentine archives, do not we read the outpourings of some enamored heart which proves itself a precious human document embedded among the pedantic quibbles? This is how it runs:—

"The troops of merry friends, the songs so sweet,

The hawks, the hounds, the wanderings full of pleasure,

Fair women temples, where for love my feet  
Were wont on holidays to seek my treasure,  
I hate them now like fire. This thought I meet

Where'er I go,—oh, wretched beyond measure!

Thou dwellest far from me, my love, my own,  
My sovereign hope, and I am here alone."

Is this not proof enough to show that the women had found partisans in the very bosom of the magistracy? No wonder their cause was won. But for a short time only, because periodically some fresh charge was made against feminine vanity, and other storms broke out. The poor women, they were really much persecuted! They also encountered terrible adversaries in the moralists of the day, who in their tractates concerning the government of the family did not cease striking that note. Palmieri is an example of this. Their worst foes, however, were the friars, at that time invaded by a furious desire to purge the world of its sins. Fra Bernardino of Siena, in 1425, continued in Perugia those bonfires of all the worldly vanities that he had initiated the year before in Rome, making great havoc of false hair and other vain adornments, of trimming and hoods, of dice, cards, gaming-tables, and other such diabolic things, foreshadowing the great fires made by Savonarola in Florence in 1497, that proved of such evil omen to their instigator. Nevertheless, among so many foes stanch partisans were not wanting. In April 1431, a preacher who had shouted in Santa Croce against the women, also appealed against them in the presence of the Signory, in

the Consiglio dei Richesti, where no less a matter was discussed than the absolute prohibition of all fashion. On this occasion Luigi Guicciardini, father of the great historian and politician, said that he had replied to a Milanese who drew evil deductions as to the morality of the Florentine women from their extravagant dress, that if the dress seemed immodest their acts were far different.

But these sumptuary laws, retouched and remanipulated every now and again, were less onerous to the women than to their husbands, whose purses had to pay the fines. Nor were the regulations confined to the limiting of personal adornment. The luxury and pomp permitted at weddings, baptisms, banquets, and funerals were all rigorously laid down. Thus the number of guests at a marriage could not exceed 200; the marriage-brokers had to announce beforehand the names of the guests. The marriage portions were also fixed by law, as well as the nuptial ceremonies. The cook who prepared the wedding dinner was obliged to report to the officers of the Commune the number of dishes which he served. The meats might not be more than three; not more than 7 lb. of veal; and the number of capons, turkeys, ducks was also minutely stated in the statutes. So also were the rites to be observed at obsequies, the number of wax torches that might be burned, the clothes the dead were permitted to wear, the dresses of those that followed them; the presents permitted at baptisms: in short, every single little thing that occurred in the daily life of the citizens was minutely and carefully regulated, and whosoever disobeyed these regulations was condemned to pay a heavy fine; for even in those days the municipal government eagerly seized on every excuse in order to tax its citizens, and the study of those citizens, especially of those cunning merchants, was in every possible way to lighten to themselves by circumvention the burden of these imposts,—in fact, to use a phrase of the period, “to steal with honest license.” “The Commune steals so much itself, I may as well steal from it also,” is an old saying quoted by Sacchetti, who laments the slow procedure of the Commune even toward those who desire to give up to it their goods. “Everybody drew water for their own mill,” says Marchionne Stefani, and he too had his own

mill to work. They all strove to defend themselves from these charges; “and as it always happens,” writes the chronicler, “the heavy large beasts jump and break the nets.” Thus Francesco Datini, when dealing with those who ruled the State, took care of number one. In those years when it was necessary that the imposts should be levied ten or fifteen times a year, on account of the wars fought by the arms of the mercenaries, and because of the treaties of peace concluded by means of money, whosoever could not accomplish what he wanted by the aid of friendship or favors, arrived at his goal by cunning, like Bartolo Sonaglioni, who, when he was about to be heavily taxed, used to go down every morning and stand on the threshold of his own door narrating his evil fortunes and financial difficulties to everybody who passed by, saying, “O brother, I am ruined! I must either disappear from the world or die in prison;” so that when the time came to tax him everybody said, “He is impoverished and will be taken up for debt;” and one said, “He speaks truth, for one morning he did not even dare to come out of his house;” and another remarked, “So he said to me;” and, “Well, if it be so, one must treat him as if he were poor,” was the universal decision. Consequently all of one accord lent to him as if he were a beggar or worse. Having thus borrowed, and the danger passed, Bartolo once more began to come out of his house, saying that he was arranging with his creditors; and in this wise, with much talk, he freed himself of his debts, while many others richer than he were ruined.

The times were ripening. Of the ancient proverbial simplicity amid all this great thirst for gain there only remained as living monuments a few old men greatly respected. Of these Velluti has preserved to us a graphic description that is as living and vigorous as one of the figures painted by Andrea del Castagno:—

“Buonaccorso di Piero was a valiant strong patriot, and very sure in arms. He performed many a bold and noble deed, whether for his own commune or that of others. So many wounds had he received in wars and fights that he was disfigured by numberless scars. He was of good height, strong-limbed and well built. He lived a full one hundred and twenty years, but in the last twenty he was blind from old age. Although he was so old, his fibre was so tough that he could not be thrown,

and by taking a young man by the shoulders he could make him sit down. He thoroughly understood all matters of trade, and did everything loyally. It was believed that many cloths that came from Milan, of which a great number were ordered, and which were sold before the bales were opened, were dyed here; and I heard that a certain agent, Giovanni del Volpe, seeing that the cloth sold so well, thought of saving for his firm by dyeing in a cheaper and inferior way, so that after a while these cloths were not so much sought after as before. Inquiring into the reason, it was discovered that it was owing to the cunning of Giovanni; and Buonaccorso hearing of this, wanted to kill him. Buonaccorso having lost his sight, mostly stopped at home. Behind his palace in Via Maggio there was a long balcony which went the length of the building, and on this opened three rooms. Here he walked up and down so much every morning that he covered three or four miles. After this he broke his fast with no less than two loaves; then at dinner he ate well, for he was a hearty eater; and so he passed his life. Now as to how he died: I heard my father say that wanting to go to the fireplace he hit his foot against it, and so sprained his ankle that he could no longer take his daily exercise on the balcony, after which he then and there declared himself dead. Now it happened that his son Filippo, my grandfather, took in second marriage Monna Gemma dei Pulci; and Buonaccorso, having that day chatted much, twitting his son, saying that he needed a wife to help him more than he did, and much more such talk, expressed a wish to go from his bed to his lounge; so he called my father and Gerardo his grandson, and as he put his arms round their necks and shoulders to raise himself, suddenly by reason of his great age his life failed him and he died."

With the memory of this beloved and good patriarchal image fresh in our minds, let us hurry on to the new era and the new century, whose glorious dawn already gilded the sky of literature and art. The preliminary signs had made themselves felt in the growth of wealth, in the enfranchisement from the old prejudices as well as from the severe rules of the old way of living, in the egotistical tendencies which prepared the way for the evolution of what we moderns call individualism. By all of these signs and tokens we recognize the character of the men and the life of the Renaissance. The affection for a common country and even family was weakened by an acute craving for pleasure; incredulity, scepticism, and sensuality threatened to obtain the upper hand. After the passing away of the dread terrors of the plague, these generations must almost have wondered to find themselves alive. From the great beginning of the

mortality of 1348 to the early years of the fifteenth century, the chroniclers register no less than six such epidemics, though some were of comparatively minor deadliness. By consulting the books of death preserved in the archives of the Grascia, it is possible to ascertain that from the 1st of May to the 18th of September 1400 there occurred no fewer than 10,908 deaths, of which the greater part were children. Of the plague of 1348, besides the classical and splendid description of Boccaccio, we can discover vivid and sad records amid the family chronicles in the diaries and memoranda of the day. It must have been a despairing and awe-inspiring sight. Giovanni Morelli tells us how in one hour a friend or neighbor was laughing and joking, and the next he was dead. People fell down dead in the streets and at their benches; fell down dead when alone, without the help or comfort of a human being. Many went mad and threw themselves into the wells or the Arno, or from out their windows, driven to this by great sorrow or panic or fear. Many and many died unseen, many were buried before the breath had left their bodies. One might see the cross-bearing priests who had gone to fetch a corpse take up two or three on their way to the church. It is calculated that in Florence alone two thirds of the population died—that is, 18,000 persons. Of the epidemic of 1400 a detailed description is given in a letter of Ser Lapo Mazzei: "Here shops are hardly open any more; the masters are not at their desks; the police, the justice is without superiors. No one weeps for the dead." It was an awful visitation; children died, friends, neighbors, and relations fell victims; there was no longer any means of recording even the names of the dead. The number of victims who were struck down in the summer alone reached the figure of one hundred per day, and on one day in July it rose to no fewer than two hundred. Of the epidemic of 1420, Gregorio Dati writes in his "*Libro Segreto*"—that is to say, his diary:—

"The pestilence was in our house. It began with the man-servant Piccino, about 1420. Within three days later our slave Martha died. On the 1st of April my daughter Sandra, and on the 5th Antonia. We left the house and went into one opposite. In a few days Veronica died. Again we moved and went to live in Via Chiara. Here Vandecca and Pippa

were taken ill, and on the 1st of August both went to heaven. They all died of the plague. Heaven help them !"

Those who could, ran away to Arezzo, Bologna, Romagna, or any city or country where they thought they would be safe. It was the rule to go to any place where the plague had already been. Remedies against the mysterious sickness there seemed to be none. Morelli lays down some rules that to-day would be called hygienic :—

"The pestilence of 1348 was caused by a terrible famine. The year before, it happened that in Florence there was great hunger ; we lived on herbs and reeds, and very bad they were ; all the country was full of people, who went about feeding on grass like beasts. The corpses were disposed of in any mode, and there was no help for this."

This chronicler counsels people to keep themselves in good condition ; to be careful to eat well and avoid damp ; to spend generously and without stint or economy ; to refrain from melancholy and gloom ; not to think of dull sorrowful things ; to play, ride, amuse themselves, be happy.

The survivors from the scourge must have quickly accustomed themselves to the tenor of the new life, once the danger was over. One result of the plague was the institution of processions of "white penitents," resembling those which in the previous century traversed all Europe under the name of "The Company of the Crushed." Folk left their homes in crowds, both men and women, laymen and ecclesiastics, all mingling together, dressed in white cloaks which covered their faces, and wearing a crucifix as their badge. They walked in procession from place to place, singing lauds and supplicating *Misericordia* in loud voices ; at night they lay in the open air, and only asked for bread and water. The people of the cities they visited caught their fervor, and went in like order to visit other towns. On the appearance of these pious pilgrims every one was moved to repentance ; enmities were laid aside, discordant factions were pacified, and the cities were filled with sanctity. Some vicious persons in Florence sought to profit by this agitation, and liberate the prisoners, but fortunately they were hindered. Francesco Datini, a merchant from Prato and a great benefactor to his town, though otherwise a man of dubious morality, who ill-treated his wife and openly preferred his slave in

her presence, also went on pilgrimage in August 1399, dressed in white linen and barefooted, together with his family, friends, and neighbors. They were twelve in all, and had with them two horses and a mule. On these beasts they put two trunks in which were boxes filled with all manner of good things to eat—cheese of every kind, fresh bread and biscuits, plain and sweet tarts, and other such tit-bits of daily life—so much so that the beasts were quite overladen with the burden of the victuals. This pilgrimage lasted ten days, and went as far as Arezzo. Wherever they passed they bought eatables. This making of pilgrimage on horseback, well supplied with food, was certainly a gay and comfortable way of doing penance. The more intelligent and incredulous barely respected the outward forms of religion. Datini, for example, only feared the upbraidings and reproaches of his friend and spiritual mentor Ser Lapo Mazzei. Others, like Buonaccorso Pitti, furnish us with the type of a man of the Renaissance who had no fixed residence ; who wandered over the world tormented with inner restlessness ; who gambled, lost, and traded ; who meddled with commerce and politics, just like an adventurer of the eighteenth century, like to Benvenuto Cellini, but without his art and with far less intelligence. A curious strange type this Pitti, who seemed as though bitten by a tarantula, living by his wits, the intimate of Charles VI., of dukes and princes, who for a wager with the girl he loved rode straight away to Rome without stopping ; a great dancer, an inveterate gambler, a brave and loyal cavalier, who in time rose to the highest offices. Burckhardt calls him a forerunner of Casanova ; like him, journeying continually in the quality of merchant and political agent, diplomat and professional gambler, finding competitors only among princes like the Dukes of Brabant, Bavaria, and Savoy. This was the father of that Lucca Pitti who in riches and magnificence rivalled the Medici, and tried in all things to vie with Cosimo.

The merchants, grown immeasurably rich, thanks to their traffic, their journeys, their visits to the factories established in all the commercial centres and ports of Europe, had developed into bankers and money-lenders, feeling the times to be ripe when they could tranquilly enjoy the fruits of their exertions. Florence, like a

lovely prosperous maiden of good parts and abundant dowry, the factions quieted that had quarrelled concerning her, closed her eyes under the shade of the Medicean laurels, dazzled by the magnificence with which, womanlike, she had allowed herself to be conquered. Now that the family had acquired property, they sought to found houses, they looked out for suitable marriages, which were discussed as though they were political alliances. Alessandra Macinghi degli Strozzi went to mass every morning in Santa Reparata to sit behind the girls whom she would like her son Filippo to marry, and with the eye of a future mother-in-law studied, examined, criticised, and wrote about them to her son as though the matter in hand were a bargain about a horse. It is true that Alessandra, to our mind, has been too much exalted and praised; she must have had the heart of a merchant, not that of a woman. That she laid hands upon her slaves she frankly confesses herself. This, however, was the custom of the day; it was perhaps easy to lose one's temper with those Russians and Tartars. But concerning her charity, we have stumbled on a curious document. It regards two old people, only survivors of a family of laborers. "Piero and Monna Cilia are both alive and infirm. I have overflowed the field for next year, and as I must put it in order, these two old people, if they do not die, must go and beg. Heaven will provide." Nor is this a passing thought; it was a firm resolve. In a letter written a few months later we read: "Piero is still alive" (Heaven had already provided for Monna Cilia, it seems), "so he must put up with it and go away and beg. It would be best, of course, if Heaven would take him." Evidently it was not possible to combine good farming with a good heart, and this little incident probably reflects very truly the sentiments of the age in which they were uttered.

But some of those who had increased and multiplied their means showed nobler sentiments and finer feelings. In Giovanni Rucellai we see the perfect type of the Florentine who appreciated the dignity of the new state in which fortune had placed him; for not only had he the gift of making money, he also understood how to spend it well, no less a virtue.

"I think," he writes in his *zibaldone*, "that it has brought me more honor to

have spent well than earned well, and brought more contentment to my spirit, especially the work that I have done in my house." He thanks Heaven for having made him "a rational being—a Christian and not a Turk, Moor, or Tartar; and for having been born in Italy, which is the most worthy and noble portion of Christendom, and in the province of Tuscany, which is the most highly respected amid the provinces of Italy, and, above all, in the city of Florence, reputed the noblest and most beautiful city, not only in Christendom, but in the whole universal world; and finally, for living in the present age, held to be, by those who know, the greatest that our city has ever seen since it was founded, as well as for living in the time of the magnificent citizen Cosimo dei Medici." He also expresses his gratitude to Heaven for having granted him the favor of becoming allied to this great man, through the marriage of his son Bernardo with Nannina, daughter of Piero and niece of Cosimo—a splendid connection, of which Rucellai was justly proud.

In those days, without fear of the sumptuary laws now fallen into disuse, Florence celebrated the nuptial feast of her great families with all the splendor she could muster. The wedding of Baccio Adimari and Lisa Ricasoli, which took place in 1420, is represented in a well-known old picture that hangs in the Florentine Academy of Fine Arts. We see the happy couple and their friends dancing to the accompaniment of trumpets and fifes under a striped awning of variegated colors. This marriage, and that of the Rucellai and Medici, furnish us with a graphic picture of life in those days. Fortunately, too, the great old man, in his *zibaldone*, has embalmed a record of the latter festivity in a description full of loving remembrance, which has become a precious document for the student of the manners and customs of the day. Gilded by the flaming sun of June, green festoons swung proudly across the street which was the scene of the wedding, festoons that brought into high relief the shields which ornamented the house-fronts, and which were quartered half with the arms of the Medici, and half with those of the Rucellai. The rude stones of the palace façade, which Giovanni Rucellai's generosity had caused him to rebuild some years before, choos-

ing as its architect Leon Battista Alberti, acquired a new aspect thus decked with bright awnings and festoons that hung from the Doric pilasters of the first floor, and over the Corinthian pilasters of the second and third. Opposite the palace, in the little piazza in front of the Loggia, had been erected a platform in the shape of a triangle; this was covered over to defend it from the sun by a canopy of blue cloth adorned with wreaths, between which peeped the freshest roses. Below on the wooden planks were laid tapestries, and precious tapestries also covered the benches placed round for the convenience of those who waited. The ends of the great blue velarium hung down here and there to the ground like to aerial columns. On one side of that great tent there was a large sideboard on which glittered silver vessels and dishes wrought by the best gold and silversmiths in Florence. The richness of these adornments presaged the magnificence of the banquet that was preparing. The kitchen had been placed in the street by the side of the palace, where, counting cooks and underlings, fifty persons were at work. The noise was great; Via della Vigna was crowded with people from one end to the other. The men who had decked the façade were succeeded by the servants who carried the presents from friends, clients, and relations; peasants, gardeners, and shop-people brought victuals; pipers and trumpeters were preparing their music, and the young cavaliers were making ready for the tilts. That Sunday, June 8, 1460, soon after dawn, the crowd began to arrive from all sides at the palace where the wedding was to take place. There also came, welcome and promising sight to the curious, quartered bullocks, casks of Greek wine, and as many capons as could hang on a staff borne on the shoulders of two stout peasants; bars of buffalo-cheese, turkeys in pairs, barrels of ordinary wine and choice sweet wine, baskets full of pomegranates, hampers of large sea-fish, crates of little silver-scaled fish from the Arno, birds, hares, cream-cheese packed in fresh green rushes, baskets full of sweetmeats, tarts, and other delicate confectionery prepared by the fair hands of some gentle nun. There advanced slowly, shaking its leafy head as it stood on the cart drawn by panting oxen, a splendid olive-tree from Carmignano, as well as young oaks pro-

cured from the Villa at Sesto, not to mention the flowers that glad season gave in such profusion. The presents worthy of those who sent them enhanced the magnificence of the feast, testifying to the love and reverence the donors bore toward these two illustrious families about to be allied by these nuptials. Thus by this marriage old Giovanni Rucellai did away with all suspicion of being an enemy to the Medici faction, which had grown stronger in Florence since the exile of Cosimo. It was a connection planned with much judgment, and which brought as much honor to his family as the façade of Santa Maria Novella which he caused Alberti to build, the chapel of San Pancrazio, the Palace, and the beautiful Corinthian Loggia in Via della Vigna. That majestic old man, with high open forehead, aquiline nose, piercing blue eyes that still look out at us from an old portrait, had a subtle wit. His thick black hair fell in close curls on to his shoulders, a long wavy beard rested on his breast, preserving a few gold threads mixed with the gray of years; his fresh coloring denotes a vigorous old age. We see him seated in a large arm-chair covered with fringed crimson velvet embossed with gold. He wears a dark-green tunic covered by a purple gown with turnovers of crimson velvet; his upward-looking eyes have a far-away gaze, as though he were thinking of things not of this world. The right hand, adorned with a ring set with a large diamond, rests heavily on the arm of the chair; the left, which is open, points to a handsomely bound MS., the title of which is "*Delle Antichità*." Beside it are a few open letters with the address, "*To the Illustrissimo Signor Giovanni Rucellai*." Behind a dark curtain against a blue background are painted with much care and diligence the works he had executed in stone and marble, the front of Santa Maria Novella, the chapel of San Pancrazio, the Palace, and the Loggia. Thus the picture sums up both the man and his glory, the rich merchant who had become related to Cosimo di Giovanni dei Medici.

Giovanna dei Medici came to her wedding accompanied, as was the custom, by four cavaliers chosen from among the elders of the city—Messer Manno Temperani, Messer Carlo Pandolfini, Messer Giovannozzo Pitti, and Messer Tommaso Soder-

ini. "I will come" was written on certain cards which were hung on the benches covered with arras and placed under the gay pavilion; and the bride did come, and on that platform, made soft with rich carpets, the guests danced and played, waiting for the dinners and suppers. There came to the wedding fifty gentlewomen richly dressed, and fifty gentle youths in beautiful costumes. The gayeties lasted from Sunday morning to Tuesday evening, and there were meals twice a day. Usually there were asked to each meal fifty persons, including relations, friends, and the chief citizens: so that at the first table there were, counting the women and girls of the house, trumpeters and pipers, about 170 persons; at the second and third tables—the so-called low tables—there sat a large number of persons. At one meal they amounted to 500. The dishes, those prescribed by custom, were exquisite and abundant. On Sunday morning they had boiled capons and tongue, a roast of meat, and another of small chickens garnished with sugar and rosewater; in the evening galantine, roast-meat, and chickens with fitters. Monday morning, *blanc-manger*, boiled capons with sausages and roast-chickens; in the evening the usual courses, with tarts of sugar and almonds. On Tuesday morning, roast-meat and quails; in the evening the usual roast and galantine. At the refreshments there appeared twenty confectioners, who distributed a profusion of caramels made of pine-seeds. The expenses of these banquets amounted to above 150,000 francs—an immense sum in those days. There had been bought 70 bushels of bread, 2800 white loaves, 4000 wafers, 50 barrels of sweet white wine, 1500 pair of poultry, 1500 eggs, 4 calves, 20 large basins of galantine; 12 *cataste* of wood were burned in the kitchen-fires. Verily it seemed the reign of abundance. On Tuesday evening some cavaliers invited to the wedding performed jousts, moving from the Rucellai Palace up to the Tornaquinci, and afterward in the Via Larga under the Medici Palace. The bride received from her different relations no fewer than twenty rings, and six more from the bridegroom—two when he fetched her, two for the espousals, and two on the morning they exchanged rings. From Bernardo she received 100 florins, and some other coin, with which she made herself two handsome dresses, one of white

velvet richly trimmed with pearls, silk, and gold, with open sleeves lined with pure white fur; one of *zetani*, a stuff of very thick silk, trimmed with pearls, and the sleeves lined with ermine. She had also a gown of white damask, brocaded with gold flowers, the sleeves trimmed with pearls; another of silk with crimson, gold, and brocaded sleeves, besides other dresses and over-dresses, so called *giornee*. Among the jewels given her was a rich necklet of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, which was worth 100,000 gold florins, a pin for her hair, a necklace of pearls with a large pointed diamond, a hood embroidered with pearls, a net for her hair, also worked with pearls. The dowry, which to-day would seem modest, was 60,000 francs, including the trousseau, in which was included a pair of chests, with richly worked edges, and several long dresses of different shapes for every-day wear, made of fine stuffs embroidered, also a lawn shift fashioned out of material that came from Rheims, a hood of crimson cloth wrought with pearls, two caps with silver, pearls, and diamonds, a little illuminated missal with silver clasps, and an infant Jesus in wax wearing a damask dress trimmed with pearls. Besides this there was cloth in the piece, satins, velvets, and damasks, embroidered cushions, belts, purses, thimbles, needle-cases, ivory combs, four pairs of gloves, a Milanese hat with fringe, eight pairs of stockings, three mirrors, a basin and ewer of enamelled silver, an embroidered fan, and many other things specified in detail.

Three years after, in June 1469, was celebrated with true princely prodigality the marriage of Lorenzo dei Medici and Clarice Orsini, which proved a public feast, a true carnival. "Tu, felix Florentia, nube." We will not stop to describe it, though there is ample information about it to be found in the account which Piero Parenti sent to his maternal uncle Filippo di Matteo Strozzi, then living at Naples, the founder of the beautiful Strozzi Palace in Florence, that monument to the greatness of the family. These banquets, with their magnificence, embarrassed many of the gentlewomen invited to them, for they were bound to appear in dresses that would do honor to the dignity of their families, in robes and gowns of costly brocade and damask. Hence Filippo Strozzi's wife, the lovely and good

Fiammetta Adimari, a careful woman, took occasion of her husband's absence to feign illness, in order not to be present at the feast. We will follow her example, and search instead in contemporary documents for some signs of intimate domestic life, that grew more rare amid so much public show.

It is pleasant to find this in the little letters that the son of that bride and bridegroom, Piero dei Medici, wrote to his father when away from home, he being left to the care of his pedagogue Messer Agnolo Poliziano. Much may be forgiven to Piero dei Medici for the sake of these infantine letters, written with the unsteady hand of a five-year-old child, in which appeared his first weak efforts at Latin, which his master did not correct. In 1476, then barely five, he wrote from the Villa to his grandmother Lucrezia Tornabuoni, with the petulance of an overpetted, spoiled child: "Send us some more figs, I mean those very ripe ones, and send us some peaches with their kernels, and other of those things which you know we like, sweetmeats and tarts and some such little things."

In 1478 he tells his father that he has already learned many verses of Virgil, "and I know the first book of Teodoro by heart, and I think I understand it;" he means Teodoro Gaza's Greek Grammar; "and the master makes me decline, and examines me every day." The year after, he writes more easily: "I wish you would send me some of the best setters that there are. I don't want anything else. The company here, everybody, specially desires to be remembered to you, and so do I. I pray you to be careful of the pestilence, and to bear us in mind, because we are little, and have need of you." Another time, after a while, he makes use of his Latin to ask for bigger favors. "That little horse has not yet made its appearance" ("Nondum venit equulus ille, magnifice pater"); and he already begins to take a high tone with his younger brothers and sisters. "Guglielmo thinks of nothing else but laughter; Lucrezia sews, sings, and reads; Maddalena knocks her head against the wall without hurting herself; Lucia already says a few things; Contessina makes a great noise all over the house." Then he adds, "To give a tone to my letters I have always written them in Latin, and yet I have not

had the little horse you promised me, so that everybody laughs at me."

Nevertheless the little horse did not come. "I am afraid something must have happened to the horse, because if it had been all right you would have sent it to me as you promised. If in case that one cannot come, please send me another." At last the horse arrived, and a letter full of thanks and promises of good behavior closes this childish correspondence.

But the curious sketch of Medicean domestic life, which has the country for background, and for stage one of those villas to which they loved to retreat to forget awhile political vexations, brings before us another aspect of the time—that desire for country quiet, the love for the villa, and the sentiment for nature, which are distinguishing characteristics of the men of the Renaissance. We already see signs of this in Ser Lapo Mazzei, who used to go to Grignano to attend the harvests and the vintage, and who trimmed his own vines. Buonaccorso Pitti, like Petrarca, loved to count the trees in his garden; Rucellai was prouder of his villa at Quaracchi, of which he gives us a more loving description, than of his splendid palace; Pandolfini, or the compiler of "The Government of the Family," sang the praises of country-life; Poliziano wrote a short essay on the theme for his pupils to turn into Latin, and on the background of a flowery landscape he painted the image of the beautiful Simonetta Cattaneo. Lorenzo dei Medici, even in the midst of his greatness as governor, almost prince, knew how to retain a certain benevolent kindness that was quite homely and Florentine; nor did he dislike to mingle with the people at the hostelry of Porta San Gallo. Here he celebrated the beauties of the rustic maiden Nencia, and he ever retained a certain middle-class sobriety. Borghini tells us that Francesco Cibo at the marriage of his daughter was treated by Lorenzo with great simplicity and even parsimony, while his companions, Roman cavaliers and barons, were received sumptuously. The Magnifico explained this attitude by saying reassuringly, "These lords I honor as guests and strangers; you instead I treat like one of the family." He gave audience to his clients in the streets, by his own fireside, or walking in a friendly manner about the streets of Florence. Florentine to the very core,

he did not dislike to appear facetious. At Pisa, seeing a pupil who squinted, he said that he would be the best in the class. Being asked why, "Because," he answered, "he will read at once both pages of the book, and so will learn double." Still, under this simple appearance were nurtured the designs of a cunning politician, who, as Vettori writes, "By inducing the citizens to devote themselves to art and pleasure, to the protection of artists of every description, he caused them to become the instruments of his future power." Under the Medicean rule up rose palaces and convents, in which antiquities, works of art, and costly MSS. were accumulated. In the gardens artists gathered together, to the supper-parties came poets and philosophers, jousts and tournaments succeeded each other, poetical concourses vied with these feasts, the political clients of the palace were reinforced by the great artists from the humble shops. Savonarola, who guessed the secret thoughts of the tyrant, said, "He occupies the people with tournaments and feasts that they may think of themselves and not of him."

Florence in those times beheld new customs come to life, and listened to many kinds of poetry, from the triumphs and masquerades in the streets to the Platonic banquets at Careggi, from Carnival songs and sweet ballads to country-dances and sacred representations. The thoughtless gayety, and the ease with which both spiritual and material desires were gratified, seemed to compensate the people for their diminished liberty. The gratified city, which had now for so long resounded with lively festive clamor, gayly welcomed the great Medicean Carnival with its sumptuous banquets, its processions directed by famous artists, and ordered by the brotherhoods of the different quarters. Renascent paganism invaded the religious feasts and transformed these processions for its own end. "In Carnival," says Cambi, sadly, "the city was made to seem happy and well-to-do." Folk danced in the New Market, and in the Piazza della Signoria were held shows of wild beasts, when sometimes the lions were let loose, in the hope that some terrible scene might take place. But the Florentine lion was so tame, so humble, that it proved as quiet as a lamb. In front of the Medici Palace in Via Larga, *jongleurs* came in crowds to celebrate the triumphs of love. For the

arrival of Franceschino Cibo, lately married to Maddalena, daughter of Lorenzo il Magnifico, there were shows in all the shops, pretty and rich things, stuffs and brocade, jewels, pearls, and silver plate, articles of wonderful and surprising beauty. On St. John's Day was performed a beautiful spectacle of clouds and spirits, cars and other fairy edifices, popular contrivances to pass the time, besides all the other gayeties of the season. Magnificent races were held; the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio was red amid the crackling of the fireworks. On the occasion of the coming of orators or at the creation of knights, the noble Signoria was wont to hold solemn ceremonies, of which we find record in the book of Francesco Filarete, herald to the Republic. In 1491, on St. John's Day, Lorenzo had set up fifteen erections representing the triumph of Paolo Emilio after his return from Macedonia, when he bore with him so much treasure that for many years the Romans were free from taxes. It seemed as though the golden age had come back. The Medicean jousts which had inspired Poliziano's muse stimulated the other citizens to commit mad extravagances. Benedetto Salutati, nephew of Messer Coluccio, for the tournament of 1467 put on the housings, head-gear, and other trappings of two horses 170 lb. of fine silver, which he caused to be beautifully worked by the hand of Antonio Pollajolo; and around the robes of the sergeants he strung 30 lb. of pearls, the greater part of which were of immense value. Florence beautified itself with splendid palaces; Filippo Strozzi, on the 6th of August 1489, laid the foundation of his stately pile; and Guglielmo Gondi a short time after followed his example. The people were proud of these new buildings; and good Tribaldo dei Rossi asked his wife Nannina to send him his two children newly dressed, that he might take them to see the laying of the corner-stone of the Strozzi Palace. "I took," he writes, "Guarnieri in my arms, and told him to look down there. I gave him a coin with a lily to throw down, also a bunch of little damask roses which I had in my hand. I said, 'Will you remember this?' He said, 'Yes.' The children came with our servant Rita; and Guarnieri, who was on that day just four years old, had a new cloak made by Nannina of shot green-and-yellow silk." The

children as well as the older citizens must have been struck by the surprising marvels which the Medicean magnificence displayed for their benefit. Every day some new and singular thing occurred—princely jousts and processions, magnificent feasts. De Rossi, a simple chronicler, has kept for us a record of these events. In 1488 there came to Florence as a present from the Sultan of Babylonia to Lorenzo a giraffe, which was seven *braccias* high, led by two Turks. Great curiosity was awakened in every one, even in the nuns, so that it was needful to send the strange beast around to the convents to be inspected. "It eats everything, poking its head into every peasant's basket, and would take an apple from a child's hand, so gentle is it. It died on the 2d of January 1489, and everybody lamented it, for it was such a beautiful animal."

Suddenly, quite suddenly, this easy mirthful life, this dazzling splendor of art and poetry, this thoughtless gayety, was extinguished sadly and gloomily. A tempest murmured in the distance. The proud Dominican shut up in his monastery of San Marco, far from the uproar of the Carnival, threatened resuscitated paganism with celestial anger. On the 8th of

April 1492 there fell like a public calamity the news that Lorenzo dei Medici was dead. "The splendor, not of Tuscany only, but of the whole of Italy, has disappeared," writes Dei. "The company of the Magi laid the body in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and the day after the funeral services took place without pomp, as is the custom for nobles, but simply, devoid of hangings and canopies, with three orders of friars and only one of priests. For no matter how pompous the ceremony might have been, it would always have proved too mean for so great a man."

Thus with lugubrious obsequies in the chill twilight of the Laurentian sepulchre, with the remains of the *Magnifico* were laid to rest the memories of a whole age radiant with youth and glory. With Lorenzo there disappeared the world of the Renaissance, for but a little time after Tribaldo de Rossi writes: "A letter has come to the Signoria saying that certain youths gone out in sailing-ships have arrived at an immense island, to which never before have any people sailed, which is inhabited by men and women all naked."

A new world had been discovered.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### STRAY NOTES ON ARTISTIC JAPAN.

BY F. T. PIGGOTT.

THE great art of the Japanese lies in their extraordinary power of composition. Composition is the quality which is noticeable in Western art only by its absence; but it lies hidden, curiously enough, somewhere in the photographer's inner consciousness, and when he says his subject makes a "pretty picture," the germs are beginning to sprout. Let me endeavor to explain my meaning without being too didactic. Composition is the due arrangement of the lines and masses of the subject, so as to produce a balance of the parts; but the word "due" begs the question unless the end in view be stated. The end is, of course, a perfect, complete, and restful whole. How large an area of Western painting do these few words exclude! Those slices of panoramic nature, for example, which do duty for landscape painting; and those frag-

ments of the human frame which appear at the edges and in all sorts of odd corners of pictures. To what end this woe-ful mutilation of all that is fairest and best? To give a "scale" perhaps, or "help the distance"; or to suggest something, I know not what. Verily, it is suggestion run wild; the effect, that of one long peep through keyholes and doors ajar. Nor, indeed, are the conditions of good composition better satisfied by pictures which are not fragmentary, but self-contained. Let me speak heresies in support of so wide a proposition. In the distribution of the masses of color, the well-known pictures of "Simplicity," "Innocence," "Miss Penelope Boothby," and a whole gallery of otherwise charming pictures bear witness to the artistic sin of Sir Joshua Reynolds: and for crude arrangement of lines, that same picture of

"Simplicity" is no bad example, though the flopping parody of the grace of a Japanese lady, by a latter-day artist, christened "*La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine*," is a better. The use of the French tongue in the christening seems, however, to have invested it with a charm which "is quite its own;" and assuredly it is its own, for by no stretch of word or thought, either in face or figure, in vesture or pose, or, chief of all, in composition, can the picture be called "Japanese."

To a certain extent, I suppose, the effect produced by the presence or absence of composition in a picture depends on the beholder. By some it is missed more than by others: to some it is the very essence of art. My own experience is, I believe, not unique. In spite of all the admitted defects of Japanese art—not a little bad drawing and faulty perspective, a thinness of execution and poverty of conception, an almost entire absence of poetic feeling in the subjects, and a lack of grandeur in the treatment of them—it was this extraordinary power of composition, and the universal obedience to it, that first brought home to me the existence in it of something deeper and more magical even than the power of line which first catches the eye. It is the lack of this quality in European art which—in spite of its greater qualities, its finer perceptions, and the nobleness of its themes—produces a depressing effect, a sense of weariness and unrest, when one comes back to the modern galleries and exhibitions of the West.

I have read in the pages of an unpublished novel, the scenes of which are laid in the early years of the twentieth century, an amusing account of a sale of pictures, held under the new rules for proceedings in auctions. A certain rule prohibits the auctioneer from mentioning the artist's name during the bidding of any "lot," and another earlier rule requires all artists' signatures to be carefully obliterated before the works are put on view. The works of many masters go for the merest song, while many reputations of hitherto unknown artists are made quite speedily. In view of such a consummation ever coming to pass, it is an excellent practice to wander through the galleries without a catalogue or pictured guide. You are enabled to arrive at once at the

maximum of actual pleasure which the collection is capable of affording.

In the great gallery of Japanese art, great not only for the quality and quantity of the work one may see therein, but for the space of time during which its excellence has been maintained, the European student walks without catalogue or explanatory notice, without names or jingling couplet to expound the reason for the pictures' being. He finds at once without adventitious aid the pleasure which they are capable of giving; and many a student comes away astonished that the maximum of pleasure afforded is so high. I turn to one school which that gallery shows him, that of the artisan artists who for so long delighted their artisan fellows with their color prints; there is no reason why to Europeans the names Harunobu, Utamaro, Yeizan, Toyokuni, and Hokusai, should not appeal as insignificantly as those of, let us say, the German engravers, Albrecht Dürer, and the galaxy of artists who worked before and after him. The insignificant appeal of a name means, I take it, the calling up, by mention of it, before the mind's eye, of the broad characteristics of its owner's work, perhaps some specially familiar examples of it. There is, of course, a presupposition of the mind's intelligence, which exists in the clever ones who, in my friend's twentieth century auction room, would get their bargains from a knowledge of the exoteric signs of a painter's touch, and in the artistic ones who would buy for the esoteric signs of an artist's work. But the artistic mind of the public acquires knowledge inversely to the student mind. The student takes a name and studies the work which the bearer of it has produced: the artistic public finds work to its taste and afterward discovers the author of it. When this initiatory process has been gone through, and the two minds meet at some common point, the public will follow where the student leads, and will take much credit to itself for its remarkable artistic acumen. In the matter of these Japanese color prints a few men have studied much and have much to tell when the artistic public chooses to inquire at the seat of learning.

The pages which have been allotted to me are not, however, to be devoted to an excursus on the masters and pupils of the

great *Ukiyo-ye* school; nor am I about to chronologically expatiate on the merits of the bearers of great names, as of the famous triumvirate Kiyonobu, Masanobu, Harunobu: nor of the graces of the ladies which all that school drew who bore the character *Yei*—*Yeishi*, *Yei*, *Yeizan*, *Yeisen*: nor of the vigor of Toyokuni, and those who were privileged to take into their names the “kuni” of his name—Kunimaru, Kunisada, Kunimasa—as he himself took “*Toyō*” from the master Toyoharu. All these names and many like them, and the beauty of the works of those who bore them, must some day become familiar. But in any notes on artistic Japan it is impossible to avoid reference to the works of this popular school, and I therefore begin by indicating very generally the artistic pleasures which are to be found therein. Much future pleasure, such as pleases student minds, lies behind, when the book of the names has been unlocked.

Other artists besides the painter have contributed to bring about the perfection of these color prints—artists whose names, except in the rarest instances, have perished with them even in Japan. Work equal to theirs is common enough there, but is rare enough here to merit something more than a passing notice. First, there is the artist engraver. What finished pieces of workmanship are the blocks he cuts! how the lines sweep from his knife with the same unerring grace with which they sprang into life from the brush! Never a quiver, or shake, or tremble, to rob them of a particle of their dexterous force. Look at the faces of any of the women and see how steady are the lines of the contour, and how wonderfully fine and clear those of the hair as it leaves the forehead. And then there is the artist-printer, who spreads the ink upon the blocks so carefully that every line comes clearly from the hand-pressing, not one of them smudged or blurred. Really I am not sure whether the place of honor should not be given to the printer. He might have marred the work of the engraver, and spoiled the effect the painter sought for, his methods of printing being of the crudest, and most unpatentable; yet instead of marring he has added beauties, and left the mark of his own individuality upon the print. His methods are of the crudest: the methods of the skilled

Oriental always are. Whether it be the Chinaman extracting tin from the abundant ore of the Strait Settlements, or the Japanese manipulating ten or a dozen color blocks on a cheap print, it is always the same story; the method is perfect and perfectly simple. In their chromo-xylographs the faults of register are very few and very far between, the reason being that the method of printing did not allow of faults of register. In fact we find the printer himself turned painter. Where the color in the picture is shaded he also shades the tone on the block for every printing, and reproduces it in one pressure; often in prints of the highest class two or three colors will often be found shaded in this way. There is nothing left for us, but to make the old and now frequent confession—we don't know how to do it; and if we did it wouldn't pay.

Their color-prints, on which so much art was lavished, were the work of artisan artists for the artisan class. I doubt very much if the wealthy ever possessed them: even now they do not prize them greatly. And the lucky artisans for whose special behoof they were created used them for domestic purposes, and somewhat roughly; so roughly, indeed, that prints of the masters who flourished from 1720 to 1750 are now unprocurable, even in a tattered condition. Sometimes the single-sheet prints were preserved in books, whence they occasionally emerge with their colors almost in pristine purity; but they were more often pasted on screens, especially on the small screen which shelters the *hibachi* from the too frequent draughts of a Japanese house. This screen is composed of two small flaps, each about twenty inches high by thirty to thirty-six inches long. For these flaps the longer compositions, which usually took up three sheets, were probably designed. Rain, wind, dust, smoke of tobacco and of charcoal, each took a share in their rapid destruction. They perished soon, and were soon replaced. The stock was plentiful, was indeed being augmented daily, and the price was ridiculously small. In a land so brimful of art as Japan, it is not surprising, perhaps, that such conceptions did not hold a very prominent place. But to the very barbaric rest of the world, which has not, nor ever had, any popular art to speak of: which adorns its cottage-walls with gaudy daubs of royal personages and

Bible scenes : which is only now beginning to produce chromographs possessing any degree of merit at all, it is not surprising that they quickly appealed to us as not the least among the many art-marvels which Japan had in store.

I have, perhaps, insisted too much on the mechanical charms of these color-prints. I was impelled to talk of them, however, by the subject of composition which was uppermost in my mind, for they are remarkable examples of the power of the Japanese in this respect. Depending simply on line and flat surface coloring, neither the engraver's art nor the printer's dexterity, nor even the artist's own skill in arranging color-harmonies, would have advanced them to the position they now hold, had they not possessed the pictorial quality to a very high degree. In composition, whether of the lines of the single figures, or in the setting of the figures in the larger designs, they are quite faultless.

Many hold that the pure art of Japan is now to be numbered among the lost arts, and though there are not wanting signs corroborative of what these many think, there can be little doubt that this power of composition is as vigorous now as it ever was, and is practised by the weaker brethren of this day with almost as great effect as it was in the good bygone days.

I have very vividly before me a poor artist executing a small commission that I had given him. He was to paint on a panel of somewhat unusual shape a spray of plum blossom. The subject was familiar enough to him, but the disposition of it, in consequence of the shape of the panel, would have to be out of the common, and I was curious to see whether his long training in the conventions of his art would help him. He was no genius. The weary drudgery of copying had left him with ample power to reproduce what he had reproduced often and often before ; but it had crushed to death any poor germs of originality which he may have had, and he was quite a failure. But the novelty of the task pleased him. For full half an hour he pondered over the panel, his head inclining this way and that, his hand airily sketching with the wooden end of his brush, till at last the branches and the flowers were properly disposed in his mind's eye ; and then, in less time than it takes to record, a few rapid strokes set the bough duly in

its place, the buds and flowers following in perfect balance and proportion. An hour's labor, and the fee, a dollar.

I have called to mind my poor artist sketching with the wrong end of his brush : let me now try to remember some of those delightful hours spent in company with an artist who initiated me into a few of the mysteries of his profession. The inevitable handkerchief in which he carries all his worldly artistic goods has been untied, and the goods themselves are ranged upon the floor. There is first a small roll made of fine bamboo which serves as *porte-crayon*, in which are brushes of various sizes ; then the Chinese ink-dish ; three or four small bowls in which the colors are mixed, one for each color ; two or three small parcels containing fresh supplies of paint ; two large bowls of water, a plate, and a piece of paper laid out upon the floor. In the parcels are some small sticks of brown and indigo ; a piece of crimson cloth or felt about a quarter of an inch thick, a lump of gamboge, and a quantity of small white pellets. These colors, with the Chinese ink, made up the palette ; a little brown and blue had already been ground into two of the small bowls, and the red dye had been extracted from the felt and was in a third. A quantity of Chinese ink was then rubbed on the slate slab. The white, however, is only mixed just before being used, and considerable skill is necessary both in the mixing and the use of it. The pellets are first crushed and ground very fine with a small glass pestle, and then mixed with melted gelatine, the whole, with a little water, being afterward ground and rubbed into a thick paste till all traces of grit have disappeared. The pigment thus prepared is quite useless when once it has become dry and hard, it has therefore to be mixed afresh for every picture ; but to the care with which it is prepared are due both its brilliancy and its permanence in the picture. This durability is essential, as the pictures are kept rolled, and it is only after very many years of rolling and unrolling that the white begins to show signs of perishing or peeling. The power of manipulating white, not in simple body color only, but in thin washes, is, I think I am right in saying, an inheritance from the Chinese. Those who are familiar with the oldest Buddhist pictures will be familiar with the filmy veil which often falls from the

head of a divinity, and is produced by the thinnest possible wash of white laid on over all the other colors without blur or running of any kind.

The paper is slightly toned, and made in small pieces about the size of a sheet of foolscap. If larger pieces are required they are joined with rice paste. It is in the rapidly absorbent quality of this paper that Japanese artists have found most of their difficulties, and it is from the methods adopted to overcome these difficulties that most of the essential characteristics of Japanese art have sprung; and, I think almost inevitably, in these methods lies the secret of much of the charm. The absorbence is midway between blotting and unglazed papers; what has to be done must therefore be done quickly; corrections are almost impossible. But although washes of color executed as in the West are out of the question, two very legitimate tricks enable gradations of color to be produced. One of the commonest effects in Japanese paintings is a melting mist round the moon. To get this, the circle of the moon is struck in with a pair of compasses, one leg of which holds a brush full of thin color, while a big brush full of water, held in the left hand, is passed round the outside of the circle almost in the track of the compass-brush, and thus any hard line is prevented. The fleecy cloud which obscures the moon is obtained by first damping the whole sheet of paper, and putting on washes of water, color, and again water, before it is quite dry. It is obvious, however, that with these methods very little color can be used, and thence come those pale, misty moonlight effects with which we are so familiar. The gradations of tone on leaves, or wings of birds, are, however, produced by another very simple method. The peculiar shape of the brushes enables a supply of water to be held in reserve at the hinge, the full tone required only being taken up at the point. The dark side of a feather, for example, is being drawn. Directly the gradation was wanted, a little pressure brings the lower part of the brush into play, the water escapes, and shades off the tone to the required lightness.

But this semi-absorbent quality of the paper has compensated for the many difficulties which it set in the artist's path, in two ways: to the lines drawn with a brush full of thick Chinese ink it imparts a cer-

tain crispness; and, moreover, it compels rapid work, which necessity has produced a certainty of touch and a dexterity of execution, wherein lies much of the secret of the motion which Japanese artists so greatly excel in portraying.

I have spoken more of paper, because my own experience was limited to it. The best pictures are, however, almost invariably painted on silk prepared for work by being rubbed over with a fine powder, which makes the surface very much like that of the paper.

Lastly, the brushes. They are, of course, of various sizes, but those with which most of the ordinary black and white pictures are painted are about the thickness of the little finger at the hinge, with hair about an inch and a quarter long and running to an exceedingly fine point. This peculiar construction allows the finest as well as the broadest strokes to be executed with the same brush.

And now, having described his materials, let us see the artist at his work.

The paper lies on the floor, with weights at the four corners; the artist kneels in front of it. The normal position of the brush is perpendicular to the paper, the thumb pressing it firmly against the first joint of the second finger and the third joint of the first finger close to the middle joint. The first finger itself presses lightly against the brush and helps to guide it; the little finger rests on the paper, and the left hand is placed below the right wrist as a rest; when a freer play of the arm is necessary both rests are withdrawn. The brush is held very long, the fingers being usually three to four inches from the paper; where the strokes are very bold the brush is often held at the end. The axis of the lines is therefore either at the point of the little finger, the wrist, the shoulder, or the knee. In drawing large subjects, such as bamboo, the whole body is raised, and becomes the reticulated joint working from the knee as a fulcrum.

The interesting question, How were the artists of Japan produced? has been answered for us by a Japanese artist himself, Mr. Hashimoto Gaho, a translation of whose reminiscences of studio-life appeared some time ago in the *Japan Mail*:—

"The studio of a Kano master," he tells us, "consisted of three rooms, one of which was occupied by the master, who seldom, if at all, entered the two other rooms where his stu-

dents worked. The room next to that of the master, a species of long corridor, was occupied by students of medium grade. Upon them devolved the duty of attending to the wants of the master. The last room, a large one, formed the principal *atelier*. Here students of the highest proficiency occupied seats nearest to the window, and those newly admitted were assigned to the darkest parts of the room. Every student was allotted two mats, within which space (twelve feet by six) he had to place his desk, a box of coloring materials, and whatever else he needed for his work. The number of students varied at different times, but generally amounted to about sixty or seventy. Most of the regulations of the school were in the form of unwritten laws, orally transmitted from generation to generation. But certain written rules also existed. These were as follows:—(1.) That the students should diligently apply themselves to their study by day and night. (2.) That they should adopt the utmost precautions against fire. (3.) That, except to discharge business for the master, they should not go out of the house without permission; and that, in the event of any one being obliged to pass a night away from school, a certificate must be brought from the proprietor of the house where he stayed. (4.) That strict simplicity should be observed on all festive occasions, as, for example, the admittance of a new student, or the 'grant of one character.' (5.) That except on holidays or to discharge unavoidable business, visits must not be paid to houses in the same compound. (6.) That the students should neither feast nor quarrel among themselves. (7.) That they should be at their desk by seven in the morning, and not lie down before ten in the evening. And (8.) That before retiring to rest each student should take his water-bowl to the bamboo corridor outside. Finally, the students were strictly forbidden to associate with artists of the Chinese school; nor were they allowed to study paintings of the *Ukiyo-ye*, or popular school."

The course of instruction was as precise as the rules regulating the students' conduct. Sixty pictures by the famous Tsunenobu served as models. They were reproduced in five volumes, and a number of copies were kept in the school library. The student began work by making a careful copy of one of the pictures; from his own copy he then made several more copies, and when he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail and every stroke of the picture, he prepared a final copy, which was submitted to the master's judgment. Then the next picture was treated in the same way, and then the next, and so on through the sixty; and thus, working from sunrise to sunset, he occupied the first year and a half of his student life. Six months were

next devoted to Tsunenobu's twelve pictures of flowers and birds. After this he passed to more promiscuous study among the works of other masters, and he began to use colors. By the end of the third year the student would have become sufficiently master of his brush to assist in the mechanical part of the master's pictures, filling in the color in the dresses of the figures, and so forth. After the eighth year his toil was rewarded by the grant of one character of his master's name, and thenceforward he became himself a master.

The results of such a system of education are, indeed, what might have been expected—vain repetitions of the same subject. They are accurate certainly, but originality has suffered so much in the cause of mechanical dexterity, that the imagination of all but the greatest geniuses is tied and bound down by the chains of conventions and traditions. This is the sort of disheartening business that goes on when you want to get a picture painted. You have admired the work of a certain man; some geese, for example, poised above a wave. You want to buy one of his pictures. He pays you a visit, and, after the preliminary and indispensable courtesies have been gone through, he produces a roll of rough sketches: these are his stock subjects, the geese among them. He has painted a hundred of each of them, and is ready to paint a hundred more if you are disposed to order them. If they do not please you he deeply regrets it, but it can't be helped. To persuade him to touch a fresh subject is almost impossible. But, on the other hand, if you should admire a picture by some old master, and desire to have a replica of it, he may be induced to do that for you; for the details of such a picture he has probably learned by heart in his studies, and, if he be skilful and you not too learned, you will probably have some difficulty in distinguishing his picture from the original. But though the repetitions are vain from the point of view of originality, from the point of view of accuracy they are simply astounding. Not until one has submitted to the method, and worked under a master, is it possible to understand the extraordinary minuteness of the system, to realize how everything, down to the smallest detail, has been carefully worked out and made subject to rule. For every line in a bird's beak or claw, a

certain position of the hand and a certain inclination of the brush have been found to be necessary, and they must be learned, acquired, and remembered. The curves and swells cannot be accomplished in any other way. For every broad mark in the body or the wing, a certain intensity of color at the point of the brush, and a certain quantity of water to be held in reserve at the hinge, are necessary, or the color will not shade off properly, and there will be a series of hard smudges instead of animated feathers. There is no other way of getting those feathers, just as there are no other lines which will tell so simply of the bird's strong flight in the air. But when these and a score of other minute instructions are learned and remembered, the student may paint a bird cleaving the air as well as the best of them. But then—and this is perhaps the most astonishing part of the educational process—it is not the one swallow that makes the spring, it is the hundred swallows skimming hither and thither that tell you that the grass is green, that suggest to you air warm with sunlight and full of insect life; and yet not one position of beak or wing of all the flight has escaped the master's study, and the pupil has to learn them all; and not until he has mastered them all, not until every trick has become a second nature to his hand, will he be entitled to ask for the last certificate, technically called the "grant of one character." There is no doubt that such a training lops off ruthlessly all buds of genius but the very strongest, that the artists who survive are few and far between; but, on the other hand, it makes something out of even the poorest material. The feeblest workman must take something away with him. And, I think, the system does produce, for the lower walks of art, painters who are far from being incapable: it is incontestable that, *pari passu*, the artistic merit of the poor and cheap work is far higher than it is in the West.

I have hinted, in a previous paper in this Review, that the wave of Western ideas, sweeping over the country as it did with so extraordinary a force, touching as it did the national existence to the very core, did not leave the national art untouched. The results of this influence have been twofold. It has created; firstly a new school based entirely on the art of the West, in which European methods and

materials have been adopted to the complete exclusion of Japanese. Secondly, it has penetrated into the recesses of Japanese art itself, causing yet another new school to arise which, while it works on the old lines and with the old materials, admits the virtues of Western ideas, and endeavors to assimilate them so far as it is able. Thus the art world of Japan is split into three sections, perfectly distinct in their aims, and well defined in the results of the work in which those aims are carried out. They may be fittingly termed the Conservatives, the Moderate Conservatives, and the Radicals. The Conservatives naturally represent the old traditional school. Of these it is sufficient to add to what I have already said, that though there is no great master now alive—one who, adding the genius of invention to the talent of execution, may be put upon the roll of the great artists who have been—there are many who, while they lack inventive power, still possess executive skill of a high order, and are able to preserve the traditions of the greater men.

From the old school I turn to the new—to the Radicals—to notice collective progress and individual achievement of a very remarkable kind. The work is entirely European, and in order to realize how remarkable it really is, one has first to realize how complete is the transformation of conditions under which it is produced. It is not merely the transition from water-color to oil, the substitution of canvas for the old absorbent paper, but the whole method, the position, the principles, and the ideas have also been transformed; the ancestral ways and means have been entirely abandoned. I doubt if it were possible for individual artists to change from the old style to the new. The European school is inevitably composed of young men—it is pleasant to be able to add, and maidens. It follows almost inevitably, too, that the work which this school shows us from time to time follows carefully in the footsteps of the schools of Europe. And further, the artists being young students, they cannot fail for the moment each to attach himself to the methods and to catch the style of some European artist, to form himself on him. The pictures exhibited in the Tokyo Exhibition in 1890 were not very numerous, but they almost all of them reflected

the manner, the subject, the composition, and the execution of more familiar hands at home. It was not altogether a bad sign; at least it denoted eager study. But there was a painful lack of individuality. It was a gallery of pictures by men in the manner of other men; even the modern dun-brown appearance of an "old master" was not without its imitator.

There is a pitfall right in the path of progress which lies before these young students—the fatal facility of reproduction. It is the only characteristic of old Japanese art which is likely to be preserved. When once it is learned it is so easy to reproduce the trick of sea, of sand, of silk, of hair; as easy indeed as the trick of the beating wing or cawing beak. Once learned it seems a pity not to make the most of it. Were it not for the fact that reproduction is traditional in the land, I should not run the risk of broken windows; for assuredly a Japanese artist might throw a stone with effect if he said, "Are not your annual picture-shows also exhibitions of replicas?" On the other hand, in dealing with still-life the old national characteristic—the astounding power of copying—reappears with great effect; and, for success in it is likely to be more quickly attained, still life will probably become a favorite subject with the new school. Moreover, as the Eastern subjects have forms, designs, and color combinations of a peculiar charm, and as the national taste in the matter of arrangement long ago reached the highest pitch of perfection, and still remains incomparable, the results promise to be noteworthy. There was one remarkable picture in the Exhibition; a white and a red satin robe hanging over a lacquer-stand in front of an old screen. Both in composition and execution the work was beyond praise. The white robe was the white dress in "The Black Brunswicker," of course; the creases were not smoothed out of the satin; but, curiously enough, this is less likely to be true to fact in Japan than in Europe.

In portrait-painting, at least when the subjects are women, the new school can hardly expect to achieve success without many a year of study. The shades of expression are too delicate and so transient, the impression of the charm too fleeting, the features and the type so hovering be-

tween prettiness and ugliness, that every crone seems as if she might once have been pretty as the prettiest maiden whose grace the slightest touch of change would mar. The Western painter has caricatured her so far: few indeed have attempted the difficult task of portraying her; and it remains for young Japan to treat her with artistic propriety and respect.

Finally, I turn to the Moderate Conservatives, the school on which our hopes in the vitality of pure Japanese art must inevitably be fixed. Working on the old lines and with the old materials, it endeavors, by yielding to the influences of the Western methods, to enlarge the limits of its own capacity. By means of the concrete example of one of the Exhibition pictures, let me endeavor to point out the nature of the difficulties to be overcome. It is typical of the difficulty involved in the fuller treatment of the subordinate parts of the subject which European art demands. Two wild geese, drawn to perfection, one of them coming out of the picture straight at you, are flying over an impalpable sea heaving impossible waves. The incident of the flying geese no artist but a Japanese could portray so deftly, nor with such perfect realization of flight; but Japanese art would be satisfied with the incident. A wash or two of pale color to suggest the waves, again in a way that no other art but Japanese could suggest, and the picture would be finished. The new principles, however, demand more definition than this slightest of suggestions could convey; the presence of the sea must depend on the artist's skill in painting it, and not on the vivid imagination of the beholder. But the only waves which the Japanese artist knows, other than suggestive washes, are in hard outline, and he is not accustomed to deal with great masses of them; and so it has come about that the sea over which these geese are flying is composed of a recurring series of harshly outlined waves, which have no artistic connection with the birds.

Mr. Hashimoto Gaho, whose name I have already mentioned, is one of the leaders of this school. He achieved a remarkable success with a large composition in the Exhibition; his success lying in the fact that he had conceived and achieved a perfect scheme of light through the whole of his picture, a thing unknown in the old

art. It was a landscape of rocks and maple, with a waterfall. The whole of it was full of the light of day, which glittered in the sky with its traditional wash of actual gold, which scintillated through the glow of the crimson maple-leaves, illuminated the cloud of spray from the waterfall, and sparkled in the river as it passed out of sight. Yet even Mr. Gaho could not tear himself from rocks treated in the old manner; they were crudely outlined, and the surfaces simply washed in, so that the irreverent simile of cut-out pieces of cardboard was almost justified. But the fault lay with the absorbent material on which the picture was painted: once the wash of color is put on, surface-work becomes almost impossible. And, worst of all faults, the artist had filled the middle of the picture with an ill-defined cloud which had little or no meaning. This blunder was obviously traceable to

that terrible puzzle which this new method propounds to the artist of the old school—how to cover the paper.

P.S.—On the subject of Japanese colors I may add two further notes. The deep clear blue in the oldest Buddhist pictures, which is still so fresh after hundreds of years, was, we are informed, pure *lapis lazuli* ground up into a pigment. Two colors which are very noticeable in Japanese landscapes are a little difficult to reproduce from the Western color-box—the green of the oxidized metal which abounds in the temples, and the deep crimson of the lacquer. In default of pure oxide of copper, cobalt green renders the former very successfully; and Rubens madder, with dragon's blood for the shadow, gives the tone of the lacquer almost exactly.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE STATUARY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

AMONG the many glad and elevating feelings which must fill the mind of every thoughtful observer as he wanders beneath "the high-embowed roof" of Westminster Abbey, there must always mingle some regrets. He may sigh as he looks on the general dinginess and the accumulation of dust which make the building contrast so strongly with the brightness of provincial cathedrals. Yet how can this be avoided? The Abbey is placed in the midst of blighting fogs and corroding smoke, and is crowded with hundreds and often thousands of daily visitors. We may feel inclined to resent the intrusion into so sacred a building of mountain-loads of tombs, sometimes pretentious and vulgar, sometimes positively hideous, often pagan, worldly, and entirely out of place. We may mourn above all for the ruthless barbarism which destroyed the fine architecture and heraldic insignia, the embossed shields and graceful arcading and delicate wall-sculpture of the thirteenth century, to make way for the meaningless and ugly memorials of many who were never very famous and are now entirely forgotten.\*

\* Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," was indignant at a monument erected in the

But we must take the Abbey as it is; and there is some consolation for all our regrets when we remember that it is the most national building in the world. The landmarks left by English art, and taste, and history, and religious life are visible at every step, and we may read upon its walls the ebbing and flowing of national wisdom and seriousness, as legibly as we read on some ancient shore the history of its advancing or receding tides. The tale is told even by the traces of destructive vandalism. It was not only in the eighteenth century that the Present thought itself at liberty to deal roughly with the architecture and memorials of the Past.

Abbey to "some rich man or other," and complains of the "sordid priests" who removed the tombs of good men to make room for others of equivocal character. He alludes, perhaps, especially to the tomb then recently erected to General Hargrave. "Alas! alas! cried I, such monuments as these confer honor not on the 'great men' (this is sarcastic), 'but on little Roubiliac.'"—(See Stanley, "Memorials," p. 252.) But, with the exception of titled persons, now utterly forgotten, few were buried in the Abbey unless they were in some way connected with it, or had some claim to celebrity.

There is a striking proof of this in the magnificent tomb and chantry erected by the nation to their popular hero, Henry V. Superb as it is it yet encroached so ruinously on the tombs of the good Queens Eleanor and Philippa as practically to destroy their dignity and symmetry. If it be urged that, in this instance, something which was beautiful was at least replaced by something which was equally beautiful, we must remember that this was always supposed to be the case. The most tasteless Vandals regarded their intrusions as an improvement on what they swept away. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they clearly admired their lumpy monuments, and heavy effigies, and blubbery cherubs, and artificial pomposities as far more precious and interesting than the chaste and noble design of the original architects. It may be humiliating to see that the taste of a whole nation can be so much perverted. We are filled with astonished indignation to learn that, but for Horace Walpole, the vulgar modern monument of General Wolfe, with its congeries of vanities and absurdities, would have been thrust into the sacrarium to the demolition of the noble Gothic tomb of Aylmer de Valence.\* But, after all, such facts are full of instructiveness. They throw fresh light on page after page of English history. Bishop Butler thought that entire nations could go mad; we may read in the tombs of Westminster Abbey that national taste in art, and national sincerity of religious feeling, may sink many degrees below zero. Nations, as Mr. Ruskin truly points out, leave behind them in their art an autobiography which is entirely unconscious and therefore absolutely sincere. We may be deceived by their literature and by their military annals: we cannot be deceived by the proofs which they leave of what they most admired, the tendencies which their architecture expressed, and the ideal at which their artists aimed.

Westminster Abbey contains specimens of the sculpture of five and a half centuries, from the recumbent effigies of the Plantagenets to Sir E. Boehm's statue of the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Gilbert's memorial of Mr. Forster. If we enter the

\* As it was, the screen of St. John the Evangelist's chapel was destroyed, and Abbot Esteney's monument dislodged to make way for this portent!

cloisters we see still more ancient monuments in the South Cloister, where there are three effigies in low-relief of early abbots. The oldest is that of Abbot Vitalis, 1085. Some of the earliest memorials are the work of foreigners—Pietro Cavallini, Torregiano, Coysevox, and Herbert le Sueur. There is scarcely one English sculptor of any name\* who has not cumbered the Abbey with some sign of his incapacity or enriched it with some specimen of his skill. Nathanael Stone, Gibbs, Bird, Rysbrach, Scheemacher, Kent, Roubiliac, Bacon, Flaxman, Chantrey, Nollekens, Westmacott, Andrews, Banks, Baily, Gibson, Calder Marshall, Foley, Woolner, Armistead, Boehm, Bruce Joy, Gilbert, and many others are represented in the best that they could achieve. I cannot say what is at present the exact number of the statues. I find from a paper of Mr. Mogford in 1860, that there were then sixty-two recumbent statues of life-size, several of them of bronze, and some of them highly gilt or richly enamelled; forty-six portrait statues, life-size or colossal; six sitting and six kneeling portrait statues; ninety-three busts or medallion portraits; two hundred and four allegorical statues; at least one hundred and twenty statues of apostles, prophets, saints, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and philosophers, in the Chapel of Henry VII.; a multitude of figures in the Chantry of Henry V.; *bassi* and *alti* reliefs without number.† Besides these, "among the decorations or exemplifications of the virtues of the dead, there will be seen an abundance of angels and cherubs. Every virtue is personified in marble to excess. Figures of Fame are blowing trumpets. In this Christian church there are statues of Minerva, Neptune, Hercules, and other heathen deities; charity children are not omitted, and, to complete the variety, there are not wanting negroes and Red Indians.‡ There are also a number of statuettes of attendants, children, saints, or others, as weepers over the deceased."

\* There is, however, no monument by Ciber (d. 1700), and only one poor one, that of Mrs. Beaufoy, by Grinling Gibbons (d. 1731).

† See "Gleanings by Sir Gilbert Scott," pp. 44-47.

‡ A negro kneels by the dying C. J. Fox; Red Indians support the sarcophagus of Townshend, by Eckstein (1757); there is a captive Mahrattah on the cenotaph of Sir Eyre Coote.

And, to complete the list, there are multitudes of dogs, lions, dragons and other creatures, imaginary or real. Of the latter, few which are not heraldic deserve much notice. I cannot even admire the highly praised lions by Flaxman couched beside the pedestal of the statue of Captain Montague.

Of the *artistic* merits and demerits, however, of these very numerous specimens of statuary I shall say but little.\* I shall speak mainly of the general inferences which we may draw from them, and then ask the reader to come with me and look at some of those which have a special interest.

One remarkable change in their general characteristics can hardly fail to strike us. The older monuments are religious, the later ones are mundane.

I. Every one of the earlier tombs which commemorate the dead, whether in the form of effigies or of monumental brasses, represents them in the attitudes of death and prayer. "Two praying hands," says the Russian proverb, "and life is done." The tomb of the Confessor is a shrine rich with mosaic decorations but without sculpture.† On the tomb of Henry III., the founder of the present Abbey, lies his effigy—perhaps the earliest of the kind—cast in gilded metal, by Torel, whom Stanley calls an Italian artist.‡ The effigies of Edmund Crouchback, William and Aylmer de Valence, Aveline of Lancaster, Edward III., Queens Eleanor and Philippa, Richard II. and his Queen, Henry V. are all recumbent as in death. The latter is now a distorted wooden block, warped by the copper bolts by which it was fastened, but was once resplendent with a silver head and entirely covered with silver plates, which were

stolen as far back as the sixteenth century. The Tudors, Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, and Queen Elizabeth—since whom no English king or queen has been honored with a tomb—as well as Mary Queen of Scots, Margaret of Lennox, and Margaret of Richmond, are all similarly represented. The later ones it is true sometimes hold a ball and sceptre, but all the earlier ones have the two hands folded as in prayer upon the breast. The thought of what life has been is not excluded. The kings sometimes wear their golden crowns; the knights and crusaders are clad in their hauberk and mail; the young Prince John of Eltham wears the coronet round his helmet; the ladies are clothed in the nun's dress—like Eleanor of Gloucester or Margaret of Richmond; the royal or noble kinsfolk are sculptured round the base; the heraldic insignia are blazoned in Limoges enamel; and over the tombs of Edmund and Aylmer we see them on their chargers, lance in rest, riding tumultuously into battle. Even the little son and daughter of Edward III.—William of Hatfield and Blanche of the Tower—are represented in alabaster on their lovely little tomb with jewelled baldric and broided robe. But the splendors of life are represented as nothing in comparison with the awful and pathetic majesty of death. The *pleureurs* or weeping angels support the head; the praying hands plead mutely for compassion. At the head of the powerful Earl of Pembroke are three figures—their heads have unhappily and ruthlessly been shaven off by Cromwell's Puritans—of whom two are upholding in their arms the kneeling figure of the third. They were two angels presenting to God the troubled soul of the dark and silent warrior—"Joseph the Jew," as he was nicknamed by insolent Piers de Gaveston—who commanded our army at Bannockburn, and played so large a part among the turbulent barons of the reign of his half-cousin, Edward II. As these monuments increase in the sumptuousness of decorative accessories, they tend in most instances to lose their grandeur. The introduction of the children kneeling in prayer round the altar-tomb is, however, a touching and effective addition.

II. Dean Stanley and others have pointed out how gradual, but how decisive, was the change of sentiment which led to the exhibition on the tombs of the pride and

\* As very beautiful specimens of modern sculpture, considered only from the artistic standpoint, may be mentioned the Indian captive on the tomb of Sir Eyre Coote; the agonized youth, or condemned prisoner, who sits behind the statue of Mansfield; the statue of Viscount Canning, by Foley; and the effigy of Dean Stanley, by Sir Edgar Boehm.

† The designer is called Pietro, a Roman citizen. He is identified by some with Pietro Cavallini, a painter of the school of Giotto, to whom is attributed the Madonna and Child, with St. Francis and St. John, in the church of Assisi, published by the Arundel Society.

‡ It is now the general opinion that Torel was an Englishman, and that Torel is only a variation of Tyrrell.

self-assertion of life in lieu of the repose and helplessness of death.

"It was not in England alone," says Westmacott,\* "that the miserable decline in ecclesiastical sculpture was apparent." It is observable in Italy, in St. Peter's, even in the tombs of the Popes. The true spirit of religious art disappeared, and sculpture, like painting, became a mere theatre in which to parade the vain science of the living and the empty self-satisfaction of the dead man or his survivors. These later tombs are so lacking in repose that some of them look "as though they had been tumbled out of a wagon on the top of a pyramid."

After the sixteenth century it no longer seems to be the object to teach us that man is a thing of nought, that his days pass like a shadow, that he is crushed before the moth, but rather to display, as though they were enduring and desirable, the prizes and the magnificence of life. The epitaphs are no longer brief and simple, but revel in the enumeration of titles and the eulogy of achievements. The dead man flourishes his sword, or displays his book, or looks about him for applause, while (in time) all sorts of allegorical figures point at him, and crown him, and naked cherubs shed over him their imaginary and hypocritical tears. The figures of the departed first rise to their knees, as on the tomb of Lord Burleigh; then stand erect, as on that of Sir George Holles; then sit in their easy-chairs, like Elizabeth Russell, or even loll therein like Wilberforce. Like Lord Mansfield they preside in wig and ermine on the seat of justice; like Pitt command the applause of listening senates, and are swept into passionate gesticulation by the rush of oratory; or like Chatham they "seem, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England still be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes." No one can fail to see that the mediæval form of commemorating the dead is the humbler and the more becoming; but in palliation of the others it must be pleaded that tombs had come to be regarded less as the sleeping places of the dead than as memorial cenotaphs in the great national Walhalla.

The tomb of Sir George Holles which I have just mentioned (A.D. 1626), marks an artistic phase in many respects. The statue is the first that stands erect; the

first that wears the costume of a Roman general;\* and the first which—in the bas-relief of the battle of Nieuport below it—represents some complete historic scene in which the dead person was engaged.† It was also one of the first which is embellished with pagan deities and which imitates a physical peculiarity of the deceased by painting the right eye black. It was sculptured by Nicholas Stone in 1626.

The defects of this tomb, which arrogantly displaced the old altar of the chapel, are thrust into greater prominence because—being the earliest tomb which expresses the worst features of the Renaissance in its decay—it stands by the last tomb which has caught some sunset reflection of the beauty and grandeur of the old Gothic sentiment. This is the noble tomb of Sir F. Vere, uncle of Sir G. Holles, who died in 1608. Four knights, sculptured with perfect skill and dignity—one of which Roubiliac said, "Hush! he will speak presently!"—support the dead knight's armor on a bier beneath which he lies.

III. Another wave of tendency which is most observable and significantly interesting, is the different aspect in which death itself is regarded. The early tombs were like radiant phantoms, with blue and vermilion, and gold, and glass mosaic, and lustrous enamels, and floral sculpturings, and angels with outspread wings. In these death was not presented as a thing revolting and abhorrent, nor was any prominence given to the mere accidents of corruption and decay. The tombs of a later age become widely different. The skull and cross bones—most futile, most conventional, most offensive of all "decorations"—appears for the first time on the unfinished tomb of Anne of Cleves. After that we get, with increasing frequency, the ridiculous nudities of weeping children, and the females who sit under willows and clasp urns to their breast.‡ The

\* As does his nephew, young Francis Holles, in St. Edmund's Chapel.

† Stanley, "Memorials," p. 207.

‡ "The sum of a life expended, a pearl in a swine-trough cast,

A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?

The dead face pressed on a pillow, the journey taken alone,

And the tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone,"

G. J. Whyte-Melville.

\* "Handbook of Sculpture," p. 352.

attempt to force into prominence the fact that death is a thing for which to weep, and the angel of death a king of terrors, culminates in two tombs in the chapel of St. John the Evangelist. One—with the inscription *Lacrimis struxit amor*—is spotted all over with imaginary tear-drops, falling from an eye which is carved above it! The other is the famous tomb of Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, of which Burke disapproved, but which is usually regarded as Roubiliac's masterpiece, and which Wesley is said to have considered the finest monument in the Abbey, as showing "common-sense among heaps of unmeaning stone and marble." Considered merely as sculpture the contrasted figures of the dying wife and the startled, agonized husband are undeniably fine and skilful, but nothing can be more repellent or less like the feeling with which the early Christians regarded death, than the revolting skeleton who issues, with his javelin, from the dark tomb below. Such allegory is a preposterous jumble of the material and immaterial. The "Death," as Allan Cunningham says, "is very meanly imagined—the common drybones of every vulgar tale." Apparently Roubiliac's imagination could not rise above this fleshless anatomy, for he repeats it on the tomb of General Hargrave in the nave. Here Time is breaking the arrow of a crowned skeleton across his knee. But how different is this bony Grotesque from the vague and awful magnificence of Milton's imagination:—

"What seemed his head  
The likeness of a king's crown had on!"

Flaxman calls Roubiliac an enthusiast, "whose thoughts are conceits and his compositions epigrams; the character of whose figures, though they sometimes seem alive, is mean, their expression grimace, and their form frequently bad." The judgment is severe, but the faults of Roubiliac, who is so largely represented in the Abbey, were those of his time. He had been bred in the school of Bernini, who despised the lovely repose of ancient statuary, and placed beauty in action. But let it be said to Roubiliac's credit that though he was affected by the pseudo-classical epoch, with its "frozen progeny of sterile fancies," he partly put them to flight by his introduction of movement and emotion.

IV. The Renaissance, when it had sunk to decadence, was accompanied by a gradual fading of the old religious ideals; but it left as sad a legacy in the history of monumental sculpture by what it introduced as by what it discarded. It was marked by sheer paganism, vapid allegory, ostentatious science, pseudo-classicism, insincere or affected religionism, and monstrous incongruities.

A few instances will illustrate the disastrous change.

Let the visitor walk, first, to the effigy of Margaret of Richmond, the gentle and noble mother of Henry VII., who died, practically as a nun, in the monastery of Barking. It is in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and is interesting in a multitude of ways. The brief Latin inscription which runs round it was written by no less a person than Erasmus, and he was rewarded for it by a gift of twenty shillings. The effigy is the work of Torrigiano, the violent rival of Michael Angelo. As a piece of sculpture it is very lovely. We seem to see the royal lady lying before us in her simple religious dress, with her face emaciated by asceticism, and furrowed, as in life-time, with many a tear. The hands, folded in prayer, are delicately perfect. There is no pride or pomposity about this memorial of the ancestress of a line of mighty kings.

Now walk from this monument to what remains of the vulgar and preposterous cenotaph to the now utterly forgotten Admiral Tyrrell, who died in 1766. It is in the south aisle of the nave—"a prodigious mass of rocks, clouds, sea, and ships." It almost blocked up an entire window with clouds like oyster shells, from which it received the name of "The Pancake." It is remarkable for the most ridiculous imitation of waves ever devised by man. History, Navigation, Hibernia are represented as semi-nude figures under the sea among the rocks; the latter is rapturously pointing to the spot on the terrestrial globe where the Admiral was born. The Admiral himself, nude, is—or rather *was*, for the figure is now removed—ascending out of the sea and soaring heavenward, "looking for all the world," said Nollekens, "as if he were hanging from a gallows with a rope round his neck." We see the same "kicking gracefulness" on the tomb which represents the bald and semi-

nude Kempenfeldt, also soaring heavenward. The incongruousness of such a symbol might have struck even an eighteenth-century sculptor. Tyrrell's monument is by Read, a pupil of Roubiliac, and it marks almost the nadir of degradation in art and taste. Read seems to have been a boastful personage, and when he was telling Roubiliac of what he would do some day the irascible Frenchman replied, "Ven you do de monument, den de world vill see vot d— ting you vill make." The prophecy was fulfilled!

V. Perhaps the earliest invasion of Paganism into the monumental sculpture of our Christian minster is in the costly and pompous tomb raised by his widow to the Duke of Buckingham, the murdered favorite of Charles I. It is by Nicholas Stone. Here we have Fame "even bursting herself and her trumpets to tell the news of his so sudden fall;" and the pensive or weeping figures of Mars, Minerva, Neptune—and Beneficence! The juxtaposition reminds one of the four figures on the roof of the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, which as freshmen were told, stood for Faith, Hope, Charity, and—Geography! Next in point of date we have the representation of Pallas and Bellona, riding side by side with Sir George Holles to the battle of Nieuport. This preposterous piece of fanfaronade was much admired. In the eighteenth century Paganism reigned supreme. Hercules lovingly upholds the bust of Sir Peter Warren, while Navigation (who was regarded as *de règle* on the tomb of an Admiral) crowns him with laurel.\* On the tomb of General Fleming, Hercules (again) and Minerva strangle a ludicrous little adder which represents the spirit of Detraction. The first thing which strikes the eye on entering the north transept is the stupendous Neptune, by Nollekens, on the monument of three of Rodney's captains.† When Adrian VI. was shown the Apollo Belvedere, and the other masterpieces of ancient sculpture in the Vatican, he horrified the highly-cultured Romans by the contemptuous remark, *Sunt idola antiquorum!* But few would accuse him of mere Philistinism if he should have felt aggrieved at seeing these marine deities

wallowing so conspicuously, and so very meaninglessly, on the tombs of a sacred shrine. "Is that Christianity?" asked a visitor, pointing to Neptune and the trident. "Yes," wittily answered Dean Milman, "it is *Tridentine Christianity*."

VI. Yet these obtrusive heathen symbols are hardly so *banales* as the vapid allegorical figures of the later tombs. They appear in the guise of Wisdom and Sincerity (!) on the tomb of the Duke of Newcastle (1676), by Gibbs and Bird. "There is nothing," says Allan Cunningham, "in this monument of the three Captains but the common materials of ten thousand monuments. Such designs may be made by receipt. All, however, is done that art, in the absence of genius, can do. Britannia is very sorrowful; her lion looks particularly savage. Neptune is like all other Neptunes, and carries a weighty trident; and Fame has the buoyant body and gossamer drapery necessary for ladies whose road lies through the air!" On the tomb of General Wade, Fame drives away Time, who is curiously endeavoring to destroy the eternal record of the General's achievements! These sterile repetitions of Britannias, Victories, and Fames, show how complete was the dearth of originality. Even on the tomb of Chatham, by Bacon, we must have Commerce and Manufacture pouring Plenty from the four corners of the world into the lap of Britannia. An anecdote will show how meaningless the symbolism became. Banks was offered three hundred pounds to carve a monument for some provincial gentleman. "Who was he?" he asked. "Was he benevolent?" "Well, I don't know," said the visitor, "but he always gave sixpence to the old woman who opened the pew for him on Sunday." "That will do! that will do!" said the sculptor, "*we must have recourse to our friend the pelican!*" Rysbrach (d. 1770) and Scheemaecker (d. 1769) are, as a rule, more sensible. The bas-relief of the former on the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton is full of ingenuity and charm. Chantrey is somewhat prosaic, but to him we owe the final abandonment of these foolish figures. Once when another sculptor told Chantrey that he had been sculpturing a statue of Adam, Chantrey took snuff and looked up with the quick question, "Is it *like*?"

VII. The ostentation of technical skill

\* So close is the likeness that the sculptured face is pitted with marks of the small-pox.

† He attracts the attention of Britannia to three medallions.

is one of those lurid plague-spots of art which showed itself most virulently in the mannerists who followed Michael Angelo. To this is due the tasteless folly of many of the eighteenth-century monuments. To it we owe the extravagant, often disagreeable, fondness for the nude. We see it in the tomb of Captain Westcott in St. Paul's, who is sculptured nude, and yet Victory is presenting him with a heavy sword. The same penchant is obtruded into Wilton's monument of Wolfe. The very conception of the monument is a mistake, since it loses all the repose and dignity of sculpture in a crowd of accessories and emblems in wild disorder. It attempts to represent more than sculpture can represent. The best part of the monument is the bronze relief below it by Capizzoldi, representing the river St. Lawrence and the heights of Abraham. But the crowning absurdity of it is that the sculptor, "in order to display his knowledge of anatomy," represents Wolfe lying naked—or with only a shirt and stockings—on the field of battle. He is supported by the faithful Highland sergeant in full costume. Two lions lie at his feet, and an angel with a crown is hovering over his head. Look across from this monument to the recumbent effigy of Edmund Crouchback, and you will be able to estimate the gulf of difference between the feelings which they express.

VIII. The later monuments illustrate also the influx of *pseudo classicalism*. It first showed itself when a modern general, like Sir George Holmes, was decked out in Roman armor. The difficulties presented to a sculptor by our modern dress may be conceded, but nothing can defend the absurdity of representing Sir Robert Peel, as Gibson has done, in the toga of a Roman senator.

This pseudo-classicalism becomes still more ridiculous when it is accompanied by glaring incongruities, as, for instance, when Admiral Holmes\* is represented in Roman garb, leaning against a cannon mounted on a sea-carriage. The culmination of all absurdities in this direction had already been reached in the tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovell,† erected by Queen Anne, and carved by Bird. There, not to mention other follies, the bluff English

sailor lies under a canopy, represented (as Addison said) "by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon a velvet cushion." He is partly nude, and partly in Roman armor and sandals, and yet the sculptor could not resist the fascination of the great full-bottomed curly wig! Similar confusion had already occurred on the tomb of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who reclines in Roman armor, while his wife (the natural daughter of James II.) weeps beside him in the dress which she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne.

IX. The general *insincerity*, or it would perhaps be fairer to call it the *affectation and unreality*, of the later Renaissance epoch is abundantly illustrated. A simpler and more devout state of feeling than that which had become prevalent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would never have permitted on any sepulchral monument the wildly impossible attempt to represent the Resurrection, which we see on the tomb of General Hargrave. Still less, I think, would a real spirit of reverence have introduced the figures which soar to heaven, as a matter of course, on the tomb of Admiral Kempenfeldt or Admiral Harrison. It is a matter of congratulation that the taste of modern times has returned to the tone of pre-Raphaelite days, and the effigies of Dean Stanley and Lord John Thynne are of the older and simpler type.

There are some who have urged the sweeping away of many of the cumbersome monstrosities of the later centuries, and restoring something of the architectural beauty and symmetry which they in part deface. Dean Stanley ventured to take a few timid steps in this direction by pruning the luxuriance of the Tyrrell monument, and reducing the towering height of the one erected to Captain Cornewall. If an annex to the Abbey existed I confess that I should like to place in it one or two of the huge structures which express the naval pride and exultation of the nation in the days of Howe and Rodney. They blot out many a fine vista, and take up a disproportionate amount of valuable space. I would also ruthlessly diminish the masses of marble placed behind some of the statues, those for instance, of General Stringer and Lord Chatham. But further than that I would not go. The Abbey reflects the changes of every succeeding epoch. The

\* He died in 1761.

† He died in 1707.

very fact that it does so adds materially to its interest. We must not forget that in the eighteenth century even Admiral Tyrrell's monument, when it was erected, was regarded as an ideal and a masterpiece, though in our day it has long come to be regarded as an eyesore and a blot. Every age in turn considers its own taste to be the *norm* for other ages. There is such a thing as a true standard of taste and definite laws which guide our artistic

criticism; yet it is important in the history of the mind and of nations, to see the unconscious proofs of the enormous changes of view which have taken place. Few things are more interesting than to trace back those changes to the deep-lying moral and spiritual facts in which they originated, and there is perhaps no building in the world where it is so easy to do this as it is in Westminster Abbey.—*Good Words*.

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MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S POETRY.

BY D. F. HANNIGAN.

THE great English poet, who has not inaptly been called "the High Priest of Nature," refers pathetically to the "despondency and madness" which have been the sad fate of so many of his brethren of the lyre. The gifted young poet, on whom so terrible a calamity has recently fallen, is a passionate admirer of Wordsworth's genius. Let us hope that the cloud which at present overshadows his life may soon be lifted, and that, in spite of gloomy forebodings, he may yet be free to worship the Beautiful with undimmed vision, and, like a true artist, to give us of his best.

Mr. Watson's poetry is limited in quantity, but its quality is excellent. Indeed, his work is entirely devoid of affectation, thus contrasting favorably with the productions of many contemporary poets, to whom natural language seems absolutely distasteful. His songs "spring from the heart" as spontaneously as those of the skylark or the nightingale. But for the questioning spirit which he sometimes exhibits, he might pass for a contemporary of Burns or of Cowper.

At the same time, he acknowledges that inspiration comes to him rarely. He is not one of those gushing versifiers who are always in a poetic mood, though they may never be greatly moved. He endeavors to interpret Nature faithfully, and reverently waits until she whispers her secrets to his soul. In this respect he resembles Wordsworth, who sought everywhere, not for the voice of passion, but for the "still sad music of humanity." He, moreover, possesses his great master's belief in the high destiny of the poet—a

creed in which Tennyson also shared. Poetry is with him a necessity—an essential part of his being, so that, when he ceases to sing, he must perish. In the lines which have been justly praised for their force and truthfulness, he gives utterance to his intense faith in "the poet's high vocation:"

"Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?  
In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song that, as the  
wind,  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it  
blows."

To the cold, the prosaic, the unimaginative, such words may appear fantastic and exaggerated; but to all who realize that there is something in life beyond material facts—a world of thought and emotion and mystery with which Science cannot grapple—they have all the significance and suggestiveness of a truth which eludes the vulgar comprehension.

Mr. Watson's noble lines on the death of the late Laureate won for him even the applause of newspaper-critics. The indifferent crowd, despite its "hard and worldly phlegm," is compelled to yield to the power of real poetry, and

"Is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and dreams it heeded  
not."

If the poet were stricken mute for evermore, he would still be

"Remembered in his line  
With his land's language."

Of course, Mr. Watson, if his place in literature should "know him no more," must take rank with minor poets. He

has not, like Keats, created an ideal world where his genius could "live and move and have its being." His is not the spirit of revolt which made Byron defy the world like another Prometheus. Nor is his the wonder-working genius of Shelley. His admiration, or rather worship of Wordsworth, tended to fetter his own originality, though it rendered his muse pure and healthful. In point of form, he may be compared to Matthew Arnold, who was also a thorough votary of Wordsworth, but it is almost unnecessary to point out that his powers are more undeveloped and his culture less complete.

Lucidity and beauty of expression are characteristics of this young poet, in which his admirers cannot fail to take pride. His "Epigrams" are frequently perfect in their masterly phraseology, their luminous succinctness. What a combination of logic and poetic insight we find in the following lines on "Shelley and Harriet Westbrook" !

"A star looked down from heaven, and loved  
a flower  
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an  
hour ;  
Let eyes that trace their orbit in the spheres  
Refuse not to a ruined rosebud tears."

The epigram entitled "Byron the Voluptuary" is in a different key, and is certainly unjust to one of England's greatest poets, but it is well worth quoting for its subtlety and penetrativeness :

"Too avid of earth's bliss he was of those  
Whom Delight flies, because they give her  
chase ;  
Only the odor of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces, hungering for her  
face."

The four lines on Keats are splendid, and will be appreciated by all who admire that great young poet :

"He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time  
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above.  
He loved them, and in recompense sublime  
The gods, alas ! gave him their fatal love."

How meaningful and intense is that last line—only a born poet could have written it !

Mr. Watson is not always merely didactic. He is now and then as much swayed by passion as even Mr. Swinburne—a poet who differs from him very widely indeed. The following lines are sensuous without any touch of grossness :

"Are these—are these, indeed, the end,  
This grinning skull, this heavy loam ?  
Do all green ways whereby we wend  
Lead but to yon ignoble home ?

"Ah ! well ! thine eyes invite to bliss,  
Thy lips are hues of summer still ;  
I ask not other worlds while this  
Proffers me all the sweets I will."

Such verses as these are, no doubt, immeasurably inferior to Shelley's celebrated lines entitled "Love's Philosophy," or Browning's marvellous lyric in "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" commencing—

"There's a woman like a dewdrop ;"

but they help to redeem Mr. Watson's poetry from the vice of passionlessness, which is the weak side of Wordsworth's otherwise transcendent genius.

With regard to the poet's individuality, as revealed by the various effusions of his muse, he appears to be a typical young Englishman, proud of his country, and rather unjust to other nations. Thus he deprecates the tendency to eulogize Goethe and Voltaire and Hugo at the expense, as he imagines, of English poets' reputations. He declares that he has no sympathy with Cosmopolitanism, and prefers "his own kin" to strangers. All this is narrow, and more worthy of the days of Tom Jones than of the nineteenth century ; but Mr. Watson is honest in his insularity, and we must respect his prejudices, although we may deplore them. Tennyson suffered from the same narrow-mindedness, which led him to insult the French nation by his allusion to "the red fool-fury of the Seine." It is really time that Englishmen—and above all English poets—should unlearn this bigotry of nationalism, and try to realize the fact that other countries have contributed toward the advancement of civilization as well as England. It is, perhaps, to this insular spirit that we owe the unfairness of Mr. Watson's estimate of Ireland in a poem bearing date December 1, 1890, which, whatever may be its merits, sins by its lack of veracity. Here it is in its entirety :

"In the wild and lurid desert, in the thunder-  
travelled ways,  
'Neath the night that ever hurries to the  
dawn that still delays,  
There she clutches at illusions, and she  
seeks the phantom goal  
With the unattaining passion that consumes  
the unsleeping soul :  
And calamity enfolds her, like the shadow  
of a ban,

And the niggardness of Nature makes the misery of man ;  
And in vain the hand is stretched to lift her, stumbling in the gloom,  
While she follows the mad fen fire that conducts her to her doom."

This is only one more sample of the inveterate injustice toward Ireland of which, until of late, so many Englishmen have been guilty not only in their opinions, but in their everyday actions. Happily a change is at hand ; but Mr. Watson prefers to cling to the silly old-fashioned English notions in this regard.

However, a poet must not be criticised from a purely political standpoint. Whatever may be his politics, his first and most indispensable need is the possession of "the great poetic heart." This we cannot deny to Mr. William Watson. Nature endowed him with "the vision and the faculty divine." He has already done work which is sure to live. Let us trust that he may yet, with renewed health of mind and body, be able to give the world the ripe fruit of his matured and perfected powers.—*Westminster Review*.

### THE SEARCH AFTER CULTURE.

#### A TRUE STORY.

It was a hot May day at Florence. The sun's rays poured on the pavement of the street, which reflected a fierce glare that simmered in the distance, but they played about the Campanile till its old marbles almost lived beneath the glow. As I wandered along, looking for a place where coolness might help the digestion of lunch, the deep shade of the Via Calzaioli beyond the burning Piazza del Duomo appeared refreshing, so passing across the intervening space I entered almost the first restaurant. Small things hang upon small things as well as on great. If it had not been exceedingly warm for the time of year, it would not have occurred to me to seek the shelter of the Calzaioli, and the following characteristic story would never have been heard.

With the thermometer registering summer heat, it was natural to desire elbow-room, to select an unoccupied table ; and having ordered my lunch, including a small flask of Chianti, I leaned back against the long red-cushioned seat lining the wall, and gazed around.

Presently an American girl of twenty-three or four approached. She was dressed in plain black, had no gloves, wore an unfashionable brown hat, and carried a Baedeker in her hand. She looked like a tourist doing the sights of London—an intelligent, observant tourist. Not at all a *fin du siècle* young woman, with a head full of crude ideas, but an unsophisticated American very much of the world as it is on her own continent among the travelling class, yet not of the world at

large. She scanned every one, pondering a second or two. Instinctively a feeling arose—the object of her consideration was the vacant seat at the table. Instinctively also I felt, having some knowledge of the United States, that she had the virtues and faults of her race. It was too hot a day to be drawn into conversation, to hear that America was the greatest nation on earth, that Botticelli's pictures were "just lovely," or that Europe would be bankrupt if it were not for American travel ; so, summoning to my aid whatever amount of British indifference might naturally be mine, I happily succeeded, as I thought, in impressing on her mind the disagreeableness of being my *vis-à-vis*, by a sort of occult, electrical communication which frequently exists between two individuals near to each other, but may possibly yet be scientifically established as a telegraphic, spirit-intercourse between individuals apart, that will widen knowledge and explain psychical experiences. She passed by the chair, hesitated a moment at another table, and then sat down. The next moment, however, she stood up, turned round, and walking in my direction, deliberately took the empty place.

"Confound her !" I said to myself, as a certain undefinable shadow of coming fate crept over me, dissimilar from what I had expected, and the quick eyes of all the Italians began to study the situation. At the same instant the waiter brought my lunch and handed the *menu* to the American.

With a glum look I immediately dived

into the humble Tuscan dish called "Tortorelli," and unavoidably saw that the Italian phraseology was to her so much double-Dutch. She turned over the pages of Baedeker, tried to discover amid the meagre list of Italian words a name corresponding with another on the *menu*, and then said in English to the waiter, "I want something to eat, but don't understand Italian." The waiter smiled the smile of him who expects a tip, and tendered again the bill of fare.

Until then she had been as indifferent toward me as I had been toward her, and if silent demonstration has a meaning, she must have observed I wished her a thousand miles away. I had heard, too, expressions of that kind before; had seen an American woman thumping on the counter of a Tirolese shop, loudly demanding "brass nails," and finally getting them; but when she could not succeed in making herself understood, when the waiter kept on smiling, at the same time casting forth glances of surprise, it was impossible to continue quietly eating as if she were not there, so I said, "If you have no objection I will be glad to order your lunch."

A smile lit up her face. Her clear brown eyes—noticed briefly, seemed childishly innocent—were full of expression. She thanked me, and I gave the necessary orders.

We relapsed again into silence, but she quickly broke it by saying, "I'm in great trouble! Will you help me?"

Now, had the girl been English, I might probably have recommended her to apply to the British chaplain, as the fittest man to examine the troubles of stray young females about a foreign town. As it was, however, my American memories bade me wait. I knew that, to a certain degree, it was the custom for an American girl or woman of the middle classes to claim aid from a strange man if occasion arose, much as if he were a brother or a kinsman, and to expect to receive it without a thought of anything else on either side. It is an old-fashioned New World bit of chivalry, perfectly comprehended by the people of the United States. Besides, happening to be a believer in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the union of Englishmen all over the world, I felt secretly pleased to think, notwithstanding the failure of my efforts to be alone on

a warm day, that we two strangers could thoroughly judge each other directly, could arrive at what was good or bad in each other by the natural inheritance of a common tongue. I therefore rapidly scrutinized her hands, face, dress, everything. The accent of her voice sounded as a genuine appeal, and she modestly stood my almost offensively critical examination. As a precaution, nevertheless, I said, "Have you no friends? Florence is full of Americans! Where are you staying?" She replied she had no friends in Europe, very few even in the United States, and had gone to an hotel not far off, the name of which was familiar. Seeing me half hesitate, and doubtless feeling herself the subject of close scrutiny, she remarked, "Ah! I see you don't care to help me."

"Not so," I said, having made up my mind. "What can I do for you?"

She then told me she feared a friend at Chicago must be very ill, as no letter had come for a month, though the friend was aware of her address; that she had cabled to inquire, had received the answer, but was afraid to read it. Would I read it for her and find out if the news were good? If so, it might be divulged. If it were bad, I was not to let her know the extent of its badness,—must answer in such a way that she could still have hope.

At the conclusion she put her hand upon the table, holding there the telegram. Involuntarily I fastened my eyes on her fingers. She wore merely a small gold ring, with a black guard-ring as if scooped out from a gutta-percha button,—a curious transatlantic fashion long ago prevalent among schoolboys of advanced years. I asked if there was no American woman at the hotel who could have done this for her.

"No," she replied, "there was no one, only the porter, who did not speak English."

"Well, then," I answered, "let me have it;" and taking it up I began to open the envelope. She drew herself together into an attitude of intense expectation, saying at the same time, "Remember! It must not be bad."

With some curiosity I read the contents, simply the word "Yes." I immediately therefore inquired, what was her cable to Chicago.

"Are you well?"

"Ah, then," I said, feeling relieved,

"it's all right. Whoever it is, is quite well."

This evidently gave her great satisfaction; she smiled happily, leaned back in the chair and thanked me, yet it seemed as if a shade of disappointment lightly passed over her. At the same minute her lunch appeared, and constraint being broken, we both commenced to chat as if we were old friends.

"You're not an American!" she remarked.

"No," I answered.

"You hurt my feelings just now by asking if I had no friends, and where I lived, but we do things differently in America."

"Oh yes, I am aware of that, and beg to apologize."

"Doubtless, to you, it may have sounded strange. Still, I had only three days to see Florence. I'm working like a horse, and if the news had been bad I couldn't have gone on, but I felt it must be done. I'm engaged to be married to an American gentleman. He's a splendid fellow; there's nobody like him. He speaks all the languages, and I must make myself worthy of him. I learned French after a six months' residence at a Paris *pension*, then went to London, saw everything there, and finding I had just two hundred dollars left, came out to Genoa from Southampton in a steamer of the Norddeutscher line as a steerage passenger for two pounds. Oh, it was an awful experience! I can hardly realize it, or tell any one what it was. Now, however, it is over. I did it for him. He's been through these places, knows the art, is highly cultured. I had to know it too. In order to help him I must know even more than he does. I've seen Genoa and Florence pretty well, am going on to Venice to-night, and so northward toward home. What else is there to do here? I've been to several churches and the galleries, as well as to San Marco, which I visited this morning. The picture at the Pitti of 'Judith and Holofernes' has attracted me most."

As this tale proceeded, I congratulated myself on not having acted hastily under preconceived impressions from the fear of being bored, upon having a slight acquaintance with American customs, for the recital was evidently giving her relief. Her whole soul entered into the narration,

and she spoke *con amore*. My interest deepened in the girl. I forgot the heat, the restaurant, the quick eyes of the Italians, and grieved that a self-sacrificing heart was again in trouble. As she finished, I mentioned a few other places of note while revolving mentally what course to take. Shall I offer her some money? No, I thought. If she took it when not in need it would leave an unpleasant remembrance,—a great uncertainty hereafter if the story were genuine; also, if she refused, as it struck me she would refuse, her feelings would have been hurt once more. A woman might have tendered it, a man could not. Shall I take her to one of my American friends? That would lose time and prevent her seeing the remainder of Florence. She intended going the same night to Venice, and had each day marked out so as to catch a German ocean steamer by a certain date. Probably, too, she wouldn't go. What, then, could be done? Here was a girl flying over Europe, possessed, Alastor-like, with a spirit to follow where its promptings led, and these were to obtain culture at great risk, by hard work through steerage passages and third-class Continental trains, not for herself, but to become capable of helping a man forward whom she regarded as a superior mortal whose back already might bear early traces of archangelic wings, who knew about her foreign travels, who hadn't written for a month, and in response to a cable, replies only "Yes." The sending of the telegraphic message, after a month's cessation of letters, showed they had previously been in close touch, and their stoppage looked as if he were taking the first step toward breaking up a relationship, the formation of which had acted as an inducement to the undertaking of a lonely journey. Perhaps, on the other hand, he was imitating that fool of Ibsen's play by trying how far he could make a woman's soul subject to some quixotic caprice called training. The girl, I had grown fully convinced, was above suspicion, was possessed of a high ideal, even if a trifle romantic, for a prosaic world; but youth has its glamour, she lived in that golden period of semi-ignorance and bliss, the gliding out from which fills us with regret. She loved. She had a hero. The heroic age is never finished. I took a dislike to the fellow. Culture, be hanged! I soliloquized. He is a com-

mercial traveller, who must speak the business slang of two or three languages as a seller of Yankee export "notions," answering partly to "Articles de Paris" and tinned goods, not always to be bought without reflection. Perhaps he's a German, hawking Rio coffee or pork sausages round the mixed populations of the Western States. Why didn't he put into his cable one secret word of love, one sentence which she might interpret to herself and feel it was all right? She was probably a village lass, living close to and influenced by Chicago, who read Longfellow and the light papers in American magazines on Italian Art. Could Judith be her female ideal, bent, as she certainly appeared, upon performing a great feat? I recollected the shade of disappointment that had flitted across her face. What was to be done? Ought I even to interfere? Should I not preserve a strict unconcern, a merely courteous demeanor? These thoughts went through me like a shot. She asked for water. This gave time. I explained it was unwise to drink water recklessly abroad, and forced upon her a tumbler of wine.

By now my luncheon was finished. I lit a cigarette to gain a few more moments, and then decided a line of action must be taken. It was clear, firstly, she did not appreciate the danger of talking to strange men in large restaurants as if in her own land. She did not conceive that trouble could only ensue. It was not my business either, to didactically speak to a stranger. It seemed clear, secondly, if, on arrival at home, her ideal was shattered by the fine knight proving false, that she might go crazy. It never occurred to her to suspect the cessation of letters could mean the cooling down of love, and if this were to happen, her heroic efforts would be lost. Thereupon the thought flashed out, if I break a bit her ideal, it will be an unsympathetic lesson, teaching her not lightly henceforth to consult chance European men. She was so simple, that had I been a villain, a little sympathy would have entirely won her confidence, and the result at the least must have conveyed a moral shock. If, again, when she reaches home, her lover is no longer true, she will think of the conversation in

the Florentine restaurant, and that will check the first rush of disappointment; while, if he is true, the recollection of the haphazard meeting with me will vanish away from memory amid the fulness of joy. I was not afraid of a melodramatic suicide in the Grand Canal, or *à la Française*, if my action sent her off at a tangent. Americans are naturally hopeful and practical. Love also endures.

I consequently said, "Do you believe ideality and reality are identical terms? No doubt they ought to be. If an idea is capable of correct proof, as a matter of fact it is real; but unfortunately, as the world goes, it is not often the case. My opinion is, he is not worthy of you."

"Ah, yes!" she replied, mistaking my words, "I know I'm not worthy of him. He's far too good for me."

"Oh no!" I answered, "you do not understand. *He is not worthy of you.*"

A stillness followed. The sentence was comprehended. Then she said despondingly, "Ah! I shall never marry him now."

"Don't think that," I rejoined; "it is better always to take a cheerful view of life," wishing to lift her when the other side had been seen.

She thought a little. I saw that the long silence of the month was stereotyping itself into an objective fact, and, with the brief cable, were both rising into their natural positions in the picture which must be passing across her mind like a slide through a magic-lantern. She looked at me a little crestfallen, then shook her head mournfully, saying, "We've been too confidential. Good-bye."

I stood up and bowed, feeling the sudden conclusion was a slight rebuke for taking so much upon myself,—a gentle but proper defence of herself. She went to the far end of the restaurant to pay her bill, and when passing out before me took not the smallest notice; but, as she disappeared into the street, it seemed from the lines of her back, from a sort of general pulling up, as if the nervous force had been drawn together again—as if she had gathered resolution to fulfil all present intentions, to face bravely an unsettled, an unknown future.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## TO MISS JANE AUSTEN.

(GRATEFULLY.)

BY ALFRED COCHRANE.

WE, homely souls, whose courage fails  
At perils hid in modern tales,  
Dread airings of religious dreams,  
Social reforms and moral schemes,

Turn to those simple idylls sung,  
When this old century was young,  
And watch the Pump-room beauties greet  
Their courtly swains in Millsom Street.

They live for us—this old-world throng—  
Their joys, their loves to us belong,  
Their sorrows, where the pages show  
Traces of tears shed long ago.

Ours is the loss, we freely own,  
Who leave more stalwart fare alone,  
And in our unlearned hearts rejoice  
To hear this quaint, old-fashioned voice :

As country-folk whose ears are sore,  
Dinned with the pavement's clash and roar,  
Through April hedgerows hear again  
The blackbird's whistle in the lane.

—Spectator.

## OUR ARCTIC HEROES.

THE greatest interest which, perhaps, has ever been taken by Englishmen in the matter of Arctic research, was aroused by the disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his comrades in the *Erebus* and *Terror*. These two ships had left the Thames on May 19, 1845, in search of the North-West Passage to India.

In 1847, as nothing had been heard of them, it was first decided to send out a search expedition to find Sir John; and from that time onward, no less than forty expeditions were made with the same object; but none went near the spot in which the missing party might have been found. There was, however, one man who, *if his advice had been taken in time*, would actually have carried timely aid to the lost Franklin Expedition. That man was a naval surgeon, Dr. King. He held that the missing party would be found upon the western shores of King William's Island

by a journey down the Great Fish River similar to that which he had already made in company with Sir G. Back in 1833-4-5. And the subsequent researches of Dr. Rae, and those of Lieutenant Hobson, proved that this was the exact locality in which the missing party would have been found.

It is very easy to be wise after the event, yet it is almost incredible that not the least attention was ever paid to Dr. King's most reasonable suggestion; and that, with the sole exception of Sir John Richardson's Expedition, which did not proceed far enough, every single searching party was sent out with directions based upon the supposition that Sir John Franklin had disobeyed his orders as to the route he was to attempt; and *therefore* that, he would be found in an altogether different direction.

Dr. King and that most loving and devoted woman and wife, Lady Franklin,

had from the very first held to the notion that Sir John had disappeared through having tried to follow out his instructions.

It must be remembered that those instructions were very precise and clear. They were couched in these words:—"That after passing through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, he was to proceed to about lat.  $74^{\circ}$  N., long.  $98^{\circ}$  W., in the vicinity of Cape Walker (a point just to the northward of Prince of Wales's Land), and from thence to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct to Behring Strait as the position of the ice and existence of land at present unknown may admit."

Nothing could have been more distinct than these orders, and yet only the proposals of Dr. King, the route taken by Sir J. Richardson and afterward by Captain Collinson, were based upon the supposition that Sir John Franklin was beset in the ice in trying to carry out his instructions. The former proposed to go straight to Sir John's actual position by way of the Great Fish River; and the latter to meet him, at any point he might have reached in trying to follow the coast line of the continent of America, so as to come out at Behring Strait.

But, as we know, Dr. King's proposals were summarily rejected by Lord Palmerston's Government; Sir John Richardson turned back too soon, after having gone for some distance in the right direction, while Captain Collinson never knew, until some years later, how very near he had been to making the double discovery of the fate of the Franklin Expedition and the existence of the only navigable North-West Passage.

Of the many search expeditions it is only proposed in what follows to give a very hasty sketch of three; namely, those conducted respectively by Captain Collinson in the *Enterprise*, Captain McClure in the *Investigator*, and Captain McClintock in the *Fox*, besides making mention of the results achieved by Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in his celebrated journey overland to the mouth of the Great Fish River. And the reason for making this limited selection is that both Dr. Rae and Captain McClintock discovered traces of Sir John Franklin's missing expedition, and brought home articles which had belonged to its members; while Captain Collinson only just missed

anticipating them both; and Captain McClure, though far enough from the track of the ships he sought, yet actually accomplished, with the whole of his officers and crew, the North-West Passage, though compelled to abandon his ship in so doing. Yet, as a matter of fact, Captain McClure was not the first to discover the existence of a North-West Passage, for the members of Sir John Franklin's Expedition had, before they died, established the existence of another North-West Passage in a lower latitude by connecting together the surveys of Sir James Ross with those of Messrs. Dease and Simpson.

And here, while speaking of the survey of Sir James Clark Ross in this direction, mention should be made of the discovery by him of the Magnetic Pole on the western coast of Boothia Felix. Every one now knows that the Terrestrial Pole and the Magnetic Pole are not coincident in position, and that while the former represents the northern extremity of the earth's axis, and is, of course, in north latitude  $90^{\circ}$ , the latter is the mysterious spot to which, in whatever position of the earth's surface it may be placed, the magnetic needle always points, and this is in north latitude  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ , west longitude  $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ , i.e. according to Sir James Ross in 1831. The probability, however, is that the position of the Magnetic Pole is not always the same, but that, as it is affected by the sun, or possibly by sun spots, it travels round in an ellipse of small eccentricity and of very limited size practically in a small circle.

No one knows, and therefore no one can explain, the precise reason why a magnetized needle does point to that mysterious spot on the coast of Boothia Felix; and, strange as it may seem, there was in 1831 no visible trace of anything by which that spot could be recognized, not even so much as a small hillock in the immediate neighborhood, and the only means of proving that the Magnetic Pole had been reached was by the total inactivity of the compass at that spot, coupled with the almost vertical position of the dipping needle. On this most interesting point the very words of Sir James Ross himself shall be given:—"The amount of the dip as indicated by my dipping needle was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least

of this Pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed, a fact which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any."

Theoretically speaking, the actual point of observation upon which Sir James Ross last deposited his dipping needle and compasses was one minute, or about one English mile from the true Magnetic Pole of that day, but whether one mile to the north, south, east, or west of it he was not able to decide. It would have been necessary for him to spend some little time on the spot, and to take several independent observations from different places in different directions at a considerable distance from one another, before he could have decided so important a point. But, alas! time, provisions, and strength were alike wanting; and, even as it was, he was only just able to regain his ship in safety, his last particle of strength expended, and his last biscuit consumed. And throughout the long series of Arctic voyages this has again and again been the fate of sledging parties, namely, that just at the most critical moment, when some most important discovery was about to be made, provisions and fuel ran short, and even by the most rigid economy were only just made to hold out long enough to regain the ship, or other base of operations; and then all had to be commenced over again.

In 1850 the fear had taken a strong hold upon the mind of the nation that some serious accident must have happened to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and in that year alone no less than ten expeditions set sail in search of the missing party. Among these was the one under the command of Captain Richard Collinson, consisting of the two sailing ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, the former under the command of Collinson himself, the latter of Captain Robert McClure. This latter officer had in 1837, during the American rebellion, served under the father of the writer of this narrative, when he was commodore of

the Lake Squadron. And so it came about that, after rounding Point Barrow, which was then supposed to be the northernmost point of the continent of America, Captain McClure named the first unknown point of land which he discovered by the name of his old captain, little thinking that more than forty years later, when he himself would be in his grave, the son of that same old captain of his would be writing about his most brilliant achievement in Arctic discovery, and thanking him for his courtesy in perpetuating on the Arctic chart the name which he bears. These two ships sailed from England on January 20, 1850, to make the passage round Cape Horn and to enter the Arctic regions through Behring Strait. They were both provisioned for three years, although it was not at all anticipated that they would be absent so long. The *Enterprise* was much the faster vessel of the two, and she reached the Strait of Magellan eight days before her consort, and Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands six days sooner; but strange to say, by a bold attempt at a direct course to Behring Strait, instead of following the usual but more devious course for sailing ships, the *Investigator* arrived first at the appointed rendezvous, Cape Lisburne, and eventually went on into the Arctic ice alone.

Captain Collinson followed closely behind, but nevertheless was unable to double Point Barrow in 1850, while McClure had already done so; and then Collinson formed what many thought an unwise decision, namely, not to spend that winter in the Arctic seas at all. Accordingly he returned by the way he came, spending the winter at Sydney in New South Wales, a proceeding which laid the foundation for much subsequent difficulty between his officers and himself. In the following year he returned north, rounded Point Barrow, and keeping in the open water which skirts the northern coast of America, which open water is caused by the effluent waters of the Colville, Mackenzie, and Coppermine Rivers flowing along the coast, he followed in the track of the *Investigator*; and strange to say, like that ship, made the attempt to pass into Melville Sound by way of Prince of Wales Strait; and although he pushed his ship a few miles further into Melville Sound than the *Investigator* had been, he was unable to get through and was forced

to winter there in 1851-2. Starting again in the summer of 1852, Captain Collinson, failing to round Nelson Head, the southern extremity of Banks' Land, steered at once in a southerly direction, and passing around Wollaston Land, through Dolphin and Union Strait, Coronation Gulf, and Dease's Strait, finally went into his winter quarters, 1852-3, in Cambridge Bay, at the Victoria end of Wollaston Land. And it was from this bay that Captain Collinson himself travelled with a sledge to the furthest point he ever reached, namely, Gateshead Island, where he was within forty miles of the spot where the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been abandoned, and within fifty-five miles of Point Victory in King William Island, a point to which Collinson knew that Sir James Ross had penetrated from Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in 1831; and had he only decided to strike across to Point Victory, instead of returning to his ship in Cambridge Bay, he would have found himself not only the first living discoverer of the North-West Passage, but would also without doubt have discovered the cairn at Point Victory, within which Lieutenant Hobson of McClintock's Expedition afterward found the only record we have ever had of the fate of the Franklin Expedition. It is, however, very problematical whether at the time that Captain Collinson stood on Gateshead Island, looking over toward King William Island, he could have saved the lives of any of Sir John Franklin's party, for even then they had been out eight years, having originally only been supplied with three years' provisions; and, as it will be remembered, even of this quantity nearly all the preserved meats had failed them and had been left behind at Beechey Island, their winter quarters of 1845-6, having been condemned as unfit for human food.

From Cambridge Bay Captain Collinson returned by the way he came, being unable, however, to get round Point Barrow again without spending another winter, 1853-4, in the Arctic regions; and it was toward the latter end of 1854, or the beginning of 1855, when the writer of these lines was living with his father at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Naval Dockyard, that a very ugly-looking bluff-bowed ship made her number, as she stood into Simons Bay, which told us that the long lost *Enterprise* had returned to the land of the

living, at a time when many feared she had gone down with all hands, for nothing whatever had been heard of her since she had left Sydney early in 1851. And then, within a few hours, the writer of these words sat at his dear old father's mahogany table, exactly opposite to Captain Collinson, and saw him enjoying the first good dinner he had eaten for many a long year. It was during that dinner, or rather after it, when the Arctic explorer was telling the tale of his hair-breadth escapes, that the foundation of this narrative was laid.

The *Investigator* meanwhile had fared better in all respects than her consort, with the senior officer on board, for although she left her bones to perish in the ice, yet she carried her crew so far from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, that they were able to walk over the ice from the *Investigator* in Mercy Bay to the *Resolute* at Dealy Island; thus in their own persons making the North-West Passage, a feat which for four hundred years had often been attempted, but never before accomplished.

Looking at the perfected map of the Polar regions which we now have, it seems a very easy thing indeed to have done, but we must remember that McClure had literally to feel his way along, and at the same time to construct his chart as he went. His ship passed through Behring Strait late in the summer of 1850, rounded Point Barrow in safety, and, hugging the American shore, attempted to pass through Prince of Wales Strait, but was stopped by the fixed ice of Melville Sound; and, unable to retreat, was compelled to winter there. In the following summer Captain McClure retraced his steps to the entrance of Prince of Wales Strait, and steering due north skirted round Banks' Land, which thus he had discovered to be an island, and eventually he laid up his ship in a small bay, called Mercy Bay, on the east coast of Banks' Land, where she would now be found, unless indeed the ice has caused her to die the natural death of an Arctic ship. Two more winters were spent in Mercy Bay, and much valuable work done by sledge parties exploring the adjacent coast lines. But at last the time came when provisions began to run short, and it was felt that an attempt must be made (in their case almost a hopeless one) to abandon the ship, and to travel

southward to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Had this attempt been made, and had Captain McClure abandoned his ship and started on that perilous voyage, the probability is that not a soul would have lived to tell the story of their discovery of a North-West Passage.

But just when all was ready to make a start, and the word was about to be given, "All hands abandon ship," Captain McClure, with his first lieutenant, thought he would go and have a last look round, and bid a long adieu to the now familiar Bay of Mercy, when all of a sudden they espied a strange-looking object approaching them. This was on April 6, 1853, when, to use Captain McClure's own words, "we perceived a figure walking rapidly toward us. From his pace and gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men, and yet we felt certain that no one else was near. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms and made gesticulations resembling those used by an Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us fairly to a standstill. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony, and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof we should assuredly have taken to our legs. As it was we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark faced stranger called out, 'I am Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald* and now in the *Resolute*; Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island.' " It can readily be imagined what astonishment these few words created when it is remembered that on July 31 or August 1, 1850, Captain Kellett, in the *Herald*, had parted with the *Investigator* after passing through Behring Strait from the Pacific; and, strange to say, the very last officer of the *Herald* to leave the deck of the *Investigator* off Point Barrow had been Lieutenant Bedford Pim, while on that April

6, 1853, the dark-faced stranger who came to the rescue of the starving heroes of Arctic discovery was the very same officer, under the same captain, having in the meantime returned round the Horn to England, and gone north again, in another ship, through the Atlantic by way of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound. So that the mysterious stranger who suddenly appeared before the astonished McClure well knew the cause for the start of incredulity with which his speech was received: "I am Lieutenant Bedford Pim, late of the *Herald*, and now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island."

Thus the whole party were rescued, walking safely over the ice of Melville Sound to the *Resolute*, and thence in detachments were taken back to England; not indeed having found Sir John Franklin, or any traces of him, but having made, in their own persons, the long sought after North-West Passage from ocean to ocean. It had never been done before, and in all human probability it will never be done again.

It was just after this time, when no one expected further tidings of Sir John Franklin and his party, that Dr. Rae, who had simply gone out on a geographical expedition to connect Sir James Ross's Magnetic Pole with his own former discoveries to the southward of it, sent home the startling intelligence that he had met an Esquimaux who told him that a large party of white men had died of starvation, a long distance to the westward, and beyond a large river, and this river he thought was Back's Great Fish River, an idea which afterward proved to be correct.

The story told to Dr. Rae by the Esquimaux was that, six winters before, while some of his countrymen were killing seals near the north end of King William Island, about forty white men were seen dragging a boat and sledges over the ice on the west side of the island. All the men, he said, hauled the drag ropes except one tall, stout, middle-aged officer (doubtless Captain Crozier). And further, he said, they were evidently in want of provisions, and signified by signs that they were going where they expected to find deer to shoot. Later on in the same season the corpses of thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent of America, and five dead bodies

on an island near it. These without doubt were the last survivors of the Franklin Expedition. Some of the bodies were in a tent, others under a boat, which had been turned keel up so as to form a shelter, and some were scattered about in different directions. Dr. Rae on this expedition succeeded in purchasing from the Esquimaux various articles, especially silver spoons and forks, which had belonged to different officers of Franklin's ships, and which had their initials or crests engraved upon them. Upon his return, the sum of £10,000 was paid to him and his party as the reward offered to any one who would obtain authentic information of the fate of the Franklin Expedition.

Later on—i.e. in 1855—our Government requested the Hudson's Bay Company to send another party down the Great Fish River to explore its estuary, and search for any further traces of our missing countrymen. Accordingly Mr. Anderson, one of their factors, was selected for this purpose, and he too discovered traces of the Franklin party at the rapids, just below Franklin Lake. He also discovered the spot on Montreal Island where the Esquimaux had broken up the boat; but he could not find a scrap of paper or a record, or a single human bone, or even a grave. The relics of the Franklin Expedition before mentioned were exhibited in the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, and they are now to be seen in the Museum at Greenwich Hospital.

Very naturally, Lady Franklin was not satisfied with this negative result; and she urged the government of that day to send yet another searching expedition by sea to King William Island, or its vicinity, for the purpose of clearing up the mystery and uncertainty which surrounded the fate of her beloved husband and his gallant companions. But in this she failed. Yet, nothing daunted, she herself, almost at her own cost, fitted out the yacht *Fox*, and, placing her under the command of Captain Leopold McClintock, sent her out in 1857 to go and bring her back tidings of her lost husband.

At first the *Fox* was most unfortunate, for, in trying to make the North Water at the head of Baffin's Bay, she was beset in the pack, and drifted helplessly with it for 242 days, for 1385 statute miles, thus losing a whole season.

The next year she returned to the charge, passed safely up Baffin's Bay into the North Water, across through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, down Prince Regent's Inlet, almost through Bellot Strait, near the western entrance of which, in a small bay called Kennedy Harbor, the gallant little *Fox* was frozen in for her second winter. And from thence McClintock equipped those three sledging parties, two of which were destined to solve the question of the fate of the Franklin Expedition, and the early death of Sir John himself; and the other to add many hundreds of miles of undiscovered land to the Arctic chart.

The first party, under the charge of Captain Allen Young, was to examine the land to the westward of Cape Bird, off the western entrance to Bellot Strait; the second, under the command of Lieutenant Hobson, to go down the west coast of Boothia Felix, and, crossing over to the north end of King William Island, to explore a portion of its western shores in search of traces of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and thence over to Gateshead Island so as to connect if possible that point with Mr. Wynnatt's furthest; the third, under the command of McClintock himself, was to accompany Lieutenant Hobson as far as King William Island, and from thence to pass, by the eastern coast of that island, to the mouth of the Great Fish River, returning to the *Fox* by the western side of King William Island.

On the way down McClintock and Hobson met some Esquimaux, who told them that a long time ago two ships had been wrecked off their coast; that one ship went down as she was, while the other was driven on shore, but the exact spot mentioned could never be found. One of the natives said that when they boarded the stranded ship they found the body of one man, but that the rest of the crew went away to the large river. Lower down some more Esquimaux were met with, and these were found to be in possession of silver spoons and forks bearing the crests and initials of Sir John Franklin, Captain Crozier, Captain Fitzjames, and others. These articles McClintock obtained from them at the price of four needles each. Going on further south, Montreal Island and Point Ogle were each visited, but without result of any kind. Returning up the western shore of King

William Island, the first trace which McClintock met with of the missing crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was the skeleton of a single man, apparently an officer's servant or a ship's steward. Off Cape Herschel McClintock found a small cairn erected by Lieutenant Hobson, who had been there but six days previously, and who had left a letter for his commanding officer saying that, although he had failed to find any traces of the wrecked ships in the position described by the Esquimaux, yet he had succeeded in discovering the only written record of the doings of Sir John Franklin and his companions since parting with the whalers at the head of Baffin's Bay; the only record indeed of any kind which has ever been discovered from that time to this.

That record was found in a cairn which had been erected by the retreating Franklin party at Point Victory, the nearest point of land to the place in which the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been abandoned. It was simply a printed paper supplied to all discovery ships; and upon it was written, apparently by Lieutenant Graham Gore, the following account, and although Arctic travellers and those who have taken an interest in Arctic researches are quite familiar with it, from reading McClintock's charming book on "the fate of Franklin and his discoveries" commonly known as "the Voyage of the *Fox*," yet for the benefit of others, who have never seen it, the record is here repeated. It runs thus:—"28th of May, 1847, H.M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in latitude  $70^{\circ} 5' N.$ —longitude  $98^{\circ} 23' W.$ , having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island in latitude  $74^{\circ} 43' 28'' N.$ —longitude  $91^{\circ} 39' 15'' W.$ , after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude  $77^{\circ}$  and returned by the West side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. A party consisting of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847."

There is a slight inaccuracy in this record, as the date of the two ships wintering at Beechey Island was 1845-6 and not 1846-7. The winter of 1846-7 was clearly spent in the ice in the position described in the document. We know, therefore, that on May 28, 1847, all was well with the expedition, and doubtless all were yet full of hope that they would

accomplish the desire of their hearts and make the North-West Passage.

But upon the same paper a later date and further record was added, and the writing was in another hand, as follows—"April 25, 1848.—H.M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were deserted on 22d April, five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in latitude  $96^{\circ} 37' 42'' N.$ —longitude  $98^{\circ} 41' W.$  Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the Expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men." This was signed by both Captain Crozier and Captain Fitzjames, and a foot-note added "and start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

And then commenced that fatal march when no less than 105 brave English sailors started to walk, and to drag heavy boats, along the shores of King William Island, hoping to reach the mouth of the Great Fish River, and to ascend it to one of the Hudson's Bay Company's stations, from whence succor could be had. And it is lamentable to think that at the very moment when Captain Crozier penned those last few words which ever in this world he was to write—"and start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River"—there was a noted Arctic traveller, a former companion of Back's, begging and entreating of the English Admiralty Board of that day to let him go to the help of Franklin's party by way of that very Great Fish River, with every inch of which he was acquainted, and at the entrance to which he would have come upon the famishing party just in time to save their lives.

Captain Crozier and his party of 105 English sailors left their ships on April 22, 1848, but on June 10, 1847, Dr. King wrote a letter to Earl Grey, the then Colonial Secretary, pointing out that the missing expedition was in all human probability on the western coast of North Somerset, which then was thought to be only a continuation of King William Island; and that, therefore, its members would be found by a journey down the Great Fish River. Will it be believed? His letter was certainly officially acknowledged, but it never received any answer at all.

Among all the many and costly expeditions which had been sent out by a grateful country, surely one more might have been encouraged, and that a most inexpensive and simple one, the *raison d'être* of which was the almost absolute certainty that an English naval captain had gone whither his instructions directed him to go.

And meantime those poor souls starved and hoped, and dropped down dead as they walked; and, of all their number, only the corpses of thirty men and a few graves were found at the mouth of the Great Fish River, five dead bodies on Montreal Island, the skeleton of the steward, and two skeletons in a boat about fifty miles from Point Victory.

The supposition is that the fatal retreat was made some time during the short summer of 1848, and that, with the exception of those few whose bodies were discovered, all the rest had found a grave at nature's hands in the shape of the winter snow, beneath which all traces of them were hidden from the view of both Hobson and McClintock, who travelled over the very same ground as that by which the retreating Franklin party had endeavored to reach the Great Fish River, but

which, when those two officers passed over it, was covered with thick snow, beneath which all the rest were lying buried, as it was in the case of the one solitary skeleton found by McClintock, and of which he writes, "Shortly after midnight of the 25th May, when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. The skeleton, now perfectly bleached, was lying upon its face; and it was a melancholy truth that the old Esquimaux woman spoke when she said, that they fell down and died as they walked along."

It was then eleven years since all this had happened; it is now just four times eleven years; and while men and women, not then born, are now reading this narrative of facts, comfortably seated by their firesides, those whitened bones of Arctic heroes long gone to rest still lie bleaching beneath the northern snow, their faces turned toward that far-off home they never more could reach, and looking to the very last for help that never came.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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## WHEN SWALLOWS BUILD.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE wakening earth with ecstasy is thrilled,  
And gladness tunes the note of every bird;  
Yet in my heart strange memories are stirred,  
When swallows build.

I miss those fragrant flowers the frost has killed,  
Which bloomed in blushing beauty yester-year  
And songs of bygone Springs I seem to hear  
When swallows build.

My soul is faint with longings unfulfilled  
For happiness I never yet have known,  
But which I fondly yearn to call mine own  
When swallows build.

So deem me neither sullen nor self-willed  
If in the Spring I sing no song of glee,  
But hang my harp upon a willow tree  
When swallows build.

My Summer sonnet shall be duly trilled,  
 My Christmas carol and my Harvest hymn :  
 But let my lips be dumb, mine eyes be dim,  
 When swallows build.

—*Temple Bar.*

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HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ.

BY G. MONOD.

FRANCE is discrowned. A little while ago it was her privilege to possess two of those encyclopædic minds which contain in themselves the whole knowledge of their time, which sum up all its tendencies, intellectual and moral, and look out upon nature and history from an elevation which enables them to obtain something like a bird's-eye view of the universe. Within five months these two men, so unlike in personal character and in the qualities of their work and thought (and therefore all the more, the two of them, an incarnation of the diverse aptitudes of their race and country), these two, universally recognized as the most authentic exponents and the most authoritative teachers of the generation which flourished between 1850 and 1880, have been taken from us in the plenitude of their powers, M. Renan in October, at the age of sixty-nine, and M. Taine in March, at the age of sixty-four.

I will not indulge in the easy and deceptive pastime of drawing a parallel between them, nor weary the reader with a catalogue of forced and illusory likenesses and contrasts in order to pass a judgment on their relative merits as idle as it would be impertinent. I will only point out in passing that both these men—true children of our democratic modern society—rose, by dint of their own genius and efforts, from a position of humble obscurity to fame and honor ; that each (like so many of the great writers of this century—like Chateaubriand, like Victor Hugo, like Lamartine) lost his father in early life, and was brought up by a mother whom he tenderly loved ; and that, apart from the circumstances which drove the one from his seminary and the other from the public schools, the life of each was unmarked by any adventure other than the adventures of the intellect, and was devoted without interruption to literary or professorial labors, lightened by the simple pleasures of the fireside or the circle

of friends. Each took science for his mistress, and scientific truth for his end and aim ; each strove to hasten the time when a scientific conception of the universe should take the place of the theological conception ; but while M. Taine believed it possible, without ever venturing beyond the narrow limits of acquired and demonstrable fact, to lay the foundations of a definite system, M. Renan delighted himself with the visionary glimpses of sentiment and reverie into the domain of the uncertain, the unknown, and even the unknowable, and loved to throw fresh doubt upon established conclusions, and to warn other people against a fallacious intellectual security. Moreover, the action of Renan had something contradictory about it. He was claimed by thinkers of the most opposite tendencies. He paved the way, to some extent, for the momentary reaction we see around us against the positive and scientific temper of recent times. In his irony, as in his flights of fancy and of hope, he seems to soar above his time and above his own work. M. Taine's work, on the other hand, while more limited in range, has a solid unity and a rigid logical consistency ; and it is in strict relation with the time in which he lived, at once acting powerfully upon it, and giving it its fullest and most complete expression.

I.

Taine was the theorist and the philosopher of that scientific movement which in France was the successor of the romantic movement. The romantic movement itself—the work of the generation of 1820–1850—had been a reaction against the hollow, conventional, and sterile art and thought of the age which preceded it. To the narrow and rigid rules of the classical school of the decadence it opposed the broad principle of the freedom of art ; for the servile imitation of antiquity it substi-

tuted the discovery of new fountains of inspiration in the works of the great masters of all times and countries; while the dull uniformities of a mechanical style gave place to the varying caprices of individual taste, and the narrowness of a tame and timid ideology to the broad horizons of a spiritual eclecticism which found room and recognition for all the great doctrines that in their turn have swayed and captivated the minds of men, and which even professed to reconcile philosophy with religion. But, brilliant as was this epoch of our intellectual history, with its men of genius and its works of art—much as it did for the emancipation of taste and thought, and much as it gave to both art and literature of life and color and newness, it still fell short of fulfilling the hopes it had inspired. It was mistaken in asserting as a basal principle of art that liberty which is only one of its essential conditions. With its superficial eclecticism, its confused syncretism, it was lacking in unity of action, in definiteness of aim, in organic principle. It had replaced conventions by new conventions, the antiquated rhetoric of the classic writers by a rhetoric which from the first day seemed also faded; it had fallen, in its turn, into vague declamation and noisy commonplace; and it had made the fatal mistake of supposing that efforts of imagination and flights of fancy could take the place of serious study and acquired knowledge, and that the secret things of history and the human heart could be got at by guess-work and delineated with a clever sweep of the brush. Its philosophy, at the same time, had fallen into utter helplessness, while obstinately refusing the fresh impulsion of the spirit of research which was even then creating a new science of nature and of man, and relaying the experimental bases of psychology.

The generation which came to its full age about 1850, or within some twenty years after, while it retained to a great extent the legacy of the romantic school—its rejection of the antiquated rules of the classicists, its assertion of the freedom of art, and its hunger for life, and color, and variety—nevertheless took a very distinct departure of its own. Instead of leaving an open field for the play of individual sentiment or imagination, and allowing every one to shape for himself a vague and purely subjective ideal, it held

fast to one common principle of life and art, the search for truth—truth, not as an abstract intellectual idea, subjective and arbitrary, not as one of those visions of the imagination which people dignify with the name of truth, but truth objective and demonstrable, sought for and seized upon in the concrete reality, that is to say, scientific truth. This tendency of the time was so general, so profound, so truly organic, that it characterizes, consciously or unconsciously, every form of intellectual production. We note its presence no less in the paintings of Meissonier, of Millet, of Bastien-Lepage, and the open-air painters than in the plays of Augier, no less in the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, or Hérédia, or Sully-Prudhomme than in the historical works of Renan or of Fustel de Coulanges, no less in the novels of Flaubert, Zola, or Maupassant than in the writings of philosophers like Taine himself.

The movement had had illustrious precursors: Héricault and Stendhal, Balzac, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and Auguste Comte, and others beside these, had anticipated it. But it was not till after 1850 that scientific realism became the organic principle of intellectual life in France. By that time it pervaded everything. Alike in poetry and in the plastic arts we find the same striving after technical accuracy, the same effort to come to closer terms with nature, to adhere more strictly to the historic verity. The novelists, whether they are describing the present or reanimating the past, become scrupulous in their observation of life and manners, and exacting in their demand for positive evidence. Flaubert employs the same methods in depicting the manners of a Norman village as in describing those of the Carthaginians during the war of the Mercenaries. Bourget analyzes the characters in a novel with the precision of a professional psychologist; and Zola goes the length of introducing physiology and pathology. The poetry of Hérédia and Leconte de Lisle is steeped in erudition, that of Sully-Prudhomme in science and philosophy; while Coppée is a hard student of middle-class and working-class manners. The historians apply themselves with an almost excessive conscientiousness to the examination of documents and the dissection of details, and make it their highest ambition to have an unerring eye for a text. The philosophers turn to

mathematics, to natural history, to physiology, to supply the bases of a more rigorous psychology, a more certain and rational conception of the universe, and a more accurate knowledge of the laws of thought. The study of outward truth on the one hand—the attempt at a faithful representation of the visible and tangible phenomena of life—and, on the other, the search for the underlying truth, for the play of forces and interaction of natural causes which determine these phenomena—this has been the twofold aim of our poets and painters and sculptors, our novelists and our philosophers, no less than of our men of science; and, in spite of the errors into which modern realism has betrayed some of its devotees, there is an incontestable grandeur in this unity of effort and of inspiration. It was the glory of M. Taine that he, above all other men, was intimately cognizant of the mind and spirit of his generation; that whether as philosopher, historian, or critic, he represented it with unapproached precision, and splendor, and potency; and that he exerted upon it a profound influence. If we discern in him, nevertheless, some lingering trace of that classic spirit of which he was the life-long antagonist; if he sometimes mistakes simplicity and clearness for an evidence of truth; if he was over-fond of absolute formulæ, and of logical systematizing; if we discover also a touch of romanticism in his love for the picturesque, and his delight in exuberant and tumultuous character; he had, nevertheless, this supreme merit—that he loved and believed in truth for its own sake, that he trusted to its beneficent influence, that he sought it with sincere and disinterested effort, and that he proved to his own generation how the passionate pursuit of art may be united with the austere and modest service of science.

## II.

Nothing could have been simpler than his life. Born in 1828 at Vouziers, in the Department of the Ardennes, and early orphaned of his father, he was brought up by a brave mother in a straitness of circumstance akin to poverty. After a brilliant course of study at Paris, he was entered at the École Normale at the age of twenty, and found himself the companion of a number of men who were destined with himself to make their mark

in literature—Weiss, About, Paradol, Gréard, and Fustel de Coulanges. Among these he soon took the first rank. He gave proof of his superiority in the examination for his degree in philosophy; but, at the same time, he showed such independence of mind in his treatment of the received eclectic doctrines that the examiners rejected him on the ground of heresy, while admitting that he had taken the first place. The political and religious reaction which marked the opening years of the government of Napoleon III. was then at its height; and the young University, suspected of a leaning to independence, was subjected to petty persecutions which obliged several of Taine's most distinguished comrades to abandon teaching as a profession, and seek their fortunes in journalism. Taine himself, stigmatized by his degree examination as a dangerous character, was forbidden the entry of the philosophy class-room, and sent to Besançon as assistant teacher to the sixth form. He resigned, and went to live in Paris with his mother, and earn his living by private lessons. Meanwhile he was studying medicine and natural science, and acquiring that scientific training which he considered indispensable for a philosopher; and by 1853 he had passed his *doctorat-ès-lettres* with a treatise on La Fontaine and his Fables. The next year he published his "Essay on Livy," in 1856 his "Travels in the Pyrenees," and in 1856 his "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century."

The success of his books was instantaneous and phenomenal. He was recognized at once as a writer, a critic, an historian, a thinker; the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* sought contributions from him, and he showed the extent of his knowledge and the force of his thought by applying to the most various literary and historical subjects of the philosophic theories which he had already completely elaborated in his two first works. These articles, in which his talent shows itself at its supplest, its most sparkling, its most seductive, have been collected and published in the two volumes of "Critical and Historical Essays" (1858 and 1865). While still engaged in these excursions among the literatures of the world—excursions which led him from Xenophon and Plato to Guizot and Michelet, from Marcus Aurelius and Bud-

dism to the Mormons and Jean Reynaud, from Renaud de Montauban to Balzac, and from Racine to Jefferson—he was preparing a great work in which he was to apply to a noble literature and a noble race his theory of the conditions of the development of civilization and of intellectual production. In 1864 he published his “History of English Literature” in four volumes. This is his most splendid achievement, and it is one of the glories of French literature. Henceforth his position was unassailable. Life smiled on him; the world opened its arms to him. His friends were the most illustrious men of the time in science, art, and letters. The State sought to repair the wrong it had done him by appointing him professor at the *École des Beaux Arts*, and examiner in history for St. Cyr. His marriage, a little later, with a woman of superior endowments, created for him at once a wider life, and the conditions most favorable to the expansion of his affectionate nature and the patient and cheerful pursuit of his literary labors. His lessons on the history of Art gave him the opportunity of seeking, in a fresh department of human activity, a new demonstration of his philosophical theories. His “Travels in Italy” (1868) and his little books on “The Philosophy of Art, in Italy, in the Netherlands, and in Greece,” and “The Ideal in Art” (afterward republished in two volumes under the title “The Philosophy of Art”), displayed all the resources of a mind capable of giving the most varied forms and applications to a quite immutable basis of doctrine. In “Thomas Graindorge” (1867), the humorist and satirist of Parisian society scarcely conceals the personality of the philosopher who in 1870 lays down the laws of thought in his two volumes on “The Intelligence.” He was projecting a work on the Will, which should complete the exposition of his philosophy, when the war of 1870 broke out, and was followed immediately by the Commune. Taine was profoundly affected by these events. The development of the political and social situation in France, and its relation to the past and the future, seemed to him the gravest and most pressing of all the problems which had as yet presented themselves to his mind, and he resolved to apply to it all his powers of work and thought, and all the rigor of his

method. His treatise on “Universal Suffrage and the Manner of Voting,” published in 1871, testifies to the practical motives which led him to this decision; and thus it was that to his great literary work, “The History of English Literature,” and his great philosophic work, “The Intelligence,” he added his great historical work, “The Sources of Contemporary France.” The mere overhauling of documents was a colossal task; his abstracts filled something like a dozen folio volumes. Then he had to explain the causes of the fall of the *Ancien Régime*, to account for the powerlessness of the revolutionary assemblies to found any durable political system, and to expose the evils due to the Napoleonic institutions which still reign in France. This task of generalization, not abstract and vague, but precise and concrete, involving the classification of thousands of facts and the minute and conscientious study of all manner of institutions, legal, political, administrative, religious—all this accompanied by the constant effort of organizing and philosophic thought—was pursued for twenty years without faltering, though not indeed without weariness. With all the alleviations of his long summer sojourns in the delicious retreat he had provided for himself at Menthon Saint-Bernard, on the shores of the lake of Annecy, the repeated hydropathic cures at Champel, near Geneva, and the hygienic regularity of a life from which the exhausting fulfities of social distraction were rigorously excluded, he had not the physical forces necessary to resist the strain of that perpetual tension of the mind, working always in a given direction, and never for a moment inactive. Never had his perceptions been more lucid, nor his faculties more robust than when he wrote those chapters on the Church and Education in the *Nineteenth Century*, which were published but a year ago. But the body, worn out by the exactions of a too hardy soul, refused to go through with the task, and he died on the 5th of March, leaving his great work, of which six volumes had already appeared, unfinished by two or three chapters.

### III.

Such was his life—laborious, simple, serious; elevated and illumined by the consolations of friendship and family, the

joys of thought, the love of nature and of art. The character of the man was in perfect harmony with his life. You had only to know him to be convinced of it; for if his life was hidden from the world, no one ever concealed himself less from those who had the privilege of associating with him. This great lover of truth was true and sincere in everything, in thought and feeling, in word and action. This man of gigantic intellect was simple, grave, and candid as a child; and it is to the simplicity, candor, and seriousness with which he opened his direct and inquiring gaze upon the world and the men who people it, that he owed that force and vividness of impression and expression which were the peculiar mark and sign manual of his genius. How did he come by these rare and seductive qualities? Were they the inheritance of his race? One might almost think it, as one reads what M. Michelet says of the population of the Ardennes: "The race is refined; it is sober, thrifty, intelligent; the face is dry and sharply cut. This character of dryness and severity is not confined to the little Geneva of Sedan; it is almost everywhere the same. The country and the inhabitants are alike austere; the critical spirit is in the ascendant. It is commonly so among people who feel that they themselves are of more value than their possessions." But Vouziers is on the borders between Champagne and the Ardennes; and with Taine himself the innocent mischief of the Champenois, the flash and sparkle of the wines of La Fontaine's country (La Fontaine was one of his favorite authors), went far to temper the austerity of the Ardennais.

Yet one hesitates to reckon much on the influence of race in the presence of a nature so exceptional as that of Taine—a nature so conscious, reflective, self-determining, and in which it is so difficult to separate the intellectual virtues of the thinker from the personal virtues of the man.

Perhaps the most striking thing in him was his modesty. It spoke even in his appearance. There was nothing about him to invite a second look. Somewhat below the middle height, with irregular features, and eyes which showed a slight cast behind their spectacles, his figure somewhat mean, especially in his youth, there was nothing to betray to a careless

observer the man he was. But when you saw him closer, when you spoke with him, you were struck by the powerful and solid build of the face and skull, by the look, now inward and reflective, then outward, penetrating, questioning, and by the mixture of force and gentleness in the whole aspect of the man. As he grew older, this characteristic of robust and kindly serenity became more marked, and Bonnat has successfully caught it in his portrait of his friend—the only portrait of him that exists, for Taine's modesty shrank from the photographer as it shrank from the interviewer. He had a horror of fuss and notoriety, and secluded himself from the world, not simply because his health and his work necessitated it, but because he could not endure to be an object of curiosity and to be lionized. It was not from unsociability, for no one could be more welcoming, more genial than he, when there was either advice to give or an opinion to be taken. Not only was he exempt from affectation, from airs of importance or any sort of mannerism, but he had the gift of making people forget his superiority and putting himself on a level with the humblest of his interlocutors, treating them as friends and equals, and making it seem as if he had something to learn from them.

And so, indeed, he had. The gift was no mere artifice of courtesy or condescension; it belonged to the very stuff of his character and ways of thinking. It came, to begin with, from his simple seriousness. Sensitive as he was to beauty or cleverness, truth was worth more to him than either. He wanted to get at the truth, and he did not care about being praised. Whatever subject he dealt with, whatever person he talked with, he made straight for the heart of things, certain of finding something to learn; and this scientific conception of truth made him attach infinite value to the smallest acquisitions of fact or idea, if only they were precise and accurate. Above all, he liked to converse with men who were specialists in their own art or science, or even trade; he knew how to draw them out, and to utilize their special information in building up his own general conceptions. He preferred a talk on trade with a tradesman, or on toys with a child, to the chatter of the drawing-room or the eloquence of empty cleverness. He detested clap-

trap. Even irony was foreign to him, though he lacked neither playfulness nor the power of satire.

His modesty had also its source in his goodness of heart. His philosophy, it must be admitted, was sufficiently hard on the human race, classifying, as it did, a good part of it as simply noxious animals; but in practice he was pitiful, charitable, indulgent, like all humble men of heart. He had even that rarer kindness which consists in avoiding all that can wound or sadden; and his courtesy, like his modesty, was an affair of the heart. He respected the human soul; he knew its weakness, and would refrain from lifting a hand upon anything that could fortify it against evil or console it in its affliction. This temper of his may explain the feeling, not easily understood by every one, which prompted him, a Catholic born, but a freethinker and a life-long unbeliever, to seek interment according to the Protestant ritual. His aversion to sectarianism, to noisy demonstrations and idle discussions, made him dread a civil funeral, which might seem an act of overt hostility to religion, and might be accompanied by tributes intended rather to affront the faithful than to do honor to his memory. He was glad, moreover, to attest his sympathy with the great moral and social forces of Christianity. On the other hand, Catholic burial would have involved an act of adhesion, and a sort of disavowal of his own teaching. He knew that the Protestant Church would grant him its prayers while respecting his independence, and without attributing to him either regrets or hopes which were far from his thoughts. He wished to be borne to his last repose with the simplicity with which he did everything else, without military pomp or academic eulogy, without anything that could lend itself to dispute or controversy, or add to that moral anarchy of which he had endeavored to counteract the effects by unveiling the causes.

This goodness, this gentleness, this modest reserve, this respect for the feelings of others, betokened, however, no feebleness of character, no conventional compliances, no timidity of thought. The pacific nature of the man himself, and his views on the laws of social development combined to give him a horror of violent revolutions; but few writers have

shown in their intellectual life a more courageous and straightforward sincerity. He could not conceive how any personal consideration could prevent the expression of a serious conviction. He had, without any idea of bravado, compromised his career when he left the *École Normale*, by simply saying what he thought. He had quitted the University to take his chance in literature without giving himself any of the airs of a martyr or a hero. He had gone on saying what he thought in publication after publication, without troubling himself as to its effect on friends or supporters, and without attempting to reply to the attacks of his opponents, since all personal controversy appeared to him to be damaging to the combatants and useless in the interests of truth. The straightforward truthfulness of the "*Origines de la France Contemporaine*" had offended every party in turn. Nor was it only in confronting others and the world that he had shown this courageous sincerity. He had done what is rarer still, he had shown it toward himself. Early possessed with a distinct idea of the domain allotted to human science, he had forbidden himself to expect of it more than it could give, or to mingle with it any foreign element. He had clearly separated from it the domain of practical morality and religion. He attributed to it no mystic virtue, nor asked of it any rule of life. But on the other hand, in its own territory, he had followed it without fear, without hesitation, without regrets, without ever asking whither it was leading him. He had never allowed anything to enter into conflict with it. He would have reproached himself with weakness, if he had stopped to ask whether scientific truth is sombre or cheerful, moral or immoral. It is the truth, and there is an end of it. It was not to be endured that sentiment or imagination should corrupt the probity, the austerity—if I may so speak, the chastity—of the truth.

Such a character, such a life, is the life and character of a sage. Of a sage, I say, and not of a saint; for sanctity implies a something more—a something of enthusiasm, of asceticism, of the supernatural, which Taine might admire at a distance, but which he made no pretension to possess. He loved and practised virtue; but it was a human virtue, accessible and simple. In love with truth and

reality, he laid down for himself no rules which he could not fully keep, any more than he would have made statements which he did not believe it in his power to prove. Those charming sonnets of his on his beloved animal, the cat—that incarnation of gravity, suavity, and resigned demeanor, that soul of order and of comfort—were something more than a play of fancy, or an expression of fondness. They embody his conception of the ideal wisdom, which combines the philosophy of Epicurus with that of Zeno. His ideal of life was neither the Christian asceticism of the Port-Royalists or the author of the "Imitation," nor the superhuman stoicism of Epictetus; it was the softened and reasonable stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. He lived conformably to this ideal. Is not this praise enough?

#### IV.

The theories of philosophers are not only interesting for their own sake, they are interesting for what they tell us of the philosophers who theorized them. Our ideas of things are but the subjective impression made by the external world on the senses and the brain; what they really explain is our own intellectual constitution. Taine's favorite theory of the genesis of great men was that they were the product of the *race*, the *moment*, and the *medium*; and he would go on to discover in the complex individuality some one leading faculty to which all the others were ancillary. This fascinating theory has been often criticised, perhaps justly; but if there are many men of genius to whom it is difficult to apply it, it applies quite perfectly to Taine himself.

He is indeed of his country and his race; he is of the lineage of the best French minds; a lover of clear and pondered thought and of harmonious simplicity; a reasoner and a rationalist; no mystic, no sentimentalizer, but solid, loyal, and true; eloquent in exposition, a delighter in the beauty of form and color. If these qualities are associated in him with a somewhat trenchant tone, with something of a biting and satirical sharpness, let it be remembered that he was a native of the Ardennes.

He was emphatically, as we have already shown, the representative of his epoch and of his moment. The lamentable eclipse of the Republic of 1848 had

cured Frenchmen, for the time being, of chimerical hopes and enthusiasm; and from 1840 onward Sainte-Beuve declares that romanticism had proved a failure. All minds were ready to accept a system which should find the explanation of facts in the facts themselves; which should take concrete data as the only solid basis of reasoning; which should reduce art, literature, philosophy, politics, to the observation of realities, as the sole principle of truth and life.

He received, moreover, very profoundly the imprint of the medium in which he was brought up. The austerity of his race was emphasized in him by the hard, pinched, and solitary life of his early years. The injustices to which he had been subjected gave a certain zest to the enunciation of his ideas without regard to the opinions of others, and with a genuine scorn for the false judgments sure to be passed upon him whether he wrote philosophy, as in the "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century," or history, as in the "Sources of Contemporary France," or criticism, as in the preface to the "History of English Literature." In his literary work, again, we see the influence of the various environments of which he had been surrounded. Here and there we find an echo, a reminiscence, of the romanticism which was regnant in his youth; but his own instincts were classical—witness his preference for Alfred de Musset over Victor Hugo and Lamartine. His training at the University and the École Normale developed in him some features of the classic spirit—the tendency to abstraction and generalization, the love of systematizing, and of oratorical reasoning. Later on he associated himself much with men of science, physiologists and doctors, and had in common with them the habit of referring all phenomena to physical causes, and subjecting everything to a universal determinism. It was in these studies that he found the basis of his scientific realism. Finally, he had a marked predilection for the society of artists. He looked on nature and history himself with the eye of an artist, attaching extraordinary importance to color and costume, to questions of manners and external decoration, in which he recognized the rendering of the interior life in terms of sense. Of all our great writers, he is the one whose methods of description

come the nearest to painting. He has its accumulation of successive touches, its oppositions of light and shade, its incrustations. There is nothing dreamy about his imagination; it is concrete and colored.

What, then, amid all these influences and aptitudes, is the leading faculty in Taine—the faculty which dominated all the rest, and fashioned them to its purposes? It is, to my thinking, the logical faculty.

But is it possible? This vivid writer, this most dramatic historian, before whom in a perpetual procession of scenes men are always moving, acting, speaking—this critic, whose eye is ever for the forceful and the splendid in literature and art—for Rubens, Titian, Shakespeare—is he to be credited with a dominant faculty of the purely scientific order, a faculty almost mathematical? It is even so. This was his greatness and his weakness, the secret of his power and of his defects. Everything was to him, in the last resort, a mechanical problem; everything—the sensible universe, the human *Ego*, every historical event, every work of art. Each of these problems is reduced to its simplest terms, at the risk even of mutilating the reality; and the solution is pursued with the inflexible vigor of a mathematician demonstrating a theorem, of a logician working out a syllogism. Given an author or an artist, he infers what he must be from the race, the medium, and the moment; and, having thus mastered his individuality, he deduces from it all his acts and all his works. Given the question, What constitutes the ideal in art? he falls to calculating the degree of importance and the degree of beneficence—that is to say, the general utility—of the work of art, and incurs the reproach of having left out that mysterious and indefinable element—indefinable from its infinite complexity—the indispensable element of beauty. If he is attempting to explain the condition of contemporary France, he puts absolute faith in the power of abstract reason to complete the destruction of a social organization of which the natural and spontaneous forces, whether individual or collective, have been successively exhausted, and to bring about, first a state of revolutionary anarchy, and then a crushing centralization like that created by Napoleon. All that will not go within the four walls of this demonstration—the

powers of Parliament under the old *régime*, the work of the Constituent Assembly, the action of external causes, wars, and insurrections—is eliminated by the definition. This dominating logical faculty dictates the whole doctrine of Taine—a doctrine of inexorable determinism. Determinism is for him, as for Claude Bernard, the basis of all progress and of all scientific criticism; and he seeks in it the explanation alike of the facts of history and the works of human art.

At the same time, if Taine was a logician, he was a logician of a particular stamp. He was a realist, and his logic works only upon concrete notions. We shall ill understand his doctrine if we separate it from his method. And here we get some valuable light on the constitution of his intellect from the nature of his mathematical aptitudes. He had a great gift for mathematics, and especially for mental calculation. He could multiply sums of several figures in his head. But he did it by visualizing the figures and working the sum as if on a blackboard. In the same way the starting-point of his logical processes was always facts—facts observed with an extraordinary power of vision, collected with indefatigable conscientiousness, grouped in the most rigorous order. In history and in literary or artistic criticism the process was the same as in philosophy. The starting-point of his theory of intelligence is the Sign, the Idea being for him nothing but a name for a collection of impossible experiences. The Sign is the collective name of a series of images; the image is the result of a series of sensations; and the sensation is the result of a series of molecular movements. Thus, through a congeries of sensible facts, we arrive at an initial mechanical action. That is absolutely all. The fact and the cause are identical. This it is which distinguishes Taine from the pure Positivists. While the Positivists content themselves with analyzing facts and noting their co-ordination or succession, without assuming any certain relation of cause and effect between them, Taine, with his absolute determinism, sees in each fact a necessary element in a wider group of facts, which determines it and is its cause. Each group of facts is again conditioned by a more general group to which it owes its existence; and one might thus go on in theory from group to

group up to some unique cause which should be the originating condition of all that exists. In this conception force and idea and cause and fact are all mixed up together; and if Taine had believed it possible to soar into metaphysics, I suppose his metaphysics would have consisted of a sort of self-determining mechanism, in which the phenomena of the sensible universe and the ideas of the thinking *Ego* would be but the successive appearances presented to the senses by the manifestation of Being in itself, of idea in itself, and of action in itself.

And this helps us to understand how the great logician came to be also a great painter, how he developed that individual style, with its union of imaginative splendor and rigorous reasoning—a style in which every sweep of the artist's brush is an indispensable element in the philosopher's demonstration. Even his imagination has a character of its own. It has neither sentiment nor reverie. It startles us with none of those instantaneous flashes, those leaps of insight, with which Shakespeare penetrates the heart of Nature or illumines in a moment the mysterious recesses of the human soul. It is not the imagination that suggests and reveals; it is descriptive and explanatory. It shows us things in their full relief, their full intensity of color, and, by means of sustained comparisons, drawn out with all the analytic art of the logician, it enables us to classify facts and ideas. His imagination is but the sumptuous raiment of his dialectic. It has been said that this glowing oratory was none of his own, to begin with; that when he entered the *École Normale* he was reproved for his dull and abstract style, and that he set himself, by dint of study and effort, to acquire a better manner, browsing meanwhile upon Balzac and Michelet. But a good part of this is neat invention. No doubt, with so robust a genius as Taine's, the will played its part in the formation of his delivery as of his ideas; but there is far too deep an accordance between his style, his method, and his doctrine, for us to imagine it other than the necessary product of his nature. A style like this, at once firm and flashing, now vibrating with nervous tension, then spreading out into a broad and majestic harmony, is not made at pleasure or by machinery.

It must be acknowledged, however, that

this intimate admixture of the logical with the picturesque, this application of science to aesthetics, this constant intervention of physics and physiology in the affairs of the mind, this effort to reduce everything to necessary laws and to simple and definite principles, was not without its dangers and its inconveniences. The complexity of life is not so easily to be crammed into a framework thus rigid and inflexible; and nature, in particular, has this strange and inexplicable privilege, that wherever she combines two elements she can add a new one, which results from them but is not accounted for by them.

This is true especially in the organic world; life consists of just that indefinable something which educes the plant from the seed, the flower from the plant, and the fruit from the flower. In the universal mechanism of Taine this mysterious something has no room to breathe; and its absence gives to his style, as to his system, a rigidity which repels many of his readers. Amiel has expressed—with that exaggeration which his morbid sensibility introduces into everything—the impression produced by Taine on some tender and mystical natures which shrink away wounded from the mercilessness of his logic.

"I have a painful sensation in reading him—something like the grinding of pulleys, the click of machines, the smell of the laboratory. His style reeks of chemistry and technology; it is inexorably scientific. It is dry and rigid, hard and penetrating, a strong astringent; it lacks charm, humanity, nobleness, and grace. It sets one's ears and one's teeth on edge. This painful sensation comes probably from two things—his moral philosophy and his literary method. The profound contempt for humanity which characterizes the physiological school, and the intrusion of technology into literature, inaugurated by Balzac and Stendhal, explain this latent aridity which you feel in his pages and which catches you in the throat like the fumes of a mineral factory. He is very instructive to read, but he takes the life out of you; he parches, corrodes, and saddens you. He never inspires; he only informs. This, I suppose, is to be the literature of the future, an Americanized literature, in profound contrast with the Greek; giving you algebra in place of life, the formula instead of the image, the fumes of the alembic for the divine dizziness of Apollo, the cold demonstration for the joys of thought—in a word, the immolation of poetry, to be skinned and dissected by science."

Now in all this there is some truth, but there is a good deal of exaggeration and

even injustice. One has but to turn to his essay on "Iphigenia in Tauris" to recognize Taine's susceptibility to the beauty of the antique, to his pages on Madame de Lafayette to feel his grace, or to those on the English Reformation to see how deeply he was touched by the struggle of conscience and the spectacle of moral heroism. It would be easy to show, by running through his books, how this great mind, so profoundly artistic, as much at home—consummate musician that he was—in a sonata of Beethoven as in the metaphysical reverie of Hegel, was accessible to all the great ideas as to all the great emotions, but that he regarded it as a duty to moral as well as intellectual honesty to eliminate from the search for truth all those vague aspirations by means of which men try to create for themselves a universe of their own, "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire."

#### V.

Excluding thus from the whole field of his conceptions all metaphysical entities, all elements of mystery or uncertainty, and reducing everything to the mere grouping of facts, he could not but treat all the problems of literature and æsthetics as problems of history. Thus all his works, with the exception of his "Travels in the Pyrenees" and his treatise on the Intelligence, are historical works. They mark the last stage of the evolution by which literary criticism has become one of the forms of history. Villemain had been the first to show the relation between literary and historical development. Sainte-Beuve had sought, still more systematically, the explanation of an author's work in the circumstances of his life and time. Taine recognized in literature the most precious documents, the most significant testimony, to which history could appeal, at the same time that he regarded it as the necessary product of the epoch which gave it birth. The essay on La Fontaine is an essay on the society of the seventeenth century and the court of Louis XIV.; the essay on Livy is an essay on the Roman character; the history of English Literature is a history of English civilization and the English mind, from the time when Normans or Anglo-Saxons overran the seas and ascended the rivers, pillaging, burning, and massacring, shouting their war-songs as they went, down

to Queen Victoria dowering the illustrious Tennyson with the laureateship and a peerage. In the "Travels in Italy" and the "Philosophy of Art," you are introduced to the Italian society of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to Dutch life in the seventeenth; and are made acquainted with the manners of the Greeks in the time of Pericles and of Alexander. It is easy to perceive that for Taine the histories of literature and of art are but fragments of the natural history of man, which is itself but a fragment of the story of the universe. Even the "Life and Opinions of Thomas Graindorge" is a humorous study of French society, from the same philosophical hand to which we owe the "History of English Literature." Never has any writer shown throughout his works such unity of conception and of doctrine, or manifested from the first so clear a consciousness of his own method, or proved so invariably equal to himself. From the École Normale onward, Taine pursued his own method of generalization and simplification. "Every man and every book," he said, "may be summed up in three pages, and those three pages in three lines." Nevertheless, he loved detail. His "Voyages aux Pyrénées" gives the impression of an exercise in description to see what could be done in it—something like a violinist's finger exercises. It is the only instance we have in his works of description for its own sake. Everywhere else the description is intended to furnish the elements of an historical generalization. He describes a country in order to explain its inhabitants; he describes the manners and the life of men in order to explain their thoughts and feelings. He has a wonderful gift of making visible to the eye the costume, the decoration, the outward manifestation of the most various civilizations and societies of men, of producing a general effect by accumulation of detail, and by the happy selection of the most characteristic features. In this he shows himself a great historical painter. Nor is the art less wonderful by which he reduces to a few clear and simple motives, logically grouped together and subordinated to a single ruling motive, the whole motley company of external phenomena. One kicks a little, it is true, against accepting explanations so simple for facts so complex, but one is subjugated by the rigor of the demonstra-

tion and the tone of conviction and authority, and also by the absolute sincerity with which the historian describes and the philosopher explains, untouched by either tenderness or indignation, and valuing men exactly in proportion as they represent the essential characters of their epoch, and are moved by the motives which animate it. He will speak in almost the same tone of admiring sympathy of Benvenuto Cellini, who personifies the spirit of the Renaissance, indifferent to good and evil, and only alive to the pleasure of working out its own individuality without hindrance and to the enjoyment of beauty in all its forms, and of Bunyan, the mystical tinker, who personifies the Reformation, with its contempt of beauty in outward things, and its passionate preoccupation with its own soul. His sympathy is the sympathy of the botanist or the zoologist, who appreciates a specimen as true to type. He searches history for the most perfect instances of the different varieties of the human animal. If he classifies and places them, as he does his works of art, according to their importance or their utility, one feels that nevertheless, in his character as a naturalist, all are interesting to him, while his admiration is reserved for those which best conform to type, be the type what it may.

## VI.

Nevertheless, this serenity—which had its source in his necessitarian philosophy—did not accompany him to the end. In this respect his last work contrasts with all that went before it. He is not here content with describing and analyzing; he judges, and he is angry. Instead of simply displaying, in the fall of the *ancien régime*, the violences of the Revolution and the splendors and tyranny of the Empire, a succession of necessary and inevitable facts, he speaks of faults, of errors, and of crimes; he has not the same weight and measure for the Reign of Terror in France that he had for a revolution in Italy or in England; and after being so indulgent to the tyrants and the condottieri of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries he speaks with absolute abhorrence of Napoleon, the great condottiere of the nineteenth century, and one of the most superb human animals, moreover, that have ever been let loose upon history.

M. Taine has been reproached with in-

consistency. It has even been suggested that his severity toward the men of the Revolution was due to political passion, to the wish to flatter the Conservatives, to some vague terror of the perils and responsibilities of a democratic system. Now it is impossible to deny that the experiences of the war and the Commune acted on the mind of Taine; but they certainly did not act upon it in any such mean and childish way. He believed that he saw in these events the tokens and precursors of the decadence of France, the explanation and the consequence of the political convulsions of a century ago. Surely, so far from upbraiding him with the emotion he betrayed, we should rather take it kindly of him that he felt so much, and that, seeing his country, as he believed, on the edge of the abyss, he should have tried to arrest her by the tragic delineation of her perils and her ills.

For the rest, he made no renunciation of either his method or his doctrine; he rather accentuated both. Nowhere has he more constantly employed his habitual method of accumulating facts to establish a general idea; nowhere has he set forward a series of historical events as more strictly determined by the action of two or three very simple causes tending continuously in the same direction. What may be objected against him is this—that he has too much simplified the problem, that he has neglected certain of its elements, that he has, with all his immense and sometimes wearisome accumulation of facts, omitted other facts which might have served to correct his deductions, and that he has needlessly blackened a picture which, in all conscience, was already dark enough. Such exaggeration as we find in the work is probably due to his love for France, combined with his lack of natural sympathy for her character and institutions. He was like a son tenderly attached to his mother, but separated from her by a cruel misunderstanding, or by a fundamental incompatibility of temper, and whose very affection seems to impose upon him a sorrowful severity of judgment. The seriousness of his nature, averse to all fashionable frivolity, his predilection for energetic individualities, his conviction that true liberty and steady progress are only to be had in conjunction with strong traditions, with the respect for acquired rights, and the spirit of co-

operation allied with a sturdy individualism—all these things conspired to make him a lover and admirer of England, and to render him severe toward his own capricious and enthusiastic people—toward a country where the force of social habits overpowers originality of character; where the ridiculous is more harshly dealt with than the vicious; where they neither know how to defend their own rights nor to respect those of others; where, instead of repairing one's house, one sets it on fire in order to rebuild it; and where the love of ease prefers the sterile security of a despotism to the fruitful efforts and agitations of liberty. For France he had the cruel satire of Graindorge; for England the most genial and kindly of all his works, the "Notes sur l'Angleterre." The English poets were his poets by predilection; and in philosophy he was of the family of Spencer, Mill, and Bain.

Such, I believe, are the reasons of the excessive severity of his judgments on France and the Revolution. To take them literally, one would be almost surprised that France is still in existence, after a hundred years of such a murderous system; and one marvels at a necessitarian like Taine reproaching France for not resembling England. But, after allowing for all that is exaggerated or incomplete in his representation and in his point of view, we must do homage, not only to the power and sincerity of his work, but also to its truthfulness. He has not said everything, but what he has said is true. It is true that the monarchy had itself prepared its fall by destroying everything that could limit, and therefore sustain, its power; it is true that the Revolution made way for anarchy by destroying traditional institutions, in order to replace them by rational institutions which had no root in history or in custom; it is true that the Jacobin spirit was a spirit of envy, hatred, and malice, which paved the way to despotism; it is true that the Napoleonic centralization is a hothouse system, which may produce early and splendid fruit, but which exhausts the sap and drains the life; and these truths Taine has set forth with a redundancy of proof and a force of reasoning which must carry conviction to all impartial minds. If a salutary reaction

takes place in France against over-centralization, the credit will be due in great part to him. And, come what may, we owe it to him that he has propounded the historical problem of the Revolution in new terms, and helped to bring it out of the domain of mystic legend or of commonplace oratory into that of living reality. Here also, in spite of the passion he has thrown into his narrative and his portraits, he has done good service to science and to truth.

## VII.

I have thought that I could render no better homage to this free, valiant, and sincere spirit, this soul impassioned for the truth, than by saying with all frankness wherein lay, to my eyes, the grandeur of his work, and wherein it fell short through narrowness or incompleteness. It seemed to me that I should be wanting in reverence for his memory, if I used toward him, any of those niceties of consideration and reserve which mark the funeral oration, and which he took such care to banish from beside his grave. But I shall have ill represented what I think and what I feel, if in these pages I have failed to convey my grateful admiration for one of the men who in our time have, by their character and their genius, most honored France and the human mind. I cannot better express what it was to me to see him pass away than by adopting the language used by a friend of mine in a letter to me, when he received the fatal tidings.

"His disappearance is the removal of a strong and clear light from the world. No one ever represented with greater vigor the scientific spirit; he seemed an energetic incarnation of it. And he leaves us at the moment when sound methods—the only efficacious methods—of arriving at the truth are losing their hold on the conscience of the younger generations; so that his death seems to mark, at least for the time, the end of a great thing. And then, for him to die like this, just after Renan!—it seems too much emptiness all at once. There will be nothing left of the generation that formed us; these two great minds represented the whole of it; we owe to them the teaching that came home to us more than any other, and our deepest intellectual joys; our minds are orphaned of their fathers."

—*Contemporary Review.*

## WITH THE WOODLANDERS.

WOODLAND folk-lore is fast dying out: very little will be left to us after another quarter of a century has elapsed. The older folks now rarely speak openly about those matters which formed common topics of conversation forty years ago in our woodland districts. Indeed their sons and daughters profess to laugh at the superstitions (*sic*) in which their parents still firmly believe. But their ridicule is really affected: their actions constantly prove them to be firm believers in spite of themselves in what they gathered as little children from their elders. Only those who lived among the woodlanders forty years ago know what their daily lives were like. There are still some lonely enough homesteads scattered here and there through the forest; but roads intersect it now in all directions, whereas at the time I allude to no roads existed—only a network of tracks, among which I frequently went astray until I learned to know the country well.

Neighbors, so-called, lived far apart. "I'll jest step over an' fetch Will's missis to ye, dame—you bein' so uncommon poorly like," was the sort of thing often heard among them, "Will's missis" living probably a couple of miles away. Six and even eight miles away from a doctor many of them were; so no wonder the women-folks were well skilled in simple remedies, productions of their own garden-plots, for "mother" always had a bit of ground for her herb-garden. It was not very often that a doctor was required, but chiefly when those accidents occurred that household medicines cannot alleviate.

Of the town's people or their ways they knew nothing: in fact, all town-dwellers were looked on with suspicion, when through changes they were obliged to deal with them—as, for instance, when some of the woodlanders' horses and carts were required when that first big house was being built, where house had never been before. When that great event took place, one said "he waunt able not jest then to do it," alluding to some offered job; another remarked that he'd "'siddar on it;" at last one bolder than the rest said he'd "chance it." Now this really meant that he had his doubts about getting paid for the carting; but when he found himself

promptly paid on the Saturday for his week's work, and paid well, with the further guarantee that this would be the rule if he continued on with the work, his ideas about "chance" or chances changed completely. Much the same state of affairs existed when some of the young fellows were required for ground-men laborers. "Not if they knowed it; they waunt a-goin' to; they never had. They reckined they wouldn't do so; what was the use on it?"

Here again, at last, one or two ventured, as pioneers for the others; and not only did these give satisfaction—for it was work they had been accustomed to daily, and what they were required to do was to them a comparatively easy task—but the first week's pay was to them a complete revelation. They had heard about such money being earned by those who, at intervals few and far between, visited the outside world; but they never had believed it to be truly stated. Civil, hard-working fellows they all were, full of manly independence. In my own daily work I came in constant contact with them, but they kept aloof from the other workmen as a rule. In the morning they were on the works to a minute; in the evening, when the day's work was done, they were lost sight of in the woods.

Years passed before I could say that I knew much about these woodland dwellers, but I got to understand them at last. Personally I have found them fiercely conservative, and I never found fault with them on that score. Their knowledge, though not gained through books, made them keen observers of human nature. In their own peculiar way they would patiently thresh matters out. It might be months before any signs would be given for or against a new movement; but given, either way, it was final.

One strangely reserved character, a master of all woodcraft in the opinion of his comrades, whose goodwill I had tried to gain in order that we might have a sociable chat together—but, as I thought, to no purpose—said one day as I was leaving the works, "You strolls about mid-dlin' o' nights like, don't ye? If you likes to come along o' me some night to my shanty, 'tis a tidy distance off like,

you're welcome." I found him to be a keen intelligent man, and from him I learned much of the woodlanders and their ways of thinking, of woodcraft, and of all things living under green leaves. It could only be expected that those who from one generation to another have lived in the very centre of natural life should be as observant of all Nature's various aspects as the wild creatures around them; and they have also their own theories about natural phenomena—theories which very frequently proved to be important facts. Their lives being spent in the open air, summer and winter, they have to observe all weather-signs. The old people used to be so proficient in this that many of the farmers, such as they were at the time I allude to, would take their opinions unhesitatingly when the crops were about.

In all the years I have known them—many now—I never knew one who did not, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, give his opinion about the weather. Being so much alone—for their employment, as a rule, was, from the very nature of it, to a certain extent solitary—they pondered over matters, and worked them out in their own way. In calm or in storm, in sunshine or darkness, they found matters to ponder over deeply. No matter how hard their work was, they were always in close touch with the object under consideration. Their religious feelings were naturally strong ones; for they believed literally in all they read in their Bibles, and acted on that belief, each one according to his or her light. Theirs was—and it is now in some parts that I still visit—a stern puritanical faith, one that was upheld against all new-comers unflinchingly. Obedience to parents, one of the chief features in it, was carried to such a pitch as to become almost tyranny.

I was able to associate closely with these people, for my work lay in their midst, and I belonged to them by force of sympathy. It was a pleasure to me to be able to tell them where many of their beautiful woodland legends originated: some of them had, indeed, direct bearing on the book they read and studied so deeply—the Bible, in fact. And with the aid of my pencil I could make matters clearer at times than they would otherwise have been. As I supplemented any little information I gave by reading to them from works treating on the subjects under dis-

cussion, and offered them the books to read for themselves, I was eased of too great responsibility in the matter; and if there is one thing the wood-dwellers prize more than another it is "book larnin'," as they call it. "To git hold on a book, an' read away at it, hard words an' all, an' no spellin', an' to be able to write like print," was at that time something to be talked about in their isolated dwellings.

One poor old soul observed: "I was afeard as he'd never git at what father an' me wanted to tell Tom in furrin parts; but, bless ye, he was that patient-like, never sayin' a word afore we'd done; an' then he writ it and read it to us. He'd said in it all as we wanted to say, an' more as we could 'a said like. An' then he 'rected it to Tom so plain—why, bless ye, I culd see where 'twas goin' myself, an' I'm but a poor schollard."

Trifles are very large factors in making people happy. No matter what they might tell me, I never smiled at them; indeed it is not in my nature to smile much, I fear. And they, like myself, were terribly in earnest about the matters of daily life. For do not fresh problems present themselves almost hourly—the why and the wherefore of those things that are continually taking place around us? When the mists covered the hills and formed themselves into strange masses, as the currents of air played on them, it was small wonder if they likened one of the weird shapes to some figure vividly described in a passage they had recently pondered over. So closely were some of them in touch with nature, that they might have been called spiritualists of the woodlands. The wild creatures to them were all definite powers for good or evil in their direct relationship to man; and in nearly all cases that I was brought into contact with, they were in my opinion correct in their theories. They did not try to convince one; they simply said they "knowed it, an' that was enuf for them."

Men, women, and children could give the calls of any creature, furred or feathered, which they were in the habit of seeing daily, no matter what the cry might be,—rage, or fear, or that of gentle warning, or the soft calls of mating-time. "Mother"—this was the universal title for all married women who had children—very rarely exercised the gift of woodland tongues. They would tell you they

had "done it often enough when they was gals, but sich foolishness was done with now." I have heard young women whistle beautifully, mimicking the songs of the birds, the blackbird and thrush particularly. They fashioned simple instruments by the fireside, which were easily carried in the pocket, the whole lot of them, with which they mimicked the calls of the various species. If they wished to see whether a stoat, weasel, crow, or jay was about, they would place their lips on the back of one hand and squeal horribly, the cries becoming weaker each time, exactly like those of a rabbit caught in a trap, or fixed by a stoat or weasel. Crows, magpies, and jays know very well what that cry means: it is as a dinner-bell to them, for after the stoat or weasel leaves a rabbit a feathered company come to eat him. As the evening got more dusky, the boys would come out in their gardens, which were surrounded by the fir-woods, to call the owls to them. They would hiss and snore like the white owl—the barn-owl; hoot, click, and bark like the wood-owl—the brown or tawny owl; and squeak like mice, for the pleasure of seeing the owl swoop toward the place where the sound or sounds proceeded from.

"You bide still, an' see ef I don't fetch him in this 'ere fir close to our gate," said one to me. I did "bide still," being very much interested in the whole performance. First he locked his hands together with the thumbs upright, and into the hollow of the hands he blew between the thumbs. This was the hooting-machine; and it was simply perfect. Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo'e hoo! rang out—the fourth note being longer than the others. Then followed the click of the bill, as the fine bird snaps it in pleasant anticipation of mouse, finishing up with the bark when the bird springs from his resting-place. All this was done to perfection by the boy; but the master-touches were yet to come. With a small piece of twig he rattled tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, like the short patter of a mouse on dry leaves; for all mice travel intermittingly,—there is a short rush, and then a halt for a few seconds. No owl was visible yet, but the bird had got close to, when he heard the rustle. As the lad squeaked as a mouse will when he runs at night, he looked up and pointed: there was the owl ready for his mouse. When the bird caught sight

of us, he departed in the same noiseless fashion in which he had arrived.

I have not heard white owls hoot,—they do hoot at times, or bark; but the eagle-owl, wood-owl, long-eared owl, and the short-eared owl, together with the little owl, also the coquimbo or prairie-owl, all bark and mew at times. The little owl as a good barker surpasses all the others; he has barked at me many a time. When the long-eared owls have young ones, you can hear these mewling in the woods at dusk, just like a lot of kittens.

The beautiful white owl will, at times, come and perch on a bough right over some path in the woods, and will sit there quite regardless—to all appearance—of those who may pass beneath him. The satin-like white of the bird's breast fixes the eye at once, and this, with the full dark eyes set in his heart-shaped face, gives him a most weird look in the gloaming. No one attacks him then: they look on him with fear, for he is no longer a bird but a feathered form of evil, come to warn them of coming misfortune; while a white mouse caught or seen in a dwelling-house always denotes death.

Simple facts of everyday life only do I treat of here. I do not profess to give a sketch of any imaginary woodland Arcadia. No such poetical place has ever existed, nor ever will, while common humanity with all its hopes and fears, and its tumultuous passions, has play. But one thing I am sure of: all the fads brought out by a certain class for the so-called improvement of woodland people have miserably failed, and ever will fail. "'Tis our wotes, not us, as they wants," they say, and this sums up the whole matter. I have nothing to do with politics, being only a roadside naturalist. I simply look on at the working of the very complicated political machinery. Loyal people the woodlanders have always been, and they are that now; but they have been, as they call it, "soaped over a bit, and they ain't a-goin' tu hev no more on it." Folks are very conservative, indeed, at heart in the woodland districts.

It is the same with the people we are describing as it is with townfolk, in that some families have lived honest hard-working lives from generation to generation, their sons and daughters turning out well, a pleasure and a comfort to the old folks; others have gone a different way. There

is a distinct line drawn under green leaves for those who do not act exactly as they ought to ; but there are nature's ladies and gentlemen there, and nothing is said or done to wound the feelings of the erring ones—although they are very quietly forced to see that some of their doings are not liked.

Black doings—consulting the Wise Woman, for instance—are detested by the puritanical dwellers of the wilds. "Bad comes on it : never a soul yet tampered with evil without sufferin' for't. There's the word o' Scripture agin it—dead agin it. The devil will have his own soon enough, without folks helpin' him to git 'em. He don't want no helpin', Old Cocky Hoop don't."

I have seen scores of faces of both men and women that would have served as perfect models for paintings of historical subjects depicting the times of Covenanters and Puritans. Hard-headed, earnest people these, who spoke about the ways of the Lord and the thundering of His chariots often in their daily course of life. That earnest way of living, that kept them pure both in body and soul, I have heard called "being under the iron sway of superstitious fanaticism." If those who speak thus had only a portion of their childlike faith in the hereafter, it would, I think, be better for them. Even heedless boys are cynics now, their parents being only old-fashioned blocks to stumble over. If this is the effect of the New Light that has been so freely flashed upon us lately, God help the forthcoming generation ! From childhood I have only known one rallying-cry, "Fear God ; honor the Queen !" If those who are so extremely anxious for the benefit of their fellow-creatures did benefit them, there might be something to be said in their favor ; but their only object seems to be that of benefiting themselves. New-comers and their fads, many of them mischievous and very inconvenient ones, are not in touch with the people, and they never will be.

Some of the folk-lore and the innocent devices employed by the lasses at certain times are harmless enough in all ways. Not one of the girls would plead guilty to the slightest suspicion of romance in their composition—indeed the word is only used by them to denote all that is wild and extravagant ; and yet unconsciously to them-

selves they are full of it. Their surroundings foster it. Some of the songs we have listened to—for the lasses can sing, or could—all told of love and happy marriage, or of disappointed affections and early graves. Very often, still, I find myself breaking out into a stave of a good honest greenwood song.

But there is a darker side to what I am writing about, for forest blood runs hotly, as it has ever done. One spot that I know well—a deep sullen mill-pool surrounded by trees, with a foot-bridge over it—has a very evil reputation : they say it is haunted.

Two men once wanted to marry the same woman—a difficult matter, looked at properly—and being rivals, they were, as is usually the case, bitter foes. On a disastrous night they met on the bridge over the mill-pool, and one of them was never seen again. Months afterward the remains of a body were found entangled in the submerged tree-roots. In out-of-the-way places such things were not looked into so sharply as they are now. The man that was left alone on that foot-bridge was ever afterward a miserable coward in the dark. I knew that from personal observation. So well indeed was this known, that the little school-children used to mock at him. He had a miserable end. As in all other places on the face of the earth, good and evil can be found side by side in the woodlands.

I have observed that all, town-folk as well as rustics, hold up their hands for Sunday-schools. No matter whether they belong to the Church of England or to the Nonconformists, all working folks are agreed there. There is a spontaneous acknowledgment on the people's part that these work for good. One father of a young family observed to me quite recently, "It ain't what I believes—I knows best about that—but I don't want my young ones to think as I do about things, leastways not yet a while. Them 'ere Sunday-schools is good things ; they don't larn nothin' but what's good there."

One worthy old soul, a mother in Israel, was wont to expound to me, as we sat in the chimney-corner, about visions and the Witch of Endor. These had been ; "there was nothin' on the face o' the airth to perwent sich things agin happenin'." I never said a word, only nodded to her from time to time. After a fresh

pinch of snuff she would break out again about the elect coming in a whirlwind with their chariots of fire. Presently she would put on her spectacles, and then we had it, chapter and verse.

Every now and again I nodded to her, just to let her see I was following her very closely. She must have been a shining light in the little Bethel she attended, for I never heard so much in so short a space of time in my life before, as she gave me one night. As the husband and son had gone out, she might have thought it a proper time to improve the state of one whom she evidently considered to be a lost sheep. I had more than enough of whirlwinds and chariots, as well as of visions, while I lived with them.

The robin, the woodman's companion, naturally comes in for his full share of folk-lore: he cries when things look "peaked,"—when, for instance, in certain changes of the atmosphere before hard weather sets in, the buds on the leafless trees stand out like sharp points—the beech-tree tips particularly. Directly the leaves are off the trees, you see preparations making for the coming spring-time.

"You can't hide from a robin; they're bound to find ye out," they say. This is very true: the bird will surely come to you in the most out-of-the-way places. "Don't ye see they got to do it; they comes to see if any little children wants happin' up with leaves again. No matter who 'tis, they feeds a robin when he comes; an' he knows what's comin' when he cries to ye." All birds being sure indicators by their cries and movements as to what the weather is likely to be, they are more noticed than other creatures; and the robin particularly, from his peculiarity of coming direct to man. Sheep tell the shepherd by their movements all he requires to know, and he prepares accordingly. "The hills are drawing nigh," they say; "we shall have wet before long:" and the rain does come, more or less of it.

The wryneck, or cuckoo's mate, or the rinding bird, as he is called by the bark-strippers or "bark-flayers," makes his pee-pee-pee heard in spring when the oak sap rises, and the rind, or bark, is taken off after felling. The golden-crested wren is called the bee-bird, because it is the smallest bird they are acquainted with.

This is a very good country name for the little creature.

If a bird pecks at a window, or takes shelter in any house, dire will be the consternation of the inmates: words of comfort are useless; if you are wise, hold your tongue, and wait for daylight, or you will have it proved to you conclusively that you are no better than "a misbelieving heathen."

There are two kinds of the so-called "witch-knots:" one of these consists of only a bunch of leaves matted together, because the little twigs have got interlaced somehow; but the genuine and much prized witch-knot is a woody wart-like protuberance, of the shape of a small puff-ball. It is found at times on other trees; but the beech produces these circular nobs more, I think, than other trees. These are knocked off, and, as treasures, pocketed and religiously kept as a cure, and also a preventive, of rheumatism. I have seen some of the old ladies turn their very large pockets out when they could not feel just what they wanted, and one or two witch-knots would be sure to come out, beautifully polished by constant friction against the "jumbles" those bag-like pockets contained. A knuckle-bone, white and glistening, would also be sure to turn up, or rather out. This article was considered to keep cramps away from the one who carried it.

But dearly prized above all was some article kept for *luck*. Any prized article might be mourned over if they lost it, but the idea of losing the "luck" was too much even to dream about.

A good old creature gave me as a parting gift a luck-stone. It was one of the quaintest, most elfish-looking, grinning heads I have ever seen; and it had been carved by some rustic genius, or rather fashioned from a large peach-stone, having two small white beads inserted for eyes. The holes in the beads served as eye-pupils. The thing's head was fixed to a wooden button, a little dog's-toothed pattern collar of red and black was fixed round it, and the name of the whole was "Jobber." I carried "Jobber" long about with me to laugh at, and make others laugh, when I was far away from the giver; but at last I gave the fetich away to a woodland friend who had often looked at it with longing eyes: he told me over and over again that there "was

summut in it." There was certainly enough quaint mischievous ugliness in that little figure-head to frighten some. Luck or no luck, I parted with "Jobber," and the only things I missed were his own impish features.

It is considered a sad misfortune to let the old-fashioned eight-day clocks run down, or to let the wood embers die out in the hearths, either in summer or in winter. I have seen the master of the house draw the clock up before going to bed, and tap the face of it, as if he were bidding good-night to one of his own children.

That cruel piece of folk-lore which leads to boring a hole in an ash-tree, and placing a poor little shrew-mouse in it alive, and then plugging the hole up, so as to convert the tree into what they call a shrew-ash, supposed to be useful for curing certain diseases in cattle, is no longer practised in the southern woodlands, although until very recently the custom obtained in the New Forest. Cast horse-shoes and sprigs of the mountain-ash can still be seen fixed to stable-doors almost everywhere.

The carters, the older men, on some of the old manor farms, have told me strange tales of spells being thrown over their horses. Fortunately, I can keep my features at times fairly under control, and I have never offended, so far as I know, one single member of this class of people. I do not wish to do so if I can help it, for I respect them. Some have, however, paid dearly for their ridicule, which is bad coin to try to pass in the woodlands. "Up-end yerself!" (Stand up!) the insulted one will cry, and the thing is done; and, as a rule, a good job is made of it. Men and women who have left the country when they were in their teens, hold firmly to these folk-lore traditions in spite of some would-be scientists, who say there is a cause for everything, if we could but find it. We do not find the causes for certain things—we never shall; and so humanity will hope and doubt and fear to the last.

Some of the traditions that have been handed down to us are so pure and good, that they must have originated at some time or other from a good source alone. Yet a certain class are most earnestly trying to sweep away with a moneyed broom the folk lore and traditions of ages, and

to remodel a class of people that have been, and are now, of very rugged but kindly natures.

As in the Obi practices in the West Indies, personal malice is brought to bear on victims by those who work on the credulity of their dupes.

"I say, mister, do ye believe in witchcraft? I bin goin' to ask ye lots o' times, fust chance I had; now I got it," said a rustic to me one day.

"No, I do not; and I hope you have not got that nonsense in your head."

"Ah, well, you don't know about everything."

This I at once acknowledged, at the same time telling him I did not feel particularly anxious to know much about the matter in question.

"I don't want to 'fend [offend] ye," he persisted; "I want to tell ye 'bout them 'ere pigs o' mine what was witched. Now, look here,—I killed my pig and bought another; but, ye see, that 'ere fresh pig died the week arter I bought un. I goes an' gits another pig, puts un in the werry same sty, and he dies too."

"Did you lime-white your sty out after you had lost your first pig?"

"No; what for? what's lime-white tu do with pigs? never did lime-white 'em,—don't mean to; them 'ere two pigs was witched. I went to the wise woman—you dunno who she is, an' I ain't a-goin' tu tell ye; but she pintoed out a hook-nosed old varmint o' a woman as lived in a shanty all by herself up in the moor. Her place was close to a spring, where she culd come an' dip her pitcher. If she'd bin 'bliged tu cross runnin' water, she couldn't ha' lived there: runnin' water takes all the powers o' mischief out o' them sort o' cattle. Well, the wise woman told me that if I culd draw a drap o' blood from that old varmint, all the witchcraft would leave that 'ere pig sty. I got on to that 'ere job quick; but waunt she desprit artful? Two marnin's she didn't cum out. You knows them 'ere big shawl-pins, with black taps to 'em, don't ye? well, I nips one o' they from my missus, unbeknown to her like, and carts it about with me, all ready fur the job. The third marnin' I laid up fur her in the fuzzes, an' arter a bit I sees her cum hobblin' out fur tu git water; then I slips up behind her an' jobs that 'ere shawl-pin into her three or four times, fur witchin'

my pigs. Massey oh ! didn't she squawk an' squall, like some old hen. She dropped her pitcher, an' got back indoors quicker 'an she cum out ; an' I kicked her pitcher tu bits, I did."

This was too much for me : I told him in rough and unmeasured words what I thought of him, winding up by saying that if I had been about when the atrocious deed was done, I should have done my best to get him three months' hard labor. The truth of the matter I found out was this : the poor old creature who had been so brutally treated had warned some woodland lass against going to the wise woman. Love-charms and philtres were in request centuries ago, but so they are now in some places I could mention. I knew the ways of that wise woman, and also knew her personally, and I could have placed hands on her at any time. Those love-potions are not harmless ones if fairly administered in a man's drink. There are those who know the real nature of one very beautiful but horribly dangerous vegetable production that in its season is so very common in forest districts—the scarlet fungus that grows at the foot of some trees. One of the properties—only one out of many—is this : it will make a chattering, silly fool of a wise man. This is a very unpleasant subject, and one about which I do not care to say too much. Those who have written about the innocent unsophisticated dwellers of the woodlands have written utter nonsense. I have known some of these so-called innocent dwellers of the woods go just as far as they possibly could with safety, in order to gain their own ends. One of the companions of my younger days, a fine good-looking fellow, only escaped by the skin of his teeth from having a potion of this kind given him by a lass who did not attempt to conceal her open admiration. The girl's own sister, however, prevented its being administered to him. But from the first I have held those who live under green leaves in high esteem : their sterling honesty, their handiness in all they set their hands to, their determination not to be beaten over difficult jobs—these qualities, added to their stubborn independence, make them prime favorites of mine, and to this class I owe the greater part of my knowledge of the southern counties.

You are not able to go just where you

like in the woodlands, even if it is wild land. Those who come into the country for a few weeks or months, as the case may be, to write on rural matters, go away little wiser than they came. If there is one thing these people dislike more than another, it is being questioned ; and if the course is persisted in, strangers get told a good deal, but little that is useful. To one rash individual who tried to interview me I gave valuable information, which if published would outdo Baron Munchausen. Brain-suckers are in force just now, and our villages and rural population get too much written about.

Owlets, as the large moths are called, find scant favor with the woodlanders : they rob the bee-hives, they say. I have known some of the sphinxes enter the old-fashioned skeps. The death's-head moth is a real terror to any household that it may visit ; so are bats. Things of darkness they call these. One touching ceremony is still observed by the old people who keep bees—that of going to the hives and telling the inmates when a death takes place in the family. One of my rustic friends once told me he would get me some moon-seed. The wonderful properties of this small moon-wort fern, which are still firmly believed in, would cause my readers to smile if I related them. Some curious old copies of works on herbs are still to be found in the homes of the woodland families, in which all the planetary influences are minutely given. These are most precious property, jealously guarded from profane eyes. The best and most costly work on botany of the present day would be regarded as dirt compared with their old musty treasures, for they deal with some of those mysteries of Nature, those problems they have been trying to work out in their own fashion all their lives.

The black art, the fancied possession of forbidden knowledge, although repudiated by the greater portion, has some strange fascination for them. I was the involuntary listener to a conversation that ran as follows :—

"What's that ye say ? Old Bitters dyin' ?"

"Ah, he is dyin' hard : he can't go his journey yet ; an', mark my words, he wunt be 'lowed to start on it afore he gives up them 'ere black books o' his. I knows who they was reckined tu pass

tn, when old Bitters passed away. But if he can't go afore them 'ere desprit wicked things is burnt, t'other wunt hev 'em." Then lowering his voice, he added, "I've heerd that queer figgers in red and black are in them 'ere books, an' signs o' planets. If you 'members, he warn't never sociable like; an' he muttered tu himself at times. But it ain't fur me to judge him nohow. If he goes afore mornin', we shall know them 'ere things is burnt. I wouldn't handle one on 'em myself for a fortin."

The poor fellow did pass away in the night, and the next morning it was whispered all over the hamlet that "Old Bitters' black books was burnt to tinder."

All this may read strangely in this nineteenth century of ours, but it is the plain truth, and very much more of the sort could be told. Wise women, so-called, did not rely on country people for their ill gains. From towns where the church-bells were ringing continually for service, men and women still leave the sound of their calling to glean information from a foul old hag, and this within an hour of London town. Infinite mischief beyond all repair has she caused her dupes to pay for, and they have to hold their tongues over it.

When I first settled among the woodland folk, I fancied they must get up to go to work in the middle of the night, so very early did they rise; but they went to bed early too. Until I got used to it, I was very often startled out of my sleep by the cries of wild creatures. Who could suppose that the hooting and barking of an owl was the signal to let others know some were passing by, in the darkness, to their work? But so it was. One of the youngsters where I lived for a time

used to respond to this with the scream of the vixen when she answers reynard's bark. From the hill-tops could be heard the blowing of cow-horns—some of them were masters in the art of horn-blowing: between three and four in the morning in summer, and five o'clock in the morning in winter, these people were about, and none went out without having had some hot tea and something to eat. Timber-felling in the spring, and copse-cutting; hoop-shaving in winter, and charcoal-burning. Just for a change some would do a bit of harvesting, but nearly all their time was spent in and about the woods and the moors: they always had some job in hand there, or one to look forward to. Eight miles a day, each way, was not considered too much to walk, out and home. I have done eighteen myself very comfortably; but when the distance was over this, they camped out, in forest style, and very comfortable camping-quarters they made for themselves. Firs were felled, and a hut built and thatched, with a wattle door, packed with heather, very quickly.

By their camp-fires I have often listened as they related circumstances that had occurred in the past; but the greatest treat to me was to hear them talk in their quiet unassuming fashion of all the mysteries of southern woodcraft. At that time I had just returned from a visit to my native marshes and the bleak foreshores, so I was able to tell them about the wild creatures, and other matters, that dwellers inland rarely see. I have been hunting about in these districts for years, and yet have not seen one quarter of what I still hope to see. Some fresh thing comes to the front, in one way or another, almost daily.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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## RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

### I.

DURING the last thirty years the data of meteorology have been accumulated with a very great rapidity, and the chief desideratum of the moment is, to construct with these data such a general theory of the circulation of the atmosphere as would

embody the distribution of heat, pressure, moisture, and winds over the surface of the earth, and represent them as consequences of well-established mechanical laws. The old provisory hypothesis of atmospheric circulation, advocated by Hadley in 1735, and further elaborated by Dove in our century, can be held no

more, and a new theory has become of absolute necessity.

We all have learned Dove's theory at school, even though we often found it difficult to understand. The air, greatly heated on or near the equator, rises in the same way as it rises in the summer over a sunburnt plain. On reaching the higher strata of the atmosphere it flows toward the poles, but, owing to the speed of rotation which it has acquired in the lower latitudes, it is deflected—to consider the northern hemisphere only—to the right, and blows in the upper strata as a current from the southwest. To compensate this flow, air rushes on the earth's surface toward the equator, and as it also is deflected from its course by the same inertia of rotation, it appears in the tropics as a trade-wind blowing from the northeast. However, the upper warm current does not flow all the way to the pole in the upper regions; it is gradually cooled down, and in about the thirtieth degree of latitude it begins to descend to the earth's surface, where it meets with the cold polar current. A struggle between the two winds ensues, and it lasts until they make a temporary peace by blowing side by side, or one above the other; the struggle giving origin to storms and to changes of wind which are fully analyzed in Dove's theory. A rope without end rolling over two pulleys, one of which lies horizontally near the equator and the other stands upright in higher latitudes—such was the simplest expression of Dove's theory given in text-books.\*

Under this provisory hypothesis meteorology made an immense progress, and some five-and-thirty years ago, Leverrier in France, and Fitzroy in this country, ventured for the first time to foretell weather twenty-four hours in advance, or at least to send out warnings as to the coming storms. This bold step brought meteorologists face to face with a quite new problem. From the air-pressure, the temperature, the moisture, and the winds observed at a certain hour of the day at various spots and telegraphed to a central station they had to infer the next probable state of weather. So, leaving aside the great problems of atmospheric circulation, they directed their attention to the

changes of weather rather than to the causes of the changes.\* For this purpose purely empirical laws were of great value. When the meteorologist saw on a weather-chart a region of low atmospheric pressure, with winds blowing in spirals round and toward its centre, he named it, by analogy with real cyclones, a "cyclonic disturbance," or a "cyclone," giving the name of "anti-cyclone" to the region of high atmospheric pressure—and he studied the tracks of both disturbances in their advance across the oceans and the continents. He did not inquire for the moment into the causes of the disturbances; he took them as facts, and, following Buys Ballot's law, he said that the wind will blow as a rule from the region of high barometric pressure (the anti-cyclone) to the region of low pressure (the cyclone), with a certain deflection to the right or to the left. Immense researches were made to study the routes followed by the centres of barometrical minima, and we now have splendid atlases showing the normal tracks of cyclones across the Atlantic Ocean, over Europe and the States, in Japan, in the Indian Ocean, and so on, at various seasons of the year.† With these empirical data meteorologists attained such a perfection in their weather forecasts that in five cases out of six their previsions are now correct, while the coming gales are even foretold with a still greater accuracy.

However, the very progress achieved demonstrated the necessity of a more thorough knowledge of the too much neglected upper currents of the atmosphere. In Dove's scheme, the upper equatorial current, after part of it had been sent back to the equator, was entirely abandoned to

\* See W. Bezold's short sketch of meteorological progress in *Sitzungsberichte der Berlin Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1890, ii. 1295, sq.

† Besides the earlier works of Ley (*Laws of the Winds Prevailing in Western Europe*, Part I. 1872) and Köppen (*Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse aus der monatlichen Uebersichten des Wetters*, 1873-78), we have now the splendid work of W. J. Van Bebber, which embodies the tracks of all cyclones in Europe for the last fifteen years (*Die Zugstrassen der barometrischen Minima*, für 1875-90), the researches of Blanford, S. E. Hill, and Elliot in the *Indian Meteorological Memoirs* and *Cyclone Memoirs*, Part IV. (published by the Meteorological Department of India), the work of E. Knipping for Japan, in *Annual Meteorological Report for 1890*, Part II. Appendix, and several excellent works for Russia.

\* E. E. Schmid, *Lehrbuch der Meteorologie*, Leipzig, 1860, p. 568.

itself, to make its way as best it could against the opposed polar winds; but the existence of a strong, nearly permanent, and relatively warm upper wind blowing toward the east in our latitudes—which was only probable thirty years ago\*—became more and more evident, especially since the movements of clouds began to be systematically studied and observatories were erected on high mountains; and this wind remained unexplained in Dove's theory, while in Maury's scheme of atmospheric circulation, which is still in great vogue in our schools, there was even substituted for it a current in an opposite direction, which does not exist, and which Maury himself could not account for.† An entire revision of the subject was thus necessary, and this revision has been done by the American meteorologist Ferrel, in a series of elaborate works which are only now beginning to receive from meteorologists the attention they fully deserve.

Ferrel's theory is based upon considerations as to the laws of motion of liquids and gases of different densities. If the whole atmosphere were equally heated in all its parts, and at full rest, the air would be disposed in horizontal layers, of greater

\* Observations in Siberia, namely, at the graphite works on Mount Alibert, at a height of 8,000 feet (52° N. lat.), were especially conclusive. Alibert's observations, buried in the Russian *Trudy* of the Siberian expedition, proved the existence of a nearly permanent W. and W.N.W. wind on the top of the peak, and they showed at the same time that the average yearly temperature on the top of the peak was by some fourteen to eighteen Fahrenheit degrees higher than it otherwise ought to be. When I visited the then abandoned mine in 1864, and saw the peak dominating all surrounding mountains, and could judge of the force of the west wind from the immense works accomplished to protect the road which was traced on the western side of the peak, I could not refrain from explaining the extraordinarily great height of the snow-line in East Siberia by the existence of a relatively warm equatorial current blowing with a great force at a height of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet in the latitude of 52° N. Later on the observations which I brought from the Voznesensk mine (60° N., altitude 2,620 feet) induced my friend Ferd. Müller, who calculated those observations, to conclude that in higher latitudes the same current descends still lower to the earth's surface, and still maintains some of its initial warmth.

† See James Thomson's paper "On the Grand Currents of the Atmosphere," in *Philosophical Transactions*, A. 1892, p. 671.

density at the bottom, and of decreasing density toward the top. Considering some part only of the atmosphere, from pole to equator, and neglecting the curved surface of the earth, we should thus have something analogous to a trough filled with layers of different liquids. If one end of the trough were now warmed, and the other end were cooled, the layers would be horizontal no more. They would be inclined, but in two different ways; the lower ones would be inclined toward the warm part, while in the upper layers the inclination would be the reverse. A full circuit of the lighter liquids flowing one way on the surface, and of heavier liquids flowing the other way on the bottom, would thus be established. The same would happen in our atmosphere with the lighter warm currents and the heavier cold currents if the earth had no rotation on its axis. But it rotates—the solid globe as well as its gaseous envelop—and this modifies the whole circulation. The air which flows from the equator to the poles maintains, not its velocity of rotation, as has been hitherto taught, but its energy of rotation, which means that it obeys the law of preservation of areas; therefore, when it is transported from the equator to a higher latitude it is endowed (in the northern hemisphere) with a much greater eastward velocity than if it simply maintained its speed of rotation. On the other side, the air which is flowing from the higher latitudes toward the equator also obeys the same law and acquires a westward velocity, but much smaller than the eastward velocity of the former; this is why the west winds have such a preponderance in our latitudes.\* Moreover, in virtue of the centrifugal force, all masses of air moving in *any* direction—not only north or south, but also due west or east—are also deflected to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern hemisphere.† Consequently the air flows in great spirals toward the poles, both in the upper strata of the at-

\* Full tables giving the eastward (or westward) velocities for each latitude, under the two different hypotheses, have been calculated for the *Meteorologische Zeitung*, 1890, pp. 399 and 420.

† Ferrel seems not to have been aware that the same had been demonstrated, by R. Lenz, for rivers (about the year 1870) in a discussion of Baer's law, applied to the Amu river, in the *Mémoires* of the St. Petersburg Academy.

mosphere and on the earth's surface beyond the thirtieth degree of latitude; while the return current blows at nearly right angles to the above spirals, in the middle strata as also on the earth's surface, in a zone comprised between the parallels  $30^{\circ}$  N. and  $30^{\circ}$  S.\*

Such are, very briefly stated, the leading features of the theory which Ferrel laboriously worked out during the last thirty years, submitting all its parts to the test of both observation and mathematical analysis. By the end of his life (he died in 1891) he embodied his theory in a well-written and suggestive popular work, which fully deserves being widely known. All taken, his views so well agree with the facts relative to the movements of the atmosphere, and they give such a sound method for further investigation, that they are sure to become for some years to come the leading theory of meteorology. They already have given a strong impulse to theoretical research, and have created a whole literature in Austria and Germany.†

\* Wm. Ferrel, *A Popular Treatise on Winds, comprising the General Motion of the Atmosphere, Monsoons, Cyclones, Tornadoes, Waterspouts, Hailstorms, etc.* New York (Wiley), 1889. See also analysis of it by W. M. Davis (in *Science*, xv. p. 142; translated in *Meteorologische Zeitung*, 1890; *Literaturbericht*, p. 41), who gave the best diagram of circulation according to Ferrel's theory, and by H. F. Blanford in *Nature*, xli. 124. A full bibliography of Ferrel's works was given after his death in the *American Meteorological Journal*, October 1891.

† Roth has already abandoned the mathematical objections he had raised against Ferrel's theory in the *Wochenschrift für Astronomie*, 1888. The objections raised by Teisserenc du Bort and Supan against the "density surfaces" have been answered by Professor Davis in *Science*, and are not shared by the most prominent meteorologists. And the mathematical analysis of Professor Waldo Sprung (the author of the well-known *Treatise of Meteorology*), M. Möller, and Pernter has further confirmed the accuracy of the theory. So also Hildebrandsson's observations of upper clouds (*Annuaire de la Société météorologique de France*, xxxix. 338), Teisserenc du Bort's high-level isobars, and Guaran de Trommelin's researches relative to coast-winds. The transport of the Krakatoa dust and Abercromby's observations of clouds having rendered the existence of an upper east current very probable on the equator, Pernter has mathematically deduced from Ferrel's theory the existence of such a current in a belt  $4^{\circ}$   $45'$  wide on both sides of the equator, and he therefore has withdrawn the restrictions he had previously made in a lecture (published in *Nature*, 1892, xlv. 593) in favor of Siemens' views. It

Another theory of the general circulation of the atmosphere which is also awakening a good deal of interest among physical geographers was propounded in 1883 by Werner Siemens, and further developed by him in 1890.\* Siemens did not consider that air might flow down the density surfaces, as supposed by Ferrel and Helmholtz, and admitted by many meteorologists, and he maintained that the source of the energy required for all disturbances of equilibrium in the atmosphere must be looked for in the unequal heating of its different strata by the sun, and in the unequal loss of heat through radiation in space. From these considerations he inferred the existence of an ascending current in the equatorial belt, an upper warm current, and a cold polar current. As to the eastward and westward directions of these currents, he made the very just remark that the energy of rotation of the whole atmosphere must remain constant and unchanged, even though masses of air move from one latitude to another. The velocity of rotation of the atmosphere in tropical latitudes must therefore lag behind the rotation of the earth, and it must outstrip it in higher latitudes, mathematical calculation proving that the thirty-fifth parallel is, in both hemispheres, the line of division between the two. The general system of air circulation deduced from these principles is very similar in its results to the system of Ferrel; but the interest and importance of Siemens' views lie elsewhere. His memoirs were an appeal and an attempt

must be added that the idea of three superposed currents blowing in spirals may have been suggested to Ferrel by a communication of James Thomson to the British Association in 1857. Such was, at least, the claim raised and developed at some length by the Glasgow professor before the Royal Society in a Bakerian lecture, now published in the *Transactions* (A. 1892, pp. 653-685). Though Thomson's paper was never published, and only given in a very short abstract without a diagram (the diagram in the *Transactions* is now published for the first time), the few lines in which his theory was stated (*British Association Reports*, Dublin, 1857, pp. 38, 39) contained the idea clearly expressed. It is certainly a matter of great regret that James Thomson has not returned to this subject.

\* "Ueber die Erhaltung der Kraft im Luft-meere," in *Sitzungsberichte der Berlin Akademie der Wissenschaften*, March 1886, p. 261; "Ueber das allgemeine Windsystem der Erde," in same publication, 1890, ii. p. 629.

to apply the principles of thermodynamics to the aerial currents, and they have opened the way for a series of important researches, which, however, are not yet sufficiently advanced to be discussed in these pages.

And, finally, a third new point of view has been introduced into the same discussions by Helmholtz. Sitting one day by the seaside, and observing how wind blows on the surface of the sea by sudden gushes, how it originates waves, and how they grow when wind blows with an increasing force, Helmholtz came to consider what would happen with two air currents blowing one above the other in different directions. A system of air waves, he concluded, must arise in this case, in the same way as they are formed on the sea. The upper current, if it is inclined toward the earth's surface (as is often the case), must originate in the lower current, immense aerial waves rolling at a great speed. We do not generally see them, but when the lower current is so much saturated with moisture that clouds are formed in it, we do see a system of wave-like parallel clouds, which often extend over wide parts of the sky. To calculate the sizes of the waves in different cases is extremely difficult, if not impossible; but by taking some simpler cases Helmholtz and Oberbeck showed that when the waves on the sea attain lengths of from sixteen to thirty-three feet, the air waves must attain lengths of from ten to twenty miles, and a proportional depth. Such waves would make the wind blow on the earth's surface in rhythmical gushes, which we all know, and they also would more thoroughly mix together the superposed strata, dissipating the energy stored in strong currents. These views are so correct that they undoubtedly will throw some new light, as they already begin to do, upon the theory of cyclones.\*

At the same time, Bezold is now endeavoring to reconstruct meteorology from the point of view of thermodynamics;†

and the well-known Austrian meteorologist J. Hann, whose work is exciting just now a great deal of interest, has openly broken with the old theory as regards the origin of cyclones and anti-cyclones.\* From observations made for several years in succession on the top of the Sonnblick—a peak 12,000 feet high, of the Tyrolean Alps—as well as from observations made on several other high-level stations, he has concluded that a cyclone can not be due to a local heating of the earth's surface and to an ascending current of warm air provoked by this cause, just as an anti-cyclone cannot be due to a local cooling of the earth's surface, and to a consequent condensation of the air. Contrary to the provisions of the meteorologists, the ascending column of air within a cyclone, up to a height of some 10,000 feet, is not warmer than the surrounding air; it is cooler within the cyclone, and its upward motion thus cannot be due to its temperature. So also in an anti-cyclone the descending current of air is warmer than it is under normal conditions, and its downward motion must be due to some other cause than an increase of density resulting from a lowering of its temperature. The decrease of pressure in the one case, and its increase in the other, thus cannot be caused by differences of heating or cooling of the lower strata; and both cyclones and anti-cyclones must be considered as parts of the general circulation of the atmosphere, such as it was conceived by Ferrel.†

Such a deep modification of the current views, though supported to a great extent by weighty evidence, will obviously not be accepted without opposition; but it is already making its way, and certainly will exercise a deep influence on the further development of meteorology.

Abandoning now the domain of theoretical investigation, I must mention a work—also a life's work—which may safely be placed side by side with the best achievements in theory. I mean the beautiful

\* H. Helmholtz, "Zur Theorie von Wind und Wetter," and "Die Energie des Wogen und des Windes," in the *Sitzungsberichte der Berlin Academy*, 1889, ii. and 1890, ii. Oberbeck's calculations of the waves are given in the *Meteorologische Zeitung*, 1890, p. 81.

† "Zur Thermodynamik der Atmosphäre," in *Sitzungsberichte der Berlin Academy of Sciences*, 1888, p. 485; same year, p. 1189; 1890, p. 355; and 1892, p. 279.

\* "Das Luftdruckmaximum vom November 1889," in *Denkschrift der Wiener Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1890, Bd. lvii. p. 401. "Bemerkungen über die Temperatur der Cyclonen und Anticyclonen," in *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1890, p. 328.

† See the discussion of this subject between Hazen and J. Hann in *Science*, 1890, xv. 382-384, and *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, 1890, p. 328.

charts of Mr. Buchan, representing the distribution of pressure, temperature, and winds over the surface of the globe, embodied in the last volume of the "*Challenger*" *Expedition Reports*. When Mr. Buchan published, twenty-three years ago, his first maps of monthly isobars and prevailing winds, they were quite a revelation, even though the data upon which they were based were very incomplete at that time.\* But better data have been collected since, and in the hands of Mr. Buchan they have undergone such a careful and able analysis, that the "*Challenger*" *Reports* charts may be taken as the best reliable representation of the winds, the temperatures, and the pressure in the lowest strata of the atmosphere, as well as the surest basis for further generalizations.† The theories which have been mentioned in the preceding pages give the grand lines of atmospheric circulation; on Buchan's maps we see how the grand lines are modified in the lowest strata by the distribution of land and sea, and the unequal heating or cooling of continents and oceans. The leading features indicated by theory are still maintained, and they become even still more apparent if we consult isobars traced for a certain height, like those of Teisserenc de Bort; but the immense plateaux of East Asia and North America act in winter as colossal refrigerators, where cold and heavy air accumulates, to flow down in all directions toward the lowlands. We see also how

in July the air is heated in the lower lands of Northwest India, in the corner between the Afghanistan and the Tibet plateau, how pressure is lowered there by the ascending current, and how winds blow toward this region of lowered pressure. We see more than that: on looking on the maps it strikes the eye how the moisture or the dryness of the climate is dependent upon the distribution of pressure, and how the dry anti-cyclonic winds make barren deserts of parts of North and South America, of Africa, and Central Asia, and how they will continue to dry the lakes and the rivers of these regions and occasion total failures of crops so long as that distribution of pressure lasts on the globe, and man has not yet learned to eschew its effects by getting water from the depths of the earth. The life of the globe during the present period is written on these splendid charts.

## II.

At one of the recent sittings of the French Academy of Sciences, Henri Moissan, whose name has lately been prominent in chemistry, in connection with several important discoveries, read a communication to the effect that he had finally succeeded in obtaining in his laboratory minute crystals of diamonds.\* His communication was followed by a paper by Friedel, who has been working for some time past in the same direction, and has attained similar though not yet quite definite results; and, finally, Berthelot, who also was working in the same field, but followed a different track, announced that, in view of the excellent results obtained by Moissan, he abandons his own researches and congratulates his colleague upon his remarkable discovery.

The discovery is not absolutely new, and the French chemist himself mentions two of his English predecessors. Mr. Hannay obtained in 1880 some diamond-like crystals by heating in an iron tube, under high pressure, a mixture of paraffin oil with lamp-black, bone oil, and some lithium ‡ and in the same year Mr. Sidney Marsden, by heating some silver with sugar charcoal, obtained black carbon

\* To trace the isobars, or lines of equal atmospheric pressure, reduced to the sea-level, the real altitude of each meteorological observatory must be known from direct geometrical levellings; but in 1869 the altitude of not one single station in Siberia, Central Asia, or even the Urals was known. A levelling across Siberia, as far as Lake Baikal, has been made since, Mr. Buchan's isobars having been one of our best arguments to press the necessity of the levelling. But Mr. Buchan may not be aware that the levelling beyond the ninetieth degree of longitude is now considered by Russian geodesists as utterly unreliable; it is supposed to contain some substantial error, so that a new levelling between Krasnoyarsk and Lake Baikal is insisted upon. The incertitude in the isobars on an immense space in Northeast Asia resulting from this cause may attain as much as one or, perhaps, even three tenths of an inch.

† An excellent *résumé* of the whole work and its results in a popular form has been published by Buchan himself in the *Proceedings of the Geographical Society*, March 1891.

\* *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, February 6, 1893, tome cxvi. p. 218.

‡ *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xxx. 188; quoted by Moissan.

crystals with curved edges.\* Besides, it was generally known that a black powder, composed of transparent microscopical crystals having the hardness of diamond, is deposited on the negative electrode when a weak galvanic current is passed through liquid chloride of carbon. But these crystals, like those of Mr. Marsden, belong to the easily obtained variety of black diamonds known as carbonados; while some of the crystals obtained by Moissan are real colorless and crystallized diamonds—the gem we all know and admire.

For industry and everyday life the infinitesimal quantities of diamond dust obtained by the French chemist may have no immediate value, and some time will probably be required before a modest-sized jewel is made in a laboratory. But the discovery has a great scientific interest, inasmuch as it is the outcome of a whole series of researches which have recently been made with the view of artificially reproducing all sorts of minerals and rocks, and which are admirably chosen for ultimately throwing new light upon the intimate structure of physical bodies.

Moissan's method is based upon the capacity of iron of absorbing carbon at a high temperature and of giving it back in the shape of grains and crystals while the iron mass is cooling. When iron has been saturated with carbon at a temperature of about 2,000 Fahrenheit degrees, a mixture of amorphous carbon and graphite is discovered in the iron mass. At higher temperatures the fused iron dissolves more and more carbon, and the cast-iron of our blasting furnaces, after having been heated to about 3,000 degrees and slowly cooled down, contains, as known, an abundance of graphite crystals. It was thus natural to see whether a still higher temperature, and cooling under high pressure, might not give the still denser form of carbon—that is, the diamonds.

In order to thoroughly saturate iron with carbon at a high temperature, and to cool it under a high pressure, Moissan resorted to a very simple and effective means. He took a hollow cylinder of soft iron, filled it with some purified sugar charcoal, and corked the cylinder with an iron screw. Then about half a pound of soft

iron was molten in a crucible in Moissan's new electric furnace, which readily gives a temperature of about 3,000 Centigrade degrees (5,400° Fahrenheit), and the cylinder was plunged into the molten metal; iron was thus thoroughly saturated with carbon. The crucible was then taken out of the furnace and plunged into a pail of cold water until the surface of the iron mass was cooled to a dull red temperature, whereupon it was taken out and left to cool in the air. This was the ingenious means of obtaining a high pressure. It is known that water when it becomes ice increases in volume, and that if it freezes in a strong shell the interior pressure of the crystallizing water often bursts the shell; but if it cannot burst the shell it necessarily solidifies under an immense pressure, due to the molecular forces. The same was done by Moissan with the liquid iron, which also has the property of increasing in volume while it solidifies. An outer solid crust having been formed by a sudden immersion into cold water, the crust prevents the further expansion of the iron mass, which is thus bound to solidify under an immense pressure, like the water in the shell.

The next step was to separate the iron from the carbon crystals which it might contain. This was done by dissolving the iron in hydrochloric acid, and three different varieties of carbon crystals (which are not attacked by the acid) were received as a residue. Some graphite, some chestnut-colored, curved needles of carbon, and diamond dust could be seen; and they were separated from each other by several complex operations indicated by Berthelot in one of his previous works. A few grains of diamond dust were finally obtained—most of them belonging to the carbonado variety, while a few of them proved to be real diamonds; they were translucent, they scratched a ruby, and they distinctly showed under the microscope the crystalline structure and cleavage of the diamond; their density was that of the precious gem, and they were completely consumed in oxygen at a temperature of 1890 degrees.\*

Mr. Marsden's experiment with silver was also repeated; but silver being a bad

\* *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, 1880, ii. 20 (Moissan's quotation).

\* From a subsequent communication by Moissan we learn that the same varieties are found in the diamond-bearing earth at the Cape.

dissolvent for carbon, even at high temperature, it was boiled for some time with sugar charcoal in the furnace, the cooling being operated in the same way as with iron. The result was extremely interesting. No diamonds were obtained, but a series of carbonados of different densities (from 2.5 to 3.5 times heavier than water) were discovered, some of them in grains, some others in needles, or in conchoidal masses, the densest ones also scratching ruby and burning in oxygen at  $1,800^{\circ}$ . This is perhaps the most interesting part of Moissan's researches, as it confirms the long-since suspected fact that there is a whole series of carbon molecules each of which is composed of a different number of atoms, and some of which must be very complex.

As to the quantities of diamond dust obtained in this way, they were extremely small. Several cylinders gave no diamonds at all, and from all his experiments Moissan could not collect even a few milligrammes (a few hundredth parts of a grain) of the precious dust, although the black carbonados were quite common. But a sure method is now indicated, and its further development is only a matter of time and perseverance.

The scientific value of these researches is undoubtedly very great. Diamond, like graphite and simple charcoal, is pure carbon, but all attempts at fusing carbon or dissolving it have hitherto failed; it could not be brought into a liquid condition out of which it afterward might crystallize. However, the investigations recently made into the carburization of iron, especially by Roberts Austen, tended to prove that in steel and cast-iron the carbon is not simply diffused through the iron, but enters with it into some of those combinations in definite proportions which, like all solutions, occupy an intermediate position between real chemical compounds and purely physical mixtures.\* It was reasonable, therefore, to presume that carbon is brought into a liquid condition in molten iron, and that under certain conditions it may crystallize in the shape of diamonds within an iron mass. Moissan's discovery confirms this view. On the other side, the researches of Moissan and Friedel must also throw some light upon the great questions raised by Mendeléeff

as regards the probable presence and prevalence of iron and carbon compounds in the interior of the globe, the formation of naphtha out of these compounds, and other extremely interesting geological questions.\*

The artificial reproduction of the diamond must also be viewed as a further step in a long succession of researches which have been lately pursued for artificially reproducing all sorts of minerals, the formation of which had long remained a puzzle for mineralogists. The silicates which were formerly considered as impossible to reproduce in the laboratory have yielded within the last few years before the efforts of the chemists. Sarasin, Hautefeuille, and especially Friedel, have reproduced different varieties of the chief constituent mineral of our crystalline rocks—feldspar—and the artificial crystals are absolutely identical with those found in nature. Hornblende, which had long defied the efforts of the explorers, has been finally obtained in 1891 by K. Chrushchhoff, after he had spent seven years in unsuccessful attempts;† but in order to reproduce it he had to heat its constituent elements for three months at a temperature of nearly  $1,000$  degrees. The importance of a high temperature for further achievements was rendered still more evident in Frémy's successful reproduction of the ruby. The ruby is, of course, quite different from the diamond. Like the sapphire and the corundum, it is nothing but alumina, that is, a compound of two atoms of aluminium with three atoms of oxygen, colored by some impurities in red, in blue, or in brown. But for a long time alumina would not crystallize in our laboratories. Later on Frémy obtained a very fine dust of rubies; but when he submitted the constituent parts of the ruby to a temperature of  $2,700^{\circ}$  and maintained the same temperature for one hundred consecutive hours, he was rewarded by full-sized crystals of the precious stone, big enough and in sufficient numbers to have a collar made of them. And finally, the investigations of Friedel, Le Chatelier, and especially F. Fouqué and Michel Levy, who reproduced a micaceous trachyte containing feldspar, spinel, and mica, demon-

\* See, in Mendeléeff's *Principles of Chemistry*, the foot-notes to the chapters on carbon and iron.

† *Comptes Rendus*, 1891, t. 112.

\* See "Recent Science" in *Nineteenth Century*, May 1892.

strated the necessity of resorting to a high pressure in addition to a high temperature.

To extend the range of high temperatures hitherto obtained, and to devise a means of measuring them, was thus the first condition for further progress in the reproduction of minerals and gems. But the measurement of high temperatures is a very difficult problem which has much occupied of late several prominent physicists and chemists. A thermo-electric thermometer, made of two very resistant metals (platinum and an alloy of platinum with rhodium), and graduated with the aid of the air thermometer, finally came into general use, and it proved to be quite reliable—but only up to 3,000 Fahrenheit degrees,\* which temperature was soon surpassed. Then, Le Chatelier devised a pyrometer based on the variations of intensity of light of fused metals at different temperatures, and this instrument again proved to be sufficiently accurate up to 3,600 degrees; but this last temperature, too, is now surpassed by Moissan, by means of his new electric furnace, which is a real model of efficiency and simplicity.† It consists of two superposed bricks, made of quicklime, or of an especially pure calcinated magnesia. A groove with a small cavity in its middle (large enough to receive a small crucible) is made on the upper face of the lower brick in the sense of its length; and two carbon electrodes are introduced from both sides into the groove. As soon as they are connected with a dynamo-machine the electric arc appears between their extremities, and an immensely high temperature is produced in the cavity. Thus, a small Edison machine, worked by a gas-engine of eight horse-power, gave a temperature estimated at about 4,500 Fahrenheit degrees, and with a fifty horse-power engine the enormous temperature of about 5,400 degrees (3,000° Centigrade) was reached.

The effects of this little furnace are simply wonderful. At about 4,500° lime, strontia, and magnesia are crystallized in a few minutes. At 5,400° the very substance of the bricks is fused and flows like water. Oxides of various metals which were considered as quite irreducible are

deprived of their oxygen in no time: nickel, cobalt, manganese, and chrome oxides can be reduced at a lecture experiment, and a piece of 120 grammes of pure uranium is obtained at once from the uranium oxide. At about 4,050° pure alumina is fused and little rubies are formed; true, they are less beautiful than those of Frémy, but the whole experiment lasts less than a quarter of an hour. At a higher temperature alumina is even volatilized, and nothing is left of it in the crucible. In short, the results are as interesting and as promising as those which Pictet and Dewar have witnessed when they went to the other end of the thermometric scale and produced the extremely low temperatures of about 200 Centigrade degrees below the freezing-point.

And, finally, Moissan's discovery establishes a new link between the processes which we obtain in our laboratories, and those which are going on in the celestial spaces, in the formation of meteorites. It was known long since that these masses of silicates and nickelled iron which travel in the interplanetary spaces and, entering occasionally into the sphere of attraction of the earth, fall upon its surface, sometimes contain charcoal or a special variety of graphite; but later on, in 1887, the St. Petersburg Professors Latchinoff and Eroféeff went a step further and proved that the charcoal is occasionally transformed into diamonds; thus they extracted some diamond dust from the meteorite fallen during the previous year at Novo Urei, in the province of Penza. Some doubts were, however, entertained as regards their discovery, but the fact has been fully confirmed since by Friedel and Le Bel, who found in a meteorite from Cañon Diablo minute diamonds and carbonados, exactly similar to those of Moissan.\*

It is thus evident that the artificial reproduction of the diamond is not one of those accidental discoveries which may be made without leaving an impression upon science for many years to come. It is only one of the many advances made in a certain direction, and is the outcome of the whole drift of modern research which endeavors immensely to widen the means at our disposal for effecting physical and

\* C. Barus in *Philosophical Magazine*, 5th series, xxxiv. 376; L. Holborn and W. Wien in *Wiedemann's Annalen*, xlvii. 107.

† *Comptes Rendus*, December 12, 1892, t. cxv.

\* *Comptes Rendus*, December 12, 1892, t. 115, p. 1039; also February 13, 1893.

chemical transformations of matter. It is one step more into a new domain where chemistry, metallurgy, and mineralogy join hands together for revealing by joint efforts the secrets of the constructive forces of matter.

### III.

The study of the direct action of environment upon organisms, and of the mechanism of its action, becomes a favorite study among biologists—the “transformists” being no more a few exceptions in science, but already constituting a school which has several brilliant representatives in America, France, and Germany, as well as in this country. It is evident that almost none of the biologists engaged in this kind of research maintains any doubts as to the importance of natural selection as a factor of evolution. To use the words of one of the leading American transformists,\* “the law of natural selection is well established, and no more under discussion.” For many adaptations it offers the best and the only possible explanation. But biology would have been brought to a standstill if the idea had prevailed that, after a more or less plausible explanation of some adaptation has been given under the hypothesis of natural selection, nothing more is left to be done to explain this same adaptation. For many animals whose manners of life we hardly know at all—the study of animal life having been deplorably neglected for the last fifty years—the explanation would often be little better than a mere hypothesis; but even in the best cases, the very origin of each variation would still remain to be found. Darwin fully understood this necessity; and the physiological and mechanical origin of variations is what so many biologists are now working at. Several such investigations are already well known to English readers through the works of Cope, Semper, Lloyd Morgan, J. T. Cunningham, and P. Geddes. Many others ought to be analyzed and discussed; but for the time being I can only mention a few recent works relative to the origin of animal colors.

Wherever we go we see animals colored in accordance with their surroundings. White and light gray colors predominate

in the Arctic regions; tawny and yellow colors in the deserts; gorgeous colors in tropical lands. The striped tiger in the jungle is hardly recognizable among the shadows of the tall grasses. Insects resemble the flowers which they usually visit; caterpillars have the colors and often the forms of the twigs and the leaves they feed upon. Dusty colored nocturnal insects; moths which take autumnal tints if they begin life in autumn; dark squirrels in the dark larch forests, and red squirrels in the Scotch-fir groves; animals changing their color with the season—all these are familiar instances. But are they all due to natural selection alone? Does not environment take some part in itself producing these colors?

In a very suggestive work,\* Alfred Tylor has shown in how far the different markings and the diversified coloration of animals follow the chief lines of structure; and A. R. Wallace has readily admitted that, while the fundamental or ground colors of animals are due to natural selection, the markings are probably due to internal physiological causes.† Coloration responds to function; and there is a law in the distribution of colors and the development of the markings, while there ought to be none under the hypothesis of selected accidental variations. Wallace goes even a step further, and shows that those birds possess the most brilliant colors which have developed frills, chests, and elongated tails, or immense tail-coverts, or immensely expanded wing-feathers, all appearing near to where the activities of the most powerful muscle of the body would be at a maximum. He considers “a surplus of vital energy,” increased at certain periods, as a *vera causa* for the origin of ornamental appendages of birds and other animals. And it is difficult to examine these and like facts without coming to the same conclusion.

But if partial vigorous coloration is so much dependent upon vital energy, is it not possible to suppose that the decoloration of animals with the approach of the winter is in some way connected with a decrease of vital energy, especially if we take into account the permanent white colors of domesticated animals in Arctic regions (such as the Yakutsk horse), which

\* H. F. Osborn, whose admirable essays, mentioned in a previous review, are now published in book form.

\* *Coloration in Animals and Plants*. London, 1886.

† *Darwinism*, p. 288 sq.

cannot be dependent upon natural selection? Some recent observations give a certain support to this supposition. Thus we now learn that rabbits which have been taken to the Pic du Midi Observatory (8,500 feet above the sea level) have given in seven years a race somewhat different from their congeners in the surrounding plains. They are a little smaller, have less developed ears, and their fur coats are of a lighter color and very thick. Moreover, the very consistence of their blood has undergone a notable change. It contains more iron, and possesses a greater power of absorption for oxygen.\* An anatomical change is thus produced by the environment; and no naturalist will doubt that, if the race continues to multiply for a great number of years in the same conditions, it will maintain its present characters or develop new ones on the same lines, the more rapidly so if natural selection eliminates the less adapted individuals.

A few more additions in the same direction may be found in a valuable work recently published by F. E. Beddard.† Thus, he mentions the researches of Dr. Eisig,‡ who has endeavored to explain the ground colors of some animals as dependent upon their food, and has shown, for instance, that the yellow color of an annelid which is living on a yellow marine sponge (a color which might be explained as protective for the parasite) depends upon the yellow pigment of the sponge absorbed by the annelid. The prevalence of crimson colors among some fishes in a certain part of the New England coast, which is covered with scarlet and crimson seaweeds, is explained by J. Browne Goode by the red pigment derived by the crustaceans from the algæ with which their stomachs are full, the crustaceans being devoured by the fishes. And the experiments of Mr. Guyson relative to the effects of different food plants upon a number of species of moths, as well as those of Mr. J. Tawell upon important modifications produced by food in the larvæ of the large

tortoiseshell butterfly, both mentioned in the same work, are attempts in a most important but very young branch of experimental morphology.

Another series of researches are now being made with the view of more deeply penetrating into the physiological causes of animal coloration. Thus, it is a fact well known to fishermen, and now confirmed by direct experiment, namely, by Westhoff, that several freshwater and marine fishes change their color from white to dark as soon as they have been transferred from a medium with a light-colored bottom to another medium the bottom of which is dark. Fishermen, we are told by Mr. Poulton, even keep their bait in white-colored vessels in order to make it assume a lighter color. The common frog also can change its color to some extent in harmony with its surroundings, while the green tree-frog of Southern Europe was long since known for this capacity. It is bright green among green leaves, and dark green when seated on the earth or among brown leaves.\* Like changes are also known in the chameleon and in some South American lizards. The causes of these changes have already been investigated by Pouchet in 1848 and Brücke in 1852, but now we have a more elaborate research by Biedermann† upon the same subject. He has discovered three different layers of cells which contribute to give the frog its varying colors. There is first, deeply seated in the skin, a layer of pigment-cells which contain black pigment both in their interior and in their ramified processes, spreading within the skin. These cells are covered by a second layer of "interference-cells" containing bright yellow granules as well as granules of a pigment which sometimes appear blue or purple, and sometimes gray—the whole being covered with a transparent outer skin. The normal green color of the frog is produced by a combination of blue and yellow interference-cells appearing on a black background; but if the black pigment of the deepest layer is protruded into its ramifications, the color of the animal becomes darker; and if it retires deeper, the yellow granules of the middle layer

\* *Comptes Rendus*, January 2, 1891, t. cxii.

† F. E. Beddard, *Animal Coloration; an Account of the Principal Facts and Theories relating to the Colors and Markings of Animals*. London, 1892.

‡ *Fauna und Flora des Golfes von Neapel: die Capitelliden*, quoted by Mr. Beddard, l. c. p. 101.

\* E. B. Poulton, *Colors of Animals*. London, 1890, p. 82 sq.

† W. Biedermann, "Ueber den Farbenwechsel der Frösche," in *Pflüger's Archiv für Physiologie*, 1892, Bd. li. p. 455.

become more apparent, and the frog assumes its lemon-yellow color. Finally, when the yellow pigment gathers into round drops between the bluish interference-cells—not above them—the skin acquires a whitish-gray tint. The same arrangements exist in other reptiles and amphibia.

Now, how is it that the cells change their position in various lights? Is it some reflex action of the nervous system, as it appears in fishes, which cease to change their color when they become blind? Or have we to deal with some direct action of light? Facts are in favor of the second explanation. The slightest change of temperature affects the mutual disposition of the pigment-cells, and, consequently, the color of the frog; it is enough to keep the animal in the hand to provoke a contraction of its black cells. The amount of blood-supply also has a definite effect; as soon as a certain part of the skin receives no more blood, the color-cells receive less oxygen, the black cells contract, and the animal assumes a lighter color. But the effects of light are even more interesting. Pouchet had shown that those fishes which usually adapt their color to their dark or light surroundings cease to do so when they have lost sight; they remain dark even in light surroundings.\* The indirect effects of light through the intermediary of the visual organs are thus certain. But Steinhach† has proved that light acts in a direct way as well—perhaps, we may add, in the same way as it acts upon the chlorophyll grains of the leaves. He glued strips of black paper to the skin of frogs which were kept in the dark; and when these animals were exposed to light, only the open parts of their skin returned to a lighter color, while the covered parts remained dark. To avoid all doubts, the experiments were repeated on skin separated from the body, and photographs of letters and flowers, cut out of black paper and glued to the skin, were reproduced upon it. Besides, blind tree-frogs do not

darken as the fishes do, and Biedermann has proved that the chief agency of their changes of color is not in the sensations derived from the eye, but in those derived from the skin. Frogs, whether blind or not, become dark green, or black, if they are kept in a dark vessel in a sparingly lighted room. But when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel, they all recover their bright-green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown, the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or, what seems more probable, if Steinhach's experiments are taken into account, directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the changes of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with felt, or with a thin wire-net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced in the vessel.

We have here temporary changes of color produced by the surroundings; but various gradations may be traced between the temporary and the permanent changes. Thus Lode provoked local contractions of the pigment-cells in fishes by electrical irritations applied locally. And Franz Werner's researches upon the coloring of snakes, recently embodied in a separate work,\* show that the temporary and irregular spots which appear in fishes and frogs under the influence of artificial irritations are of the same character, and have the same origin, as the also temporary and irregular spots which appear in other fishes, as well as in several tritons and many Gekonides, without the interference of man. Some of the provoked changes of color do not entirely vanish after the irritation is over, and they belong to the same category as the spots which appear in many animals in youth, and disappear with growing age. Moreover, it is maintained that a series of slow gradations may be established between the irregular spots, the spots arranged in rays, and finally the stripes, such as we see them in higher mammals like the zebra or the tiger; and if these generalizations prove to be correct, we shall thus have an unbroken series, from the temporary spots provoked by

\* Direct observations have been made also by Alois Lode (*Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, 1890, vol. xcix. 3te Abtheilung).

† "Ueber Farbenwechsel bei niederen Wirbelthieren, bedingt durch directe Wirkung des Lichtes auf die Pigmentzellen," *Centralblatt für Physiologie*, 1891, Bd. v. p. 326.

\* Franz Werner, *Ueber die Zeichnungen der Schlangen*, Wien, 1890.

light or electricity to the permanent markings of animals.\*

And, finally, attempts are being made to explain some of the wonderful so-called adaptive colors of insects as a direct produce of environment. Some time ago (in 1867) T. W. Wood published experiments upon the larvæ and pupæ of both the small and the large cabbage butterfly. He kept the larvæ during their metamorphoses in boxes lined with paper of different colors, and he found that the colors assumed by the pupæ more or less corresponded to their surroundings. Later on E. B. Poulton made a wider series of analogous experiments, and he saw that the change of color is accomplished during the first hours when the larva spins its web; he came to the conclusion that it depends upon a certain physiological action which is transmitted to the nervous system, not only through the visual organs, but through the whole surface of the skin. These facts have now been fully confirmed again by W. Petersen,† but his explanation is of a more mechanical character. He maintains that the color of the pupa depends upon the pigment contained in both its cuticle and hypodermis. The pigment of the latter is green in the larva, and sometimes it remains green during the pupal stage; but it may be visible or not, according to the amount of dark pigment which is formed in the cuticle, and the amount of this dark pigment entirely depends upon the color of the light. Yellow and orange light prevents the formation of the dark pigment, and in such cases the cuticle, which remains transparent, shows the green pigment of the hypodermis. But the less bright parts of the spectrum have not the same power, and if we trace a curve representing the

powers of the various parts of the spectrum for preventing the formation of a dark pigment, the curve has its culminating point in the yellow, and descends toward both ends of the spectrum; it exactly corresponds with the curve of assimilation of carbon by plants under variously colored light. It is also remarkable that the green color of the pupa is only obtained by yellow light, or by such green as contains yellow; such is, as known, the average color of leaves. We thus have a case where environment itself makes the color which approximately matches it.

The meaning of these researches is self-evident. No naturalist will probably attempt to explain the animal colors and markings without the aid of natural selection. But it becomes less and less probable to admit that the animal colors are a result of a selection of *accidental* variations only. The food of the organism, and especially the amount of salt in it, the dryness or moisture of the air, the amount of sunshine, and so on, undoubtedly exercise a direct effect on the color of the skin, on the fur, and on the very intimate anatomical structure of the animal. As to the relative parts which must be attributed in the origin of each separate variation to natural selection on the one side, and to the direct action of environment on the other side, it would simply be unscientific to trench upon such questions in a broadcast way, so long as we are only making our first steps in discriminating the action of the latter agency. The first steps already indicate how complicated such questions are, especially in those cases where natural selection must act in an indirect way—not as a mere selection of already modelled forms, but as a selection of forms best capable to respond to the requirements of new conditions—in which case the intimate organization of the living being comes in the first place. All we may say at the present moment is that the direct modifying action of environment is very great, and that no theory can claim to be scientific unless it takes it into consideration to its full amount.—*Nineteenth Century*.

\* See the polemics engaged upon this subject in *Biologisches Centralblatt*, December 15, 1890, and July 15, 1891; as also the *Zoologische Jahrbücher*, 1891.

† "Zur Frage der Chromophotographie bei Schmetterlingen," in *Sitzungsberichte der Dorpater Naturforscher-Gesellschaft*, 1890, vol. x. p. 232.

## POOR ABEL!

BY OUIDA.

IN a primitive and oriental world the general sympathy appears to have been with the victim of Cain. Cain seems to have no excusers, much less any partisans; he was sent out into the wilderness with a mark upon him which the most illiterate could not fail to read. So says the story; and there is no corollary or colophon to it to suggest that he may have had cause or provocation. The sympathies of his deity, his people, and his time were clearly altogether and solely with the dead man whom he had slain, perhaps after long-vigilant years of jealousy, or perhaps on a sudden fury of unpremeditated violence. Whichever of these it was, his crime, which was the result, was neither palliated nor pardoned by the persons around him, few in number, no doubt, but inexorable in judgment. He might have excuse, provocation, or even reason on his side, but his judge and his people merely saw in him a murderer, and dealt with him accordingly. Abel was all that was thought of: innocent, harmless, clean of life, and fair of face, lying stiff and cold beside his altar of sacrifice. But the earth is many centuries older since this Hebrew story was first told, and since then Cain has had that revenge which it is said comes to all who know how to wait for it. *Il a pris le dessus*; and we no longer care the least about Abel. We feel merely impatient at his folly in making himself obnoxious and getting himself slain. We think that this altered attitude is philosophical; whether it is equally just we do not very much care. Justice is an uncertain quantity as to the values of which no two men are likely to agree. The conception of it alters with the centuries, like that of art, of music, of medicine, or of architecture. Cain is for us the finer fellow of the two; his brother bores us; if a sense of decency prevents our saying so it does not prevent our feeling it.

Why did not Abel learn the art of self-defence instead of losing all his time in prayer? Why did he carry a shepherd's crook? It was a plain challenge and provocation to a brother who carried a club. Alas! poor Abel! M. Camille Bellhigue recently said, in his criticism

of the *Père Prodigue* and of the fascination which M. de la Rivonnière exercises in that comedy over the audience, that to call a person *sympathique* is, to use a term *démodé*. Abel, who was certainly *sympathique* to men and gods, is now, like the term, *démodé*.

I remember in my childhood crying over a drawing of him lying on the turf with his long fair hair soaked in blood, while the lambs bleated by the altar, and dark-browed Cain slunk away in the background between the stems of the trees, ashamed, afraid, and already weighed down with remorse. But Cain now is never ashamed or afraid; as for remorse, Lombroso and the physiologists will prove mathematically that he could not have done other than he did, given his cranial formation; and who, ah who! will weep, in the nursery or out of it, for Abel?

Much wonder is often expressed at the continuance, nay more, the increase of violent and brutal misdeeds, which disfigure so largely what is called (by itself) an age of civilization. But these crimes are a natural, pardonable and logical result of our altered attitude to poor Abel. Since Cain is the favorite actor on our stage, it is entirely reasonable that his is the career which is most eagerly desired. We still sometimes hang him, garotte him, send him to La Nouvelle, or otherwise set our brand on him, but we do it at all times reluctantly, and the time is not distant when we shall cease to do it at all. For of all strongly-marked features of modern life, sympathy with the aggressor instead of the aggrieved is the most conspicuous.

Is it an innate revolt against the artificial bonds of modern life which renders modern society so inclined to take Cain to its bosom and fling quicklime contemptuously on the slain body of Abel? Or is it due to the tendency, so gravely marked in modern times, to side with the strongest, to disregard the law? Is it not, perhaps, beyond all, inspired by the essentially modern feeling that the man who has failed is an imbecile beyond pity? And Abel, whatever form he takes, is of course an utter failure in the modern view of hu-

man existence. Abel is a person who did not succeed in making his virtues pay. What use were a blameless career, a sympathetic character, a tender heart? He stood in the path of a stronger man than he, and he went down. A divine judge and a primitive people might avenge him and weep for him; but the modern world makes a *pied de nez*, and kicks him into a neglected grave, while it buys photographs of Cain and sends him bouquets and bottles of brandy. It is wholly needless to waste time and breath at wondering why Cain is so constantly reappearing in modern times; he has become the popular character. He cannot reappear in any costume or in any drama without obtaining more or less a large following, and however hideous his crime, he will never be without his partisans and supporters.

He never assumed a more loathsome shape than that of the man called Neill Cream, and the poisoning by strychnine of poor girls in order to obtain money by accusing innocent men of their murder is a form of guilt which does not seem to have a single alternative or attenuating feature about it. Yet Neill was not without persons who fought desperately for his reprieve, and entreated that at least the dear creature should not be killed, but merely detained in a comfortable asylum until he saw the error of his ways. As for the poor girls whom he had deceived and tortured to death, well, no one ever seemed to remember them. They had been of little account when living; once dead, they were of none at all.

Recently the public of Paris has been much excited over the trial of the artist Luna. Briefly, Luna, an Indian of Manila, very small, ugly, and repulsive in appearance, marries a Spanish Creole, very handsome and above him in rank, and because she, as he might have foreseen, is unfaithful to him, he illtreats her horribly, and finally shoots her and her mother stone dead, and lodges a ball in the lungs of her brother Felix. Her mother and her brother had always been most generous and kind to him, and had consented through amiability to his marriage, which was disagreeable and disadvantageous to them; they were wholly innocent of any knowledge of his wife's love affairs, and had been eagerly solicitous to bring about a peaceable separation between this ill-assorted pair. Surely this was a bestial,

ferocious, unpardonable crime. The mother and son were as innocent as Abel, and Luna owed to them both a dozen years of kindness and generosity. Yet his acquittal was saluted in court by an *explosion de joie* from the public. He was Cain; a most unlovely, inexcusable, savage, hideous Cain; but he had murdered in cold blood, and his crime set a halo of heroism above his head. Of course we know that the husband who discovers his wife in *flagrante delicto* is held guiltless if he kill her and her lover; even if he make himself ridiculous, as Mr. Deacon did, by calling up an hotel clerk to see the vengeance taken. But Luna was never witness of any infidelity; he had pardoned, or said that he pardoned, his wife's confessed indiscretions; he killed her in cold blood when she was standing by his son's little bed, as he killed her mother and wounded Felix. What in the name of heaven, except through our diseased and delirious adoration of Cain, can we find here to cause an *explosion de joie* in the public because a court of justice is so unworthy of its own mission as to acquit this criminal? It sufficed for this assassin to plead *qu'il voyait rouge*, and to shed some maudlin tears in the dock, for the whole city of Paris to take him in adoration to its bosom. It is wonderful that it has not voted him a pension and testimonial. Of sympathy for the poor lady and her son—both so innocent, both, by his own admission, so long his too kind and generous friends—there is not a trace in the public mind. They have had only the uninteresting tale of Abel: away with them!

That we do not make our own brains is a fact; that the convolutions of them may determine our temper and temperament may be also a fact, but it is a most dangerous belief with which to indoctrinate the crowd. It is often said that the difference between the sane and the insane is that the former controls his instincts and does not yield to them when they are foolish or vile, while the latter has lost all power to do so, all volition, all discernment, and does not even know the character of his own desires. Surely the difference between the criminal and the innocent person is of much the same kind, only that the criminal deliberately and consciously gives way to his impulses, while the innocent, if he feels that they are wrong, resists them. It appears to

me that the line of demarcation between insanity and crime is clearly marked, and that the confusion between the two now so often made is most perilous for society. It is, after all, one in every way obscure and illogical, for, if it be permissible to the law to kill a sane criminal, the life of the insane criminal is as little worth preserving. That insanity more or less proven by specialists should save such a brute as the youth who killed his mother, or the tramp who shot the young girls at Chiselhurst, is surely a great injury to the world at large.

If ever insanity be accepted as a reason to spare a criminal, it should, surely, only be when such insanity is the long, incontestable, utterly distraught madness, the signs of which those who run can read. If the wire-drawing of specialists, and their jargon of craniology, be permitted to come into court, every assassin will escape. To allow the plea of irresponsibility is practically to inform Cain that the more atrocious, fantastic, and horrible be his crime, the more certainly will physicians and physiologists come to his rescue and keep him clear of the scaffold. If he merely kill, he may suffer the full penalty of his crime; but if he kill with every ingenuity of torture, or devilry of cunning, he will never lack defenders. Leonard Manklow, who shot the young ladies of Chiselhurst as they harmlessly walked past him in the summer corn-fields, was esteemed sane enough to be trusted with a gun, since it had been given him to go out and shoot birds with. There can be little doubt that he is no more mad than millions of other vicious and savage youths, yet on a medical plea he is declared irresponsible. It would surely be less injury to society to have no laws against crime at all, and to leave people to protect and avenge themselves as best they could. A blackguard knows very well that he has only to talk at random, to cry and laugh hysterically, to protest his ignorance of his own misdeeds, and to grin in the face of his jailers, and he will in every country find a doctor to defend and a jury to acquit him.

Take the case of Virgile Plista, who was tried a few weeks ago before the assize court of the Seine. He never chose to work; his military service ended, he lived on his parents, poor workpeople; seduced his cousin, a young girl; then

became a *chevalier d'industrie* under a pretended title; finally, being out of money, he went to the house of an old uncle of his at Nagent sur-Marne, who was fairly well off, broke into the place at midnight, stabbed a little dog which barked at him, and strangled the maid servant, then pillaged from garret to cellar, and made off with his booty to lead a riotous life as long as it lasted. This is the commonest, ugliest, most loathsome form of crime, inspired by the lowest motive, and preceded by a career of incessant ignominy and evil-doing. Yet because an *éminent aliéniste*, called Dr. Matel, gives it as his opinion that this cunning criminal is "*un moleste, un impulsif, un vertigineux*," possessed by the desire for greatness (!) and disturbed by novels which he had read, the judge and jury actually condemn him to nothing worse than twenty years penal servitude, *i.e.*, the paradise of the scoundrels, "*La Nouvelle*."

Seriously, the time is coming to cancel the criminal code, and declare in gilt letters on the porticoes of criminal courts that "*Killing is no murder*." It would be less injurious to the morals and minds of the public to have no code at all than to see such repeated violations of it and miscarriages of justice which excite such indecent triumphs.

In Florence last month a young man killed his mother by cutting her throat in the presence of his grandmother ninety years old. There was not the smallest provocation. They were in good circumstances, and she was devoted to him. "*Poveretto!*" cried the public, "*Come ha guastato il suo avvenire!*" Their sympathies were with the youth who had spoiled his future. Whence comes this increasing tenderness for the murderer?

True, it is now and then varied by the blind fury of lynch-law, which is as unreasoning although more natural in instinct. But neither bespeaks much intelligence in the human race at the end of the century, and neither is to be depended on for a moment. When Cain strictly limits himself to almost, but not quite, killing Abel, then we let him go with a light heart and our blessing. If he stole a bag, or snared a pheasant, or struck a policeman who strangled his dog, or did any other of the crimes which we still recognize as heinous, our chastisement of him would be inexorable in severity, but

when it is only a question of wounding or slaying Abel we absolve, we may even felicitate.

Last week, in Paris, Albert Bierry, a youth of Ivry, had led away by the hand a timid, gentle, little girl, the daughter of people at Choisy-le-Roi, who had shown him great kindness and often saved him from starvation; he violated her and killed her on the grass by the edge of the Seine: and extenuating circumstances were found for this ferocious and bestial ingrate. This abuse of the saving clause called "*circonstances atténuantes*," originally intended as a philosophic and merciful provision for a few exceptional cases, has thus degenerated into a most mischievous protection of infamy because poor Abel, *i.e.*, the victim sacrificed, is wholly forgotten. Cain lives, is vociferous by the logic of his counsel, sometimes noisy also by the thousand tongues of the newspapers, he becomes pitied and is protected; sometimes even finds crowds to shout and weep for him as though he himself were the martyr. It is difficult to account for this injustice and inversion of popular sentiment, but it is a fact beyond any dispute.

Even when a lesser crime leaves the victim alive, but naked and without resource, the interest attaches not to him but to his aggressor. No crime creates such widespread and immeasurable suffering as commercial fraud and financial failure. It is one which does literally curse generations still unborn, and spares neither age nor sex, neither virtue nor talent, nor honesty of effort; making desolate alike the hearths of the poor man's cottage and the rich man's palace. Ruin, such as that caused by the Panama enterprise, spreads over an area as vast as the ravages of the cholera can cover. Yet Mme. de Lesseps exclaims in good faith, "What do they reproach us with? what harm have we ever done?" and the tide of general pity flows toward La Chesnaye rather than toward the hundreds of thousands of humble homes on which the blackness of utter ruin has descended in an endless night.

The sands of Suez were cleaved, and the waters poured through them from sea to sea, by the torture and slaughter of countless numbers of fellahs, nominally free but actually slaves, who toiled and fainted and perished under the rays of the sun and the lash of the overseer. But no one ever pitied them, no one ever thought

of them; they were never named to sully the glory of the great enterprise which was after all only a job of the Second Empire on a gigantic scale. Uncounted and unpitied like the Egyptian fellahs, whose dew of death fertilized the barren sand-drifts of Port Said, the victims of the Panama speculations have suffered and starved in thousands of little towns and obscure villages and miserable quarters of great cities, and the misery of them will be no more known than the numbers are counted of a shoal of mackerel trapped in the huge web of a steam-trawler's nets. The insanity, the agony, the wretchedness, the crime, the prostitution, the infamy, directly and indirectly caused by this ruin of thousands of families can never be estimated; it can no more be computed than the bones of the fellahs who perished in the making of Suez can be gathered together in the land of the Pharaohs.

But this fact excites small compassion and awakens slight sympathy. The man who caused it, the "*grand français*," sunk in the torpor of second childhood, obtains all the pity as he gained all the profit. He has seven great crosses of illustrious orders on his breast. It is he, the slayer of the peace and prosperity of the multitudes of families of every class who trusted him, who is now pitied, glorified in verse, declared a martyr. The unutterable wretchedness wrought by him, the suicides, the crimes, the ruin, the torture caused by his misleading eloquence are all unpitied as they must be forever incalculable till the crack of doom.

The tempter went far and wide over the fair land of France, and as the piper of Hamelin with his sweet piping drew the children out to their death, so he with his dulcet promises drew out the hardly-earned coins from the pitcher in the chimney-corner and from the box under the roots of the apple-tree, and the souls of their owners with them, in a hallucination of golden dreams; and he drew after him also the lives of the young and the strong who believed in his sweet melodies and followed him in faith across the seas to the barren straits and the pestilent air, where all the fortune they found was in fever and delirium and death. And now when the piper sits, with his magic music dumb, those around him ask, what harm did his piping do?

Before the dull vision of the spectre which was once Ferdinand de Lesseps—"assoupi dans son fauteuil, une couverture sur ses membres refroidies, et la paleur de la mort sur son visage amaigri, à peine reconnaissable"—there may pass in a ghastly vision all those perished multitudes of tortured fellahs and of buried peasants. Perhaps the dread vision may haunt him after his Pharsalia as it haunted Pompey before his. But what does this serve the dead and the ruined?

Fitting close to a century steeped beyond all others in financial putrefaction and the poisonous exhalations of rotten wealth!

No one who reflects much on the tendency of modern life can doubt that it is setting more and more strongly with every year toward the repression of personal liberty in the innocent member of society side by side with the laxity used toward the criminal. The limbo of a cut-and-dried arbitrary authority, which is labelled "the State" (*i.e.*, the pushing bullies who have clambered into place), is with every year in every country being substituted for that natural choice and free action of the individual in daily life which can alone produce fine characters or create happy lives. The State, which is but the incarnation and personification of the majority, stuns all life out of individual development, with the club of brute force. Poor Abel only wants to fold his sheep in peace and raise his altar where it pleases him, but he is no longer allowed to do this. For asking so much he must die, though his murderer may live.

In politics the same mischievous tendency and preference prevail; Abel, *i.e.*, the minority, lies slain in all lands by the clumsy club of his brawny brother, the majority. Generally speaking, the minority is always in the right. It is almost always the party of wisdom, of far sight, of culture, of serenity, of truth. Generally speaking, when the minority has passed into the calm atmosphere of history, Clio, weighing them in her impartial scales, finds that the right was with them and not with the roaring, brazen-tongued and furious majority, which slew them and stopped their prayer and left them

dumb and stark. All great thoughts have their embryo conceived in a very small minority; all great religions have been engendered and nursed in the narrowest and poorest of minorities. Brahma, Christ, Mahomet had at their rise only a feeble and persecuted little group of followers. Whether for good or ill, the gigantic "holy trees" of their several creeds, which have in turn overshadowed the whole earth, have sprung from a tiny seed, dropped into the despised and down-trodden soil of a frail minority. Galileo was a poor, persecuted, nearly friendless man, alone with his conviction against all the mighty majorities of the powers of Church and State. Tell—whether myth or man matters not—had bent his bow and arrow against the steel-clad hosts of the Duchy of Austria. All the tremendous forces which, for good or for ill, convulsed Europe and overthrew society and government in France, were first brought to birth from the matrix of the brains of a few poor and persecuted writers. Examples without number crowd on the recollection, and would fill pages of print, of minorities which have been mercilessly slain by brutal crowds only to be resuscitated by later generations, and recognized as the true light-bearers of a blind and thankless world. The dominion of the majority usually means fanaticism, coarseness, and brutality; and Demos is but Cain. At the present hour we are everywhere crowning and enthroning Cain, in our governments and in our tribunals.

And what is a liberty which is only the expression of the will of the larger number? What is a clamorous outcry for freedom worth when it does not mean individual freedom and the representation of the minority? What does there now exist of this anywhere? The minority is hounded down and bellowed down into silence, and must do as it is bidden, whether the question involved be a glass of beer or a change in the constitution, a vaccinated infant or an overthrown monarchy.

Ulster is but a quarter of Ireland. Lie down, Ulster; poor Abel, there you are; let yourself be brained without a kick or a cry.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## WHAT IS A NATION?

BY J. P. MAHAFFY.

THERE are many words of every-day use, in everybody's mouth, which seem to be perfectly understood, and yet whenever a Socratic inquirer asks for a definition of any of them he comes upon such variations, such contradictions in the answers he gets, that he begins to doubt whether there is any real idea underlying this common use. But on the other hand people do mean something by their words, and if men are often vague and inconsistent, and pass unconsciously from one meaning to another, it is the business of those who profess to think accurately to call attention to these variations and so contribute to making the knowledge of men more clear and accurate. From this point of view the term *nation* is very interesting, not only on account of the great variety of ideas which float about in men's minds when they use it, but because many strong emotions are suggested and even large political consequences derived from particular combinations of these ideas.

Let us first see how far we can all agree. There is no doubt that a nation means in every case a society, a large collection of individuals living in some relation to each other; for even though Plato framed for himself the most ideal of commonwealths, and disposed it with careful laws; if, as they said, when it was realized, he would be the only inhabitant of it, you could not call him a nation.

Nor could a family, or small number of families, be called a nation, though it might be called a tribe, which is a term not so extended in our conception of it. You may exterminate a tribe, or it may become extinct from natural causes; to exterminate a nation would be impossible; and when we come to ask, Can a nation become extinct by gradual process? we feel at a loss for our answer, since so large a society passes gradually into newer forms and always leaves some inheritance upon the earth under another name. But we may admit that a nation can die out or become extinct like a tribe. If so, the case is at least rare, and requires a great lapse of time. Even though Alsace and Lorraine have passed away from France and become German, there is no proba-

bility that the French nation, or any other nation in Europe, will become extinct for thousands of years.

Well, then, a nation is such a large society as can resist the wear and tear of barrenness or pestilence or invasion; and of course it must be a society of human beings, for even though a million of ants may have their locality fixed, their laws organized, and be in the strictest sense a great society, common use forbids us to call them a nation. And when we said that these human beings must live in some mutual relation we mean something more definite than the mere common relations which unite men as such, and not other animals. The human race collectively cannot now be called a nation.

And yet there was a day when this was not so. If we go back to our most venerable record on this question—the book of Genesis—we find in the eleventh chapter (v. 6): “And the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they have all one language,” so plainly intimating that they formed one nation; and then lest this nation should be too powerful, He confounds their language, so that they scatter over the face of the earth and form many nations in process of time. Not only, then, does the author of the book of Genesis believe that many nations were gradually differentiated from one, but he lays it down clearly that the main difference was one of language. Holding strongly that there was no difference of blood, he would tell you that a nation meant a subdivision of the human race, speaking a language which their neighbors could not speak as a mother tongue. He holds this to be a process of separation, and though he attributes it to a special miracle at a particular moment, we may call this a picturesque way of stating a historical theory.

But if we try accordingly to define a nation as a society of men speaking the same language we shall find ourselves in direct conflict with plain facts, for it is an exception to find any modern nation in which men all speak the same language. It is not true of Britain, which embraces Welsh, Scottish and Irish Gaelic, and French in the group of islands called the

Channel. It is not true of France, which embraces many provinces where the natives do not speak French, and need not even understand it. Members of the French nation speak as their mother tongue Celtic in Brittany, Béarnais on the Bay of Biscay, Provençal in the great Rhone province, till lately German in Alsace, and Walloon in the northeast; and let us remember that these are not dialects, like those of English counties, which are diverse enough, but actually distinct languages, which have not, like dialects, a common literary form. Numbers of the German nation speak Low German, a language quite unintelligible to proper Germans, and Slavonic in the Polish provinces. I will not cite as a further example the wonderful polyglottism of Austro-Hungary, where eleven languages are taught in the primary schools; or the many tongues of the vast conglomerate of races which make up the Russian sway, for it will be objected that neither Austria nor Russia are nations; they are rather empires. But of this by and by.

At all events, it is absurd to define a nation as a great society speaking the same language. There is one European nation—Italy—which really speaks nothing but one language in many dialects. Though these dialects vary so much that they are hardly to be recognized by the common people as one tongue, this difference, like that of our county dialects, does not affect the literary language, and from the Alps to the African Sea everybody speaks Italian. But nevertheless Italy is the newest born of European nations, and any one who knows it well will tell you that no unity is more precarious, or more dependent upon the accident of possessing a popular royalty. Italy with its single language is by no means welded together like France with its many.

The test of language having broken down, let us try another—that of race; and here again let us go back to the primitive conditions which science postulates in the development of man. Unlike the book of Genesis, which makes all men of one blood, modern science is disposed to assert fundamental and original differences in men. The Papuan of Australia and New Guinea, the negro of Central Africa, the Digger Indian of North America cannot be traced to a common origin, but represent independent races, each originat-

ing at a very remote age, under such circumstances as to stamp upon it indelible physical marks. If the voice of science be heard, there seem to have been so many independent origins of men that if we called each separate race a separate nation we should attain curious results. Tasmania is an island about two-thirds the size of Ireland, and yet within that island there have been found five distinct languages, so distinct as to have but few general features in common, proving that these various tribes must have been for ages quite separate without even neighborly intercourse between them.\*

Let me add that there are peculiarities of race which seem indelible. The negro type is marked distinctly in the oldest Egyptian pictures, perhaps 5,000 years old, in contrast to the Coptic; and in the present day that type is preserved as pure in the Southern States of North America as it is in the primeval forests of Africa. This is the main aspect of the question of race in primitive times. And yet trenchant as are the distinctions of race, we may fairly say that they have never served to mark the distinction of nations. Some races, though inhabiting large and distinct sections of the globe, have never formed what we should call a nation. Such are the negroes, who have never attained to this condition, unless we venture to call the black republic of Hayti a nation—a community which exhibits in the most hideous results the utter folly of giving the institutions of civilized men to be the playthings of savages.†

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\* And this, to revert for a moment to the previous question, is only one proof of the enormous number of distinct languages which have been invented by distinct races. It is indeed possible, and has happened not a few times, that one people has adopted the language of another, and forgotten its own; but for the same people to invent two distinct languages is quite inconceivable. And on the other hand it appears that every race that ever arose upon the earth has invented one for itself—it is the specific difference between man and any other animal. In these respects questions of language bear closely upon those of race.

† The blacks of Hayti, though the descendants of slaves who had seen the ways and habits of white men, and though perfectly at liberty to study the principles which underlie the management of neighboring civilized communities, have quickly lapsed into the most grotesque communism, into feticism, even into cannibalism, so that Sir Spencer St.

In other cases a race such as the Mongol or the Semitic has embraced many nations; and, nearer to ourselves, we have the Russian and the late Polish separate nations though people of the same race, just as the English and the Americans are brethren in this respect.

But there are other cases still more destructive to the notion that race makes a nation. In many countries two or more races live together under the same conditions, and while preserving their peculiarities of blood, nevertheless form a single society. The Hungarian nation, for so we may now designate that great section of the Austrian Empire, is one, but composed of Magyars, Slovacs, Gypsies, Germans—all distinct in race, as is proved both by physical type and language. In the United States, English people, blacks, and Spaniards, not to speak of the motley crowd of immigrants, form single States, and, in the cases I have already noticed, of various languages spoken within the bounds of one nation, these varieties almost always point to difference of race. Though not always. As I have already said, there are instances of a race adopting the language of another, so completely as to forget its own. Of this we can cite two remarkable cases. The Fellahs of Egypt, lineal descendants of the old Egyptians, who some centuries ago all spoke their world-old Coptic tongue, have so completely adopted Arabic that the older tongue only survives in ritual. The Veddahs of Ceylon, whom physical characteristics prove to be an aboriginal race, have adopted the far higher language of their Aryan invaders, and now speak a language which of itself would point to a different origin, and a far-off home.

This notice of the disappearance of one of the strongest race-marks suggests a third difficulty in defining a nation by race. However distinct races may originally have been, and however contrasted, we have innumerable cases of mixed races, so that we cannot tell with precision what

John's official account of them reads like a narrative from a far-off century. This is what makes me assert that the negroes have never formed a true nation. It is hardly necessary to add that the dark races of Northeast Africa—the Egyptians, Abyssinians, Nubians—are not in any sense black races, but are justly set down by the author of *Genesis* as near relations to the Semites and Aryans, the most refined and civilized races of the world.

the race of a nation is, or even what race predominates in it.

There is an old prejudice in favor of a pure race, derived from the artificial breeding of the lower animals, or perhaps from the mediæval notions of royal blood and untainted nobility. This prejudice can still quote in its favor the case of the Jews, who may be regarded as perfectly distinct from the races among whom they dwell, and who are in many respects one of the greatest in the world. But I do not know that we can point out another such case. The common objection against breeding-in should have told ere this against so exclusive a people. But though it has not, we may safely say that the verdict of modern history is in favor of mixed races. All the great nations of Europe are mixed races, none more so than the English, for though we speak of English as Saxon, Ireland and Scotland as Celtic, who does not know that Ireland is full of Danish and English blood? who does not know that the invaders—Northmen and Danes—were but a handful of men, and that the real foundation of the English race is Briton, that is to say, Celtic, so much so that scientific inquirers reject the name Anglo-Saxon to substitute for it Anglo-Celtic? Need we do more than mention the variegated composition of the United States? There is, in fact, hardly such a thing now as a nation marked out by the exclusiveness of its race, for the Jews, as we shall conclude by and by, cannot any longer be called a nation.

The attempt to define by race breaks down at every point, and we must seek for some other test.

There remain but two that are definite. The former is that of locality, the latter that of political unity. At first hearing, the test of locality, the geographical test, has much attraction for plain thinkers. The map seems to tell us directly how many nations there are in Europe, and yet Europe itself is not so precisely defined as most people think. Europe has changed its boundaries several times within our memory, and in this way: Whatever territory has been recently taken by Russia from Turkey in the Caucasus has passed from Asia to Europe; it being assumed by the makers of maps that the boundaries of Russia in that direction are also to be the boundaries of Europe. There have been other far greater changes within the bounds

of Europe, but if we lay down the principle that a nation is to be determined by geographical limits, how shall we treat the changes made by conquest? Had Napoleon reduced the greater part of Central Europe to one nation? Were not the Germans regarded as one nation long before the Prussian King forced them into a single empire? The Netherlands were one nation, and a great one, during all their splendid period for the last three hundred years. Did they suddenly become two nations because Belgium separated from Holland in 1830? Nothing is more certain than this, that most races will steadily refuse to identify themselves with others which occupy the same geographical bounds, and will persist in asserting their distinct nationality. Here is a pleasant example. A medical friend of mine from Cork found in St. Thomas's Hospital a patient with the unmistakable brogue, and hailed him as a fellow-countryman. The man denied it indignantly, whereupon the following dialogue ensued: Q. Not an Irishman! why, where were you born? A. In Skibbereen. Q. Well, and where was your father born? A. In Skibbereen, and my grandfather, too. Q. And still you say you aren't an Irishman? A. I'm nothing of the sort; the children of Israel were four hundred years in Egypt; did any one ever think of calling them Egyptians? He was bred of those Protestant settlers in Cork and Kerry whose fortunes are so picturesquely told in Mr. Froude's *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*.

But this leads us to the other ground, and the most obvious of all, which should perhaps have been stated at the outset. Here at last we seem to approach a secure haven after our tossing upon the ocean of doubt. And why have we allowed ourselves to wander so long and so far when so obvious a solution was before us? Whatever society is under the same political organization should be called one nation, and it is only because geographical position suggests or marks this that it is a convenient indication of the boundaries of nations. Whatever people or peoples are under the same king, or the same central government, are called one nation. This is the meaning, in common parlance, of the French nation, or the American nation.

Is it so? Would it satisfy any American to call the millions of negroes, free citizens of the Southern States, the Ameri-

can nation? Are they and whites indeed one because they live under the same Constitution? Will the Hungarians be content to be called Austrians for the same reason; or, to come nearer home, are the Scotch and Irish content to be called the English nation without strong qualifications? Many sovereigns are confessed to be the rulers not of a nation, but of an empire, and an empire seems to imply at least different nationalities, if not different nations. Is Turkey a nation, either in Europe or in Asia, because its territory is swayed by the same ruler? Could British India ever become one nation, even if we abolished all the various forms of subordination in which the native princes stand to their Empress, and she were to become Queen of India, as she is of Great Britain? Though it be, therefore, a sort of answer to our question, unity of government is not a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. There may be, and indeed there are at present, cases of several nations making up one political aggregate.

There are other and subtler bonds which have much to say in determining the patriotic emotions that cling about the name. There must be harmony in traditions—especially in those spiritual traditions which are summed up as religion; then in those of ancestry, and a common share in great deeds of old. There must be that kinship in feeling which is mistaken for unity of race, that sentiment which makes men proud of their nation, and fond even of its defects, and which has long been known and utilized by politicians under the name of patriotism. Mr. Pearson, in his brilliant book upon the future of the world, has devoted a special chapter to show the valuable effects of these feelings in differentiating societies which are all drifting into a great conglomerate of vulgar commonplace. And yet are such vague considerations to serve as the real definition of an important and apparently definite word, which we all use as though we understood it perfectly? Assuredly not, but they must help in the definition; they must also help to persuade us that after all the word is not so definite as it appears.

There are in fact many such words eminently convenient as mere symbols, in an argument, almost like the  $x$  or  $y$  of an algebraic operation, which are safe enough when used with this least possible mean-

ing, but full of danger and perplexity when various speakers begin to put each his own fraction of sense into them, and yet imagine them uniform and unchanged.

In the present case, for example, the word *nation* lies midway between two other terms, one narrower and one wider, with each of which it is frequently confounded. These words are *nationality* and *empire*. It is one of the curiosities of language that two words so like as *nationality* and *nation* should be so widely different in use. There are many other such double forms in English—*genius* and *geniality*, *form* and *formality*. But here the adjectives, from which the longer words are constructed, give us the clew; formal and genial differ widely from form and genius. In the case of *nation* and *national*, we feel no contrast, and consequently *nationality* and *nation* are readily confused. But not with reason, as can be shown abundantly.

The confusion with *empire* is more obvious, and requires less illustration. Almost every great race makes itself not only a nation but an empire, that is to say, it dominates land and people not contiguous or homogeneous, sometimes even lesser States of distinct political organization; and this sort of sway is called an empire. Yet the American Republic, which is in the strictest sense an empire, persists in calling itself a nation, which it certainly is not, being the conglomerate of many diverse elements, which destroy that homogeneity which everybody presupposes in using the term, but of which it is so hard to find the definition. It might, however, be urged that if America is not a nation neither can it be called an empire. For an empire is supposed to point to an emperor, or single head. This is not at all necessary. The most noble of empires in ancient days were Imperial republics, not Imperial sovereignties. The free negro may be proud that he belongs to the great Republic; he has no right to be proud of belonging to the American nation. If this term means anything, it means that splendid nucleus of English emigrants who laid the foundation of the present Imperial Republic, and long guided its counsels exclusively. But these are now a small minority in the States, and are becoming an aristocracy in the truest sense. So again, the Indian subject of our Empress-Queen may justly be proud

that he belongs to her Empire. He can hardly boast that he belongs to the great English nation.

Perhaps the clearest instances of the three terms before us are to be found in the greatest peoples of ancient history. The Greeks, who have so deeply influenced the world by their civilization, were never a nation, seeing that they were essentially opposed to any political union; they never attained to an empire, unless it be in the spiritual sense, and ended by being one of the subject races of the Macedonian Empire. But the Greeks were one of the most distinct *nationalities* the world has yet seen. Even when split up into various political units, and when at war with each other, the Greeks had their common language, religion, traditions, festivals, to which every Greek was admitted as a matter of course, in accordance with a never violated sentiment.

The Romans, on the contrary, early attained to an empire, which swayed first Italy, and then the Mediterranean coastlands, but we can hardly call this small city of aristocrats a nation, and we find that they readily sacrificed their nationality, in matters social and religious, and even partly in language, to the Greeks. They acquired an empire, in which first a local mob of motley origin, then provinces of various race and language, were ruled by the great qualities of a small number of families associated in a city of peculiar capabilities. And hence we talk of Rome and not of Italy, of the Romans and not of the Italians or Latins, as the Imperial race. Now a city has never yet with propriety been called a nation.

But we have a perfect specimen of a nation in the strictest sense when we speak of the Jews, who were distinct in race, strong in their national sentiment, persistent in their attachment to a geographical area. It is indeed true that they were not always governed by one king or form of government; it is true that they wandered far and wide over the globe, so that there were Jews scattered all over Europe and Asia; it is also true that they were often deprived of their independence by foreign masters. But yet the long periods when they did form a homogeneous monarchy; the iron persistence with which they clung, even in exile, to their language and religion; their repudiation of all other nationalities that threatened to absorb

them, made them essentially a nation; and even now, when they have long since lost all political independence, and all geographical localization, they are still by courtesy called a nation, in remembrance of their whilom condition. Improperly I think, for what they now retain of a nation is merely the complex of traditions and sentiments (in addition to blood) which make up a nationality, and so are an element in what we call a nation, while an empire does not necessarily require them for its establishment.

And now that we have considered so many false, or rather partial solutions, we cannot shirk our own answer, and so at last stand face to face with the question: What is a nation?

It is plain that our definition cannot be perfectly simple, for we have essayed every simple solution, and found it wanting. Let us, however, attempt it.

A nation is the largest dimension which a single society of men can assume, deriving its unity from the joint but varying action of the following causes:—

(1) As regards *race* if not unity, or at least the predominance of a race able to absorb or control those who dwell within the same locality; (2) As regards *locality*, a geographical area of adequate dimensions, of which the boundaries may advance or recede but of which the nucleus does not change; (3) As regards *language* and *religion*, such uniformity as is necessary for community of intercourse and sentiment. These causes, to produce a real nation, must further result in (4) a common government, presenting to its neighbors a distinct political corporation; (5) A community of sentiment which makes all its members regard themselves as a single social organism, with a life and history of its own.

It were not worth while discussing this abstract question were not its practical applications of the greatest moment to our country. When we see the political agitations of the day, which consist of sections of what we have been wont to call the British nation claiming to be distinct nations; when we consider the strong feeling of nationality in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, which asserts a distinct life from that of England, we begin to doubt whether the British Isles indeed come under the definition we have constructed, and whether we are not dealing with an empire within

an empire; a society ruling foreign nations with its powerful sway, while within the boundaries of its own nucleus it has not attained the homogeneity necessary to the very idea of a single nation.

Let us, therefore, turn to the details of our definition and see how far the case of England agrees with it. First, as regards *race*, we have indeed in England a race of composite origin, but now unified and well able to control the lesser races within the islands. But the English have by no means been able to absorb these races. The fusion of Briton, Norman, Saxon, Angle is complete enough; but the predominance of centuries has not enabled the English to assimilate or absorb the Welsh, Scotch, or Irish. In the case of Ireland, though the whole genius of the inhabitants is confined to the small society of the Anglo-Irish, it is notorious that no section of that people is so violently Irish as this. The most turbulent and unruly of all Irishmen are the Tipperary peasants, descended from Cromwell's soldiers, and the Galway squires, who have almost all English names. Probably the same result will be found in the other branches of the Celtic race.

As regards *locality*, the British islands are indeed severed most definitely from the rest of Europe, but even so, Ireland has been sufficiently separated from the rest, until the introduction of steam, to make it assert itself inconveniently. As regards *language*, the English have been slowly and surely leavening the rest, so that their tongue is not only the official, but the social organ of communication which even the wildest nationalist would not seek to abolish. But still how powerful is the tongue of Wales, and how deeply associated with Welsh religion! And then as regards this latter, while the Protestant forms of faith have long been dominant, see how persistent and pertinacious is the antagonism of the Roman Church, and what an unconquered power it still is in Ireland!

The result of all these limitations and qualifications is that while the British have attained to political unity, and have a single government recognized as such by all the world, we have not attained to that unity of sentiment which makes the French, or the Spaniards, or the Italians one nation; and in recent times, taking advantage of the great freedom of discus-

sion in our Constitution, the Irish have been openly declaring themselves a separate nation, entitled to a separate political life. So long as this movement lives, we can hardly call England one nation in the true and complete sense of the word.

But it can be shown that, after all, divers nationalities are necessary to a great nation, and that inner contrasts, provided they do not exceed a moderate degree of intensity, add greatly to the richness of its type.\*

In the first place, let us remember that the present Englishman, so admired and envied throughout the world, is of composite extraction, and has within him the liveliness and wit of the Celtic Briton, the hardness and adventure of the Northman, the toughness and submission to law of the Saxon, without all of which elements the men that since Elizabeth's days have scoured the seas and appropriated continents in adventure and in commerce could not have existed. But even after the construction of this marvellous type there is every reason to think that there arises a further need of new infusions, and that a race is kept alive and vigorous by the importation of a foreign stock. And whatever men may think of this theory, who will deny that the infusion of Scotch and Irish into England is now a main condition of her sustained greatness? Great purity of race, though a matter of sentimental admiration, is generally the source of weakness. Whatever flaws there are in the parents are sure to be perpetuated in the children, and so it is that in the breeding of all those animals which is carried out with any forethought, an infusion of new blood is thought no stain, but a necessity for the endurance of high physical qualities. If we take the examples of those lesser nationalities which surround the English, it would seem to be the admixture of foreign blood with the natives of Ireland and Scotland which has given both these portions of our islands their great influence in English history. It is not the Western Celt or the Highland Gael who has sent out great men into the Empire, to sway the destinies of England in council and in field. Is it not even likely that the purity of the Welsh in blood is a main cause of their comparative

insignificance? Not settled by Danes or Northmen, not dominated by Romans, not seized by Norman or great Saxon barons, except along the Marches, Wales has suffered by her immunity from strangers, whereas we in Ireland have gained from them far more than they could ever take from us.

Such being the case within each section of this kingdom, does not the whole argument apply with even greater force to the islands as a whole? The qualities wanting in what is called the Saxon are supplied by the Scotch and Irish, and so there is constructed a great composite nation, which may perhaps violate the strict definition of the purist, but only to produce a larger, stronger, more flexible unity, more likely to last, more able to conquer, more efficient to spread civilization throughout the world. It is now perfectly agreed by moderns, in contrast with the theories and ideals of the Greeks, that this is not to be done by constructing small and perfectly organized republics, but by making our nations politically large units such as can command respect and repel encroachment. And accordingly almost every nation, in the modern and reasonable sense, has absorbed or combined several nationalities, of which process many examples have already been cited.

The political duties of these lesser nationalities is the last topic, but the most interesting in the whole discussion.

An example of good sense, and consequently of admirable success, in this duty is the example of Scotland. Scotland was once a separate nation, with a legitimate political unity, signified by its monarch and its Parliament; and yet Scotland has consented, not without protests and regrets from many of its patriots, to descend to the condition of a nationality, incorporated politically with another nation and abandoning many of its dignities for the sake of great security, great commercial advantages, and a share in greater glories. But along with this complaisance there seems no higher duty of this all-important section of Great Britain than to maintain as strictly as possible its own nationality, to preserve the type of the Scotchman as distinct from the Englishman, to hold fast to those traditions and those manners which make every intelligent observer mark the difference as soon as he crosses

\* On this topic I may again refer to Mr. Pearson's striking book on national character.

the Border. To have done all this perfectly, and with complete loyalty to the English nation, is the strongest proof that the Scotch are not only a great, but an enduring-nationality. And we may safely prophesy that a great nationality will last longer and command more respect and influence than a small nation.

When we turn to the case of the Irish, we find a very different treatment of the same problem. The open aspiration of a large section of Irishmen is to make *Ireland a nation*, as distinguished from a nationality, and to refuse to England that loyal support which every great nation requires from its several components. And yet the case of Scotland was not very different, and the difficulties of Union were perhaps greater. Ireland is indeed a separate island, but for centuries to cross the Border was more difficult and dangerous than to cross the Irish Channel. Scotland was for generations a real single nation, governed by a race of legitimate kings, whereas Ireland never has been a nation, in any sense, but a conglomerate of tribes and septs, always at variance, and never gathered in historical times, I believe not even in mythical, under a single head. The separate Parliament of Scotland was the legitimate council of its king; the Parliament of Ireland was rather an expedient to govern with more expedition and insight a province far removed from the capital and requiring close and undivided attention.

But we must not enter into the thorny brakes of Irish politics. Suffice it to say that with less claims, in fact with none, to be a nation, Ireland has but imperfectly embraced the policy of Scotland, and a long time must yet elapse before the influence of the reasonable and enlightened inhabitants will overcome the bitter bequests of old injustice, of opposing creeds, and persuade the mass of the people that the legitimate ambitions of members of the British nation afford far higher and more enduring rewards than the prizes ever to be attained in a small, weak, and probably distracted nation, such as the Poland of experience or the Ireland of possibility.

The question of nationality is one of sentiment. Even as the Scotch distinguish themselves with pride from the English, so it is perfectly legitimate that the Irish

should assert their peculiar characteristics. But we may well wonder at their jealousy of England, when we see the Empire governed to a considerable extent by successful Irishmen. Still let sentiment have not only its way, but its sway, and do its duty in preserving our various nationalities.

When we pass to the question of nations, it is no longer sentiment, but common interests, which should decide. If it be better for the Scotch or the Irish to be a separate nation, with separate councils, and with a possibly diverging policy—better, I say, not only for them but for England and Wales, then let it be accomplished. But modern history, when interrogated, gives us a doubtful answer. The greatest advances in Western Europe are not those of separation, but those of amalgamation. In Eastern Europe it is not so, but Austria and Turkey are not nations, and could not possibly be amalgamated into homogeneous nations. Shall we say that England is to be likened to France and Italy, where many conflicting interests have been made to bow to the great common interest of erecting a great and strong nation, or shall we compare her with Austria or with Turkey, and say that her people dominate other nationalities too strange and contrasted to be welded into one? With the union of Scotland and of Wales before us, it seems difficult to hesitate about our answer. And in any case does it not seem an insult to our country to compare her condition with those of half-organized and semi-barbarous empires in the East, when she really leads the civilization of the West? Shall we say that England cannot accomplish within her natural bounds what France has done, and be a single nation in the face of Europe, rather than prophesy for her the future of Austria or of Turkey, which look forward to a gradual disintegration? I trust Scotch and Irish as well as English patriotism will ever repudiate so beggarly and disastrous a future. We have fought our way from the wars of the clans and septs, through the Heptarchy, the Civil Wars, and the Rebellions, to something better than a federation; it must surely be the earnest hope of any man who studies history that we may not reverse the law of our progress, and return to a lower condition of political life.—*The New Review*.

## HOW TO SEE ANTWERP.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE Bank Holiday and the Great Eastern Company, with, perhaps, the *exploiting* aid of the late excellent Mr. Cook, have rather helped to vulgarize this interesting and antique city. But it has large and more ennobling associations. The very name stirs the soul, and furnishes what Boswell calls "bark and steel to the mind." We should exclude all guide and guide-book elements, and foster, as it were, the romance of the thing. The old Flemish city is, alas! not altogether what it was. The improvers and demolishers and "trouble tombs" have been at their favorite work. Still, much remains.

A great deal depends on the method of your first acquaintance with an ancient town of this kind. The arrival at the terminus, the omnibus, the hotel, the visit to the Cathedral and to other "Lions," the hateful guides, the general staring, the general *doing* of the place, as it is called: these are but dreary prosaic elements, and sad disillusionments. There is an art in looking at things; you must come prepared, and properly furnished. Nigh twenty years since, I found my way in a small yacht from the quaint Dutch town of Flushing, and spent a whole day in wearily tacking from side to side up "the lazy Scheldt." There was a charm in the sad-colored, low-lying lands on each side; in the calm tranquillity of the pastures, with the patches of red tiling seen afar off, contrasting with the full fat green of the pastures. Huge steamers, slowly splashing their way up to the old city, were constantly passing us, in charge of Flemish or Dutch pilots; for the river is tortuous enough, and winds and bends. Thus the day wore by, and evening and night; not until close on midnight were the irregular lines of twinkling lights of Antwerp seen approaching. It was curious, this gliding up the strange and novel port—the long stretch of pier lined with sleeping vessels; beyond them the rows of antique houses, the spire of the famous Cathedral, outlined in a shadowy way, the moon behind, rising almost over our heads. A little punt brought us to the steps by the old arch or water-gate, where a *douanier* was waiting suspiciously. Then came the pleasant

short walk through the narrow, darkened, solitary streets; and as we emerged on the familiar "Green Square," or *Place Verte*, the chimes of the Cathedral broke out into welcome, in disorderly, halting tunes, a sort of musical-box aloft in the clouds. At the corner, the Hôtel St. Antoine—then an old-fashioned hostelry, not the "swell," high-priced house it has since become—received us; the sleeping old porter being roused with difficulty. There was much romance in that mode of entrance. It was a present made to the memory of a picture, not "laid in fading colors," to be often recalled.

The traveller who would see his Antwerp aright will thus take care to arrive by water, entering it as he would Venice and Genoa. No one ever forgets the approach to Genoa, on some sultry morning—the cobalt glistening sea, the romantic terraces of the amphitheatre before him. And so, in the Scheldt, it is delightful, between five and six o'clock, to be aroused by the vessel stopping abruptly; to look out and see the sullen, leaden-looking Dutch waters about us—sullen because of the shoals and quicksands and low-lying coast. We are waiting off a rather grim-looking fortress, with bastions—the entrance to a harbor and shelter for a little town which lies securely ensconced behind. There is a not unpicturesque tower of a church, sad and solitary, and the usual faint janglings are borne toward us out of the mist, sounding, like Mr. Raddle's protest, as if coming from under "distant bed-clothes." A stout, business-looking sail-boat is approaching, and presently the pilot scrambles on board. Then begins the winding journey up the Scheldt, and one ever welcomes the novelty of the low-lying green tracts stretching away on either hand, with the strangest air of monotonous solitude, having yet a most original feeling, from the sudden contrast to the English pastures and fair landscape, seen only the evening before. When about a couple of hours have stolen away, the river gradually contracting, some sailor points out a white speck afar off, needle-like, and tells us that "that yander is Antwerp spire!" or, as Mrs. Gamp would call

it, "the Ankworke spire;" and for an hour or so, as we "zigzag" on, it seems now on the right, now on the left, but always growing. It has a strange charm, that snowy needle, for no town is visible; the plains and the spire have it all to themselves. It grows and grows, and at last we have a glimpse of a town at the corner, as it were; another turn brings us suddenly into the fine old port. Presently we are gliding past Napoleon's Docks and the jetties, alas! now made hideous by modern commercial "improvements." Not so many years since, there was the old Flemish wharf, lined with its old green trees, behind which rose a long row of antique houses, with their red-tiled roofs, while over all beetled the exquisite Cathedral spire, at which the passengers gazed with astonishment and pleasure. Now this pleasing vision has been ruthlessly swept away. An interminable row of hideous iron dock sheds has been interposed, a new wharf has been thrown far out into the river, the quaint old houses and the trees have been levelled, and the old picturesque charm is abolished.

About the *Place Verte*, which lies at the foot of the Cathedral, there is always something captivating. The trees have the air of a shrubbery. In some lofty chamber in a hostelry close by it is pleasant to be awaked betimes, as I was lately, by the melodious tinklings of the bells in the spire. Nothing can be more appropriate than the really fine and romantic statue of Rubens, which stands in the centre. This showy *flamboyant* figure supplies a tone to the scene, as we think of his innumerable pictures close by and scattered through the town, of his house but a street away, of his great fame in every land. There is an animation about this statue which is sadly lacking in our stiff, dead-alive things at home, where we crowd and huddle our bronze figures together. A really important figure should dominate and inspire the area about it, and "have it all to itself;" it should be the central object.

When we call up the image of Antwerp, the Cathedral will surely present itself. It is, indeed, the *note* of the city. From almost every quarter can be seen, gently and persuasively reminding all of its power, that elegantly-graceful and unique spire, which has been likened to a piece of Mechlin lace, and was admired by Charles V.,

who declared it ought to have a case to protect it. It seems to have a sort of life and movement of its own, from the perpetual presence and melodious jangling of its tunes. As we stand below, ever looking up with wonder, their song breaks out in abrupt fashion; and, after a sort of rumbling, straggling performance, which is pleasing enough, it stops as abruptly. The body of the Cathedral, large as it is, is so adroitly encompassed about and hidden away in by-streets and houses, that the spire completely asserts itself. We even like the quaint, grotesque bulb, *man-gold-wurzel* shaped, which covers the dome; but the fellow-tower, which is unfinished, is sorely disfigured by a bit of slated roof, and an ugly peak. The mouldings and little columns should surely have been left, all jagged, as it were, to show that the building was interrupted; but the spaces have been walled up, and windows inserted, apparently to make a sort of dwelling for the "guardians." The other treatment, which is to be seen at Malines and Rouen, at once suggests that the towers are unfinished.

This charming spire, as I say, influences the community; it is always present with them; it is the centre of all. From every quarter the eye turns to it with an affectionate interest. No other monument seems to call up such associations, such dramatic changes; for it has looked down on the wonderful struggles and tumults that have gone on during centuries at its very feet. The average tourist may look on such things as antique fossils. He has an indistinct idea that they are kept up as things to be exhibited, as "show places" for him. But they have a living activity and purpose—an important share in the life of the citizens. In the gray morning, from six o'clock to ten, Masses are going on at the great altar and its side chapels, with busy congregations attending devoutly. During this time, by a becoming ordinance, the green blinds and covers of the show-pictures are drawn up, no doubt to the disgust of the guide fraternity. Shrewd Baedeker-carriers have found this out, and stroll in. Strange to say, the eyesore of the whole has always seemed to me to be the large Rubens pictures for which the Cathedral is famous, and which are fixed in clumsy fashion against the walls, as though they had no business to be there. A ponder-

ous stone balustrade has been erected in front to protect them, disfiguring the interior. The arrangement is too much of a "show." They were intended, surely, as altar-pieces, and to be merely decorative. The frames and wings are coarse, and but rudely contrived. The whole system, with the greedy attendant vergers, the levying of money, etc., is disagreeable, and should be changed. The receipts, however, are too tempting to be foregone. It is a pity that the State does not take them over for a capital sum. How detestable is it when the attendant proceeds to wind up the green baize blinds, as though they were shop-shutters, before the gaping throng, each armed with his crimson volume, the fiction being that this is done for the protection of the precious canvases! The "takings" must be very large indeed—perhaps some thousands a year.

On some Festa or holiday, the old Cathedral, crowded to the doors with a seething mass of holiday folk and devotees, presents itself in its best aspect, and to every advantage. Services and functions are going on everywhere. How noble, how fair seems the interior then with its *five* aisles, and forest of elegant columns, which are unbroken by capitals, and flow so gracefully upward from the ground itself! The quaint, yet beautiful dome, with its terraces, is over our heads, offers a kind of mystery far aloft.

Over the altar is that brilliant and curiously scenic work of Rubens, "The Assumption," fitted into the Renaissance structure, below a sort of Grecian pediment and pillars, which, oddly enough, harmonizes fairly with the rest; at least, we would not wish it removed. The fine designs and carving of the stalls have been often praised; hours might be spent studying the exquisite little figures, each full of a grace and free spirit that suggests Tanagra, and which might be thought impossible in so stiff a material as oak. This is all modern work, and proves that the Flemings still retain their superiority in this fine art.

While these crowds were swarming and fluctuating, a grand procession entered, which illustrated in curious fashion the perfect survival of the old Flemish spirit. It was made up of "guilds" from Ghent and other places, each member of which was arrayed in full evening dress and bore

a long metal flambeau; some of the flowing gowns and dresses worn by those persons, who seemed of the rank of gentlemen, were picturesque. These were of rich silk, with gold bands and stripes down the back. Others wore silver medallions on their shoulder-blades. The banners, which were not square and extended like ours, but drooped in folds, were of amazing richness and elegance; the material being mostly velvet heavily embroidered in gold. Some had poles of solid silver, and there were the always picturesque cresset-lights, also of solid silver. This effective scene showed the Cathedral as it may have been in the old days, when Charles V. and other great personages assisted. As we gazed, the High Mass was proceeding in one of the chapels, and from the organ-loft broke out the strains of a full orchestra—drums and trumpets and psalteries, and all kinds of music! This had a fine effect.

A short winding alley leads into another *Place* close by, which, as it seems to me, always appeals to the most romantic associations. For here we find ourselves before a monument of quite another order, and here have I found myself, as in a dream, about five o'clock of some summer's morning, standing before the grim, gloomy, copper-colored Hôtel de Ville, full of strange, mysterious associations; a vast, ponderous, solid structure, with its overhanging eaves and open gallery below, and centre block, displaying gilt carvings and scutcheons, and the figure of the patroness of the city, the Blessed Virgin. Some critics have protested against the style, the Renaissance, as being *baroque*, and out of keeping; but there is a harmony in all these varieties. The central scutcheon displays the arms of Charles V.; the Antwerpians are rather proud of having been under the rule of the great Emperor. Here is no childish defacing of such records, as among the French. The stern, solemn building calls up all strange, stirring histories in the most vivid way; we can almost see the yellow jerkins of the soldiery trooping across the *Place*. As this is a holiday, the whole town pours in, and wanders through its fine old chambers, all splendidly, and even gorgeously, restored. Gloomy enough they are, with the black and massive oaken beams of their ceilings and solid panellings. There is a dim religious light, too, coming

through the mullioned panes, and over the panels are frescoes which, though modern, are in a quaint, formal style befitting the place. The burgomaster and councillors sit in massive oaken chairs; their faces would show little alteration from the old Flemish type. Lately, a grotesque, fanciful, bronze structure of great height, a fountain, has been erected in the *Place*, somewhat rude and even barbarous in treatment, and yet harmonizing. The old guild houses round, with their "stepped" gables and carvings, are welcome.

The view from the door of the Town Hall, of the triangular *Place*, and of the fine spire close by rearing itself over the old red roofs, is truly picturesque, and has been often painted and etched. This, indeed, is one of the charms of the old quarter of the city: the picturesque fashion in which everything is crowded and blended together, the new and the old, the twisting streets and alleys, the irregular shapes, all angles and corners, to say nothing of the varied tints and colors. Long may the hand of the improver—*i.e.* of the spoiler—be stayed. He has done mischief enough with his new, mean, uninteresting, and yet pretentious boulevards.

The fascinating Cathedral so engrosses the stranger, that the other churches are somewhat overpowered. Yet I doubt if there can be found anywhere a more brilliantly imposing or picturesque interior than that of St. Paul's. This attracted that fine painter, the late David Roberts, who has left a fine picture of the scene. The effect is truly splendid, from the grand spaciousness, and sense of noble proportion, and the rich and varied furnishing. For here are vast altars, black and white marbles, endless oak carvings, gold and silver, rare pictures, stained glass, flamboyant traceries and flourishings, all commingled. Fine "flourishing" statues decorate the columns, standing on flamboyant brackets, with cherubs below; a daring riot of clouds and flying figures crown the altar building—for building it is. How stately the general effect, in spite of this excess of rich detail! Most imposing, too, and boldly prominent, is the range of stalls; amazing, even, the long series of confessionals, running round the church and joined to each other by finely carved panellings. This pattern I

have often met with, in even the most obscure country churches; they are wonderful things; the divisions for priest and penitent being formed by oaken figures—half a dozen or so—in dramatic attitudes, the size of life; the background, seats, etc., being treated in a lavishly free style. How fine, too, are the gilt gates, balustrades, and railings that we meet with in so many churches, treated in the most correct style! On the whole, for wealth of detail, decoration, and fine proportions, there is nothing more satisfactory than this noble fane, where everything is blended and mellowed together in a rich harmony. St. Jacques, where Rubens lies buried in a chapel of his own, is more admired perhaps, but, I think, is inferior. Every church has, of course, its show Rubens or Vandykes, duly furnished with their green baize blinds.

In almost every Flemish church, even in the country towns and villages, we are sure to find the strangely florid pulpit, lavishly carved with draperies and umbrageous trees, supported on a group of figures, the stair guarded at the entrance by figures of Discretion or Eloquence, it may be. This quaint fancy is deep-seated; we wonder at the amazing freedom of the touches, and the prodigies that can be wrought in wood, as though it were clay or terra-cotta. It is not, however, a becoming framework for the preacher, who seems to be lost in these caprices.

How absurd, by the way, is the popular insistence of guide-books, to the exclusion almost of everything else, on pictures! As if every one that travelled were an eager art amateur, and went abroad to study pictures! They must even give us long "screeds" on the growth of the various schools of art, lives of the painters, etc., just as they furnish us with histories of the countries visited. These things are surely out of place, and surely a waste of labor. The tourist, hurried and unsettled in mind, is in no mood for such studies. Who will not frankly confess that, after all, there is a general sameness in these religious works of Rubens, Vandyke, and others; and that, were they unnamed or unheralded, few would ever have sagacity or enthusiasm to pause and recognize their merits? The truth is, Englishmen have a sort of craze for "checking by catalogue." They love to find the number and name in their

book, and see that all corresponds; then a "tick" is made, the thing is done with, and they pass to the next. Any one who observes the matron with her daughters at the Royal Academy will see that such is the process. The really useful and efficient guide-book is yet to be found.

I was fortunate enough to witness a brilliant mediæval procession, which took place lately on a sultry Sunday morning. Everything was "in festival," as it is called; all the streets were swarming with holiday folk, who had come from vast distances. The Dutch, French, and Germans had run special trains; the hotels were distended to bursting-point. The attraction was a sort of pageant or "triumph," a procession, long and elaborate, with cars and fancy dresses, on which vast sums were expended. The book-collector is familiar with certain great "Atlas Folios," in which all the figures and "machines" are engraved in sumptuous style. The present show was a revival of a former successful one, known as the *Landjuweel*, held in the year 1561. Now, as then, this exhibition seemed to be prompted by the numerous great guilds, artistic and other kinds, to which the Flemings are so partial. The whole was "got up" under the direction of the Archæological Academy of Belgium, and its official title was "The cortège representing the solemn entry of the Rhetoricians," who took part in the *Landjuweel* (or "Jewels of the Land"), which would appear to have some connection with the old Guild of Jewellers.

About two o'clock, when all the streets were lined with crowds, the train began to appear. It took nearly two hours to pass by, and was certainly one of the most dazzling and really elegant of such things that could well be imagined. There were some fourteen or fifteen groups, as they might be called, each distinct, and in itself forming an imposing procession. Each represented something allegorical, and was arranged after one general pattern: a long line of trumpeters, "fools," men-at-arms, mounted and on foot, a prince or principal "personage," with fitting attendants, leading the way; the whole winding up with an enormous car of entrancing size and splendor. Each had some fanciful, antique name, such as *La Fleur de Souci d'Anvers*, *La Fleur d'Iris*, *de Malines*, *Les Œils de Christ de*

*Malines*, etc. This sort of pageant of "cars," and their treatment is a Flemish specialty, and for centuries the natives have taken great delight in such things. Some cities, such as Tournay, have antique vehicles preserved with care and exhibited once a year. On Lord Mayor's Day, it is true, in our city, some rather halting attempts have been made in this way; and our "Sir Augustus" set his property men to work on a late occasion. But in these Belgian towns it is a sort of art, with traditions. Artists of the various academies have designed them, and as they are crowded with figures on stages, there must be, it will be conceived, much mechanical art employed; and on this occasion some architects of reputation helped to furnish the designs.

These structures were, indeed, astonishing, being forty or fifty feet long and as many high; yet they rolled along with an easy, sometimes swaying motion, after the six or eight stout "punches" that drew them. Occasionally, however, some fair *Flamande*, who formed the apex, perched on a beetling elevation, reeled and wobbled, where the road was uneven, in a fashion that must have brought discomfort suggestive of the great breakers on the coast. One of these cars was an enormous galley, rising high, entirely gilt, its decks crowded with figures. Another was a temple; a third a theatre; a fourth a scene in a forest, in illustration of an old legend. A certain Flemish Princess was shown, kneeling on the steps of a throne, and imploring pardon of the Pope. On others, all the great poets and painters were shown, picturesquely grouped. There was one scene from the story of Quentin Matsys, where the decorations, railings, etc., were ingeniously suggestive of the familiar fountain by the Cathedral. The delicacy and solidity of the work, as well as coloring, were truly remarkable. The costumes of the innumerable figures were astonishing for the beauty of the designs, as well as for the richness of the materials. There was one group arrayed in cloaks and hats of fine satin, rose colored, set off by white satin vests and trunks. Everything was archæologically correct, even to the bridles of the horses. These, of which there must have been several hundred, seemed to be all *private nags*, instead of what is usually looked for on such occasions—contributions from the circus.

These well-shaped, well-groomed creatures lent a refined air. The ladies, too, who we were assured were the wives and daughters of artists, merchants, professors, etc., bore themselves with equal grace and courage. No one in the crowd dreamed of any irreverent jest; the whole was accepted with faith and reverence. I could not but think of our country, where it would be impossible even to conceive of ladies and gentlemen thus mounted and arrayed in fancy dresses parading through a country town. The show, however, was a serious business, and had taken months, if not a year, to get ready. With strange good luck, the weather favored, in the most delightfully accommodating fashion. I confess, however, that one such "show" which I saw in Bruges some years ago was more effective, though not nearly so pretentious, owing to the wonderful fitness of the scenery—that is, the narrow Bruges streets and their fifteenth-century houses. The faces of the men looked like those of Memling and Dürer.

For yet another charming association, and one which is really unique, we have only to repair to the Friday Market, and find ourselves before a respectable-looking old mansion—the well-known Plantin Museum. Every one admits the delightful impression that is left by a visit to this place. The bibliophilist has long been familiar with the books and titles, the great missals and office books, which bear the imprint of this great printing firm—dainty works mostly, and finely printed. We enter the house with veneration, as if going to greet old friends. The common tourist can but stare, though feeling a certain pleasure. I know nothing equal to the calm old-world monastic air of tranquillity of the court-yard; the gray walls and mullioned windows half overgrown with ivy. The architecture, too, of this court—albeit unpretending—has a charm and merits of its own, with busts let into ovals and peeping through the ivy. The interior has often been described—the succession of chambers devoted to the various printing processes, the little foundry where the types were cast, the furnaces, etc., all in their old places; the

old solid tables, the compositors' room. Most attractive of all, for its quiet, comfortable solitude and tone of peace, is the reader's room or corrector's sanctum. All, however, looked into the court through the leaded panes, with little shutters a foot square, which could be used like blinds. As I said, the tone was like that of a monastery. Everywhere were the portraits of the old printers and their sons-in-law, who were taken into the business. It is, indeed, extraordinary how carefully everything has been preserved, even to the drawings made by Rubens and others, for engraving. The real attraction of the Museum is of a purely technical kind, and would be of the highest interest to the printer and to those skilled in the details of printing.

In these old towns the very hotels seem to be monuments, and to enjoy a permanence like other monuments; such is the *Grand Laboureur*, in the Place de Meir, which was receiving guests in the last century. It is the same in Frankfurt and most of the German towns.

With our devotion to art, it is strange to find in these provincial cities a more sumptuous recognition of art than is found in London. Here we find the Museum of Pictures, a splendid, enormous pile, monumental in character; its vast halls filled chiefly with Flemish masterpieces, ancient and modern. Space here seems to be *ad libitum*. There is lavishness in the arrangements, the number of attendants, the sumptuousness of the accessories, that does honor to the Burgomaster and his Echevins. The modern Flemish artists seem to delight in enormous canvas and gigantic groups, which suggest scenes rather than pictures.

Such, then, is a view of this old city, conceived in a sympathetic spirit. The recipe may be applied with profit and pleasure to nearly all cities of this pattern. Of this we may be sure: no mere bird of passage, or travelling tourist, can hope to know the secret of a city; residence for a few days, at least, and familiarity with the scenes are necessary.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

In view of the forthcoming International Exhibition at Chicago, Messrs. Cassell & Co. have made arrangements for the issue of a popular edition in monthly parts of "Picturesque America," illustrated with several hundred engravings on wood and numerous steel plates.

THE year 1893 witnessed the disappearance from old *Blackwood's* of the familiar title *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, which it had borne ever since its birth in 1817. The omission of the word "Edinburgh" is a sign of the gravitation of all things Scottish to the centre of the empire in London. Let us hope that the contents of the old "Maga" may still remain largely Scottish, and that the magazine may not become merely another item among the general periodicals of the age.

LINES BY J. G. WHITTIER.—A young admirer of Mr. Whittier wrote from Brighton a letter expressing his pleasure derived from his writings. The kind poet sent back the following lines, headed "A Wish":

"That closer strand may lean to strand,  
Till meet beneath saluting flags  
The Eagle of our mountain crags,  
The Lion of our Mother Land!"

"JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"DANVERS, MASS., U. S., 2d mo. 23, 1885."  
*Leisure Hour.*

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER will celebrate the fifty years' jubilee of his Doctorate on September 1st, 1893. He took his degree at Leipzig in 1843, and is expected to be present at Leipzig to receive his honorary diploma.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish immediately a volume on "Socialism and the American Spirit," by Mr. N. P. Gilman, author of a well-known book on "Profit-Sharing." The new book is a discussion of the present position and the probable future of Socialism and social reform in the United States.

THE RESULT OF IMPARTIAL CRITICISM.—A certain new book has been reviewed in two leading journals, with a result which is indeed (says *Truth*) a curiosity in literary criticism:

"It is not interesting, it is not amusing, it is, in fact, one of the most negligible works we have recently encountered. The compulsory reading of these volumes will afford as

humiliating a discipline as the Penitential Psalms."

"These are most interesting, valuable, and attractive volumes, and their perusal is as delightful as it is instructive. . . . From whichever point of view this book be considered, it is deserving of the highest praise."

BOYS' READING OF THE PRESENT DAY.—At the last Conference of Head Schoolmasters, Dr. Welldon, of Harrow, gave his opinion of the prospects of sound English literature being favored at our public schools. He said: "With regard to English literature, a feeling of astonishment and, he might almost say, dismay had come over him at the ignorance of the majority of boys as regarded literature of their own language. He once asked a boy in a great public school (which was not Harrow) what books and papers he was in the habit of reading, and after a moment's reflection he told him that his reading consisted of 'Bell's Life' and the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette*. Perhaps he might explain, for the benefit of those few head masters who were not sporting characters, that the choice of the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette* was owing to the accounts it contained of past prize-fights. In his own school he had found a surprising ignorance not only of the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, but also of writers who might be supposed to come home more closely to the youth of the present day, such as Scott, Tennyson, and Dickens. Of course it was natural to say that boys' minds were more set upon athletics than they were in the past, but that was a danger, if danger it were, of which schoolmasters were perfectly aware, and which was being met. But outside of the prevalence of the athletic spirit, the evil was referable to two causes. In the first place boys' time was much more filled up than it was, and they had singularly little leisure. Many schoolmasters, indeed, seemed to live in a chronic dread of leaving schoolboys any leisure, and it was difficult for them to live in idleness. Then side by side with this increase in the demands upon a boy's time, he would put the growth of periodicals which, whatever merits they might have, could not be regarded as standard works. Here was an evil which head-masters ought to face, and, if possible, deal with, for if a boy did not leave school with an appreciation of English litera-

ture, it was hardly likely that he would acquire it in after life."—*Leisure Hour*.

M. TAINÉ.—By the death of M. Taine, Europe loses her greatest critic. That is the thought that is this week in the minds of most well-read and intelligent men. And yet, in many ways, M. Taine was a very unsatisfactory critic. His conclusions were, no doubt, as often right as those of most critics, or, indeed, more often right; but his critical method involved a patent absurdity. It rested upon the supposition that the great men of letters and art are but the creatures of their "environment." His theory was that each age has certain ruling characteristics, and of these characteristics the poets and artists are but manifestations. But these ruling characteristics are, again, not a matter of hap-hazard, but the result of the conditions that prevailed in preceding ages. That there is a good deal of truth in this, no one will care to deny. But in so far as it is true, it is of little or no use in the region of criticism. Of course, men are influenced by the spirit that is abroad in the age in which they live; and, of course, that spirit is derived from somewhere. The genius of Shakespeare, or of Bacon, is not, however, to be explained solely by reference to "the ruling passion" of the age. There is always the "personal equation" to be considered, which is entirely independent of the spirit of the age. This personal equation becomes, too, more and more important as we approach the great men of letters. Webster, Massinger, and Ford may be dominated by the spirit of the age, and more or less explicable through it; but, in the case of Shakespeare, the man's own nature is so important, that merely to regard the spirit of the age helps us not at all. In a word, the generalization is often of use, but it will by no means serve as a universal critical solvent. As an able writer—Mr. Fraser Rae—has said, M. Taine considers it practicable, by duly estimating the forces at work in man's environment, and by determining their nature and effect, "to explain why an author, artist, or architect produced a particular book, painting, or edifice; why an age was distinguished for a particular form of literature, art, or architecture; what was the mental history of past generations as exhibited in the writings or doings of individuals." "In short," as he says, "M. Taine deciphers the man in the age and the age in the man." It is, however, unsatisfactory to explain a man's theory in words other than his own.

We will therefore attempt to give M. Taine's own exposition of his views. Unfortunately, it is difficult to find a concise statement. The following passage, from the introduction to his "Historical and Critical Essays," gives, however, a good general impression of the attitude M. Taine took up:

"Between an elm of Versailles, a philosophical and religious argument of Malebranche, one of Boileau's maxims in versification, one of Colbert's laws of hypothee, an anteroom compliment at Marly, a sentence of Bossuet on the royalty of God, the distance appears infinite and impassable; there is no apparent connection. The facts are so dissimilar that at first sight they are pronounced to be what they appear—that is to say, isolated and separated. But the facts communicate between themselves by the definitions of the groups in which they are comprised, like the waters in a basin by the summit of the heights whence they flow. Each of them is an act of that ideal and general man around whom are grouped all the inventions and all the peculiarities of the epoch; the cause of each is some aptitude or inclination of the reigning model. The various inclinations or aptitudes of the central personage balance, harmonize, temper each other under some liking, or dominant faculty, because it is the same spirit and the same heart which have thought, prayed, imagined, and acted; because it is the same general situation and the same innate nature which have fashioned and governed the separate and diverse works; because it is the same seal which is differently stamped on differing matters. None of these imprints can alter without leading to an alteration in the others, because if one change it is owing to a change in the seal."

This is so far-fetched and paradoxical that it is difficult to conceive that the man who wrote it should, in fact, have possessed a critical faculty of exceptional keenness. Yet such was the case. M. Taine had a bad theory, but that did not prevent him from saying very profound and true things about literature and history, or in any way vitiate the greater portion of the judgments he passed.—*Spectator*.

MR. SWINBURNE ON MUSIC.—The following lines have been written by Mr. Swinburne to be set to music for the opening of the new building of the Royal College of Music, which is intended to take place in the course of the coming summer:

## MUSIC : AN ODE.

## I.

Was it light that spake from the darkness,  
 or music that shone from the word,  
 When the night was enkindled with sound  
 of the sun or the first born bird?  
 Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bondage  
 of seasons that fall and rise,  
 Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and  
 blinded with light that dies,  
 Lived not surely till music spake, and the  
 spirit of life was heard.

## II.

Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life  
 to be,  
 Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and  
 the thrall was free.  
 Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman  
 of life and death,  
 Dumb with passionless patience that breathed  
 but forlorn and reluctant breath,  
 Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer, and  
 communed aloud with the sea.

## III.

Morning spake, and he heard : and the pas-  
 sionate silent noon  
 Kept for him not silence : and soft from the  
 mounting moon  
 Fell the sound of her splendor, heard as  
 dawn's in the breathless night,  
 Not of men, but of birds whose note bade  
 man's soul quicken and leap to light :  
 And the song of it spake, and the light and  
 the darkness of earth were as chords in  
 tune.

THE death is announced, by the *Critic* of New York, of Mr. Douglas Campbell, the author of "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," at the age of fifty-three. Mr. Campbell's book was the occasion of the much-quoted letter from Mr. Gladstone in which the latter described himself as "a pure Scotchman." It was not without merits, but the author sadly lacked training in historical research. Mr. Campbell was born in 1839 in Cherry Valley, N. Y. His father was Judge William M. Campbell of the Superior Court of New York, and afterward of the Supreme Court. At the beginning of the Civil War the son enlisted as a volunteer, and rose to the rank of major. Afterward he studied law at Harvard, and in 1866 began to practise in New York. Mr. Campbell leaves a widow and four children.

THE inaugural lecture delivered by Professor George Adam Smith, on taking possession of the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow,

has been published in book form, with some slight modifications, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The subject is "The Preaching of the Old Testament to the Age." Of the same author's work on "The Book of Isaiah," the first volume is in a seventh edition, and the second volume in its eighth thousand.

BEGINNING with April, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will henceforth be published by Mr. Edward Arnold, who proposes to make it more popular in character and to enlarge it by sixteen pages, without increasing the price. Among the contents of the April number are : the fac-simile of a ms. poem by Charles Kingsley, with decorative illustrations, entitled "The Lay of Earl Harold ;" verses by Lord Houghton and Mrs. T. H. Huxley ; an article on "The Likeness of Christ," by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, with a series of portraits from the dawn of Christian art ; a serial story by Mr. Robert Buchanan, to be completed in three or four numbers ; reproductions of the alleged Edinburgh forgeries of documents by Burns, Scott, and Thackeray ; "The Queen's Buckhounds," by Lord Ribblesdale ; "Costers and Music Halls," by Mr. Albert Chevalier ; and Reviews and Reminders, by Q. In a future number we are promised some unpublished poems by Macaulay.

THE first number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, conducted by Lord Frederic Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight, will appear early in May. It is to be published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in London, Manchester, and New York, and the price will be one shilling. The articles, as a rule, will be signed ; and considerable space will be devoted to short stories, and —later— to serial fiction. It is intended that the illustrations shall be one of its principal features. Mr. T. Dove Keighley is the art editor.

THE report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language for 1892 shows progress in every direction. The sale of books printed in Irish has increased from 3196 to 4634 ; and there has also been an increase in the number of schools in which Irish is taught, in the number of teachers who obtained certificates, and in the number of pupils who presented themselves for examination in Irish. Among the new members is M. Antoine d'Abbadie, of the Institut, who claims to have been born at Dublin, of an Irish mother. Mention is made of a little book on Irish folk-

lore—stories,\* legends, charms, prayers, and songs—which has been compiled by Mr. Daniel O'Flaherty, and printed in Irish.

THE address which Professor Jebb recently delivered at the Guildhall, to university extension students, upon "The Influence of the Greek Mind on Modern Life," is published at full in the *University Extension Journal* for March 15th. Professor Jebb has undertaken to give the inaugural lecture at the Cambridge summer meeting this year.

ABOUT a year ago was announced the formation of a *Litteraturarchiv-Gesellschaft* at Berlin, with the object of preserving from oblivion or destruction the letters, literary remains, etc., of distinguished German authors. According to the secretary's report, read at the general meeting recently held of the Society, upward of a thousand letters from well-known German writers and several hundred manuscripts were secured last year. Professor Weinhold has again been elected President, and Professor Mommsen Deputy President, of the Society. Drs. Dilthey, Jonas, Rodenberg, etc., were again elected members of the Council.

It is said that the Russian Government is about to found professorships of "folk music" in some of the Russian universities. The Russians are notably in possession of a very rich fund of folk songs which are as primitive and original in their text as they certainly are in their melody. As this treasure of the people's songs and melodies, like their folk-lore, is in constant process of diminution, since it is mostly continued orally, and much of it preserved only by the aged, there is naturally a patriotic anxiety to rescue as much of it as possible from total extinction while there is time. Several persons are now employed upon the collection and study of this valuable treasure.

BESIDES Professor H. Brunn, of Munich, Professor Theodore Mommsen and Professor Max Müller will celebrate the jubilee of their doctorate in the course of this year—M. Brunn on March 20th, Mr. Max Müller on September 1st, Dr. Mommsen toward the end of the year. Professor Max Müller has promised to be present at Leipzig to receive his new diploma.

At the last meeting of the committee of the Society of Authors, the late chairman, Mr.

Walter Besant, and the late secretary, Mr. S. S. Sprigge, were appointed delegates to represent the Society at the Conference of Authors to be held at Chicago on July 12th.

In the *Athenæum* appears the following brief notice of the late Louis Jennings, M.P., the brilliant editor of the *New York Times*, when that paper did so much to crush the Tweed régime:

"Mr. Jennings was master of a sound English style, and his good taste prevented his writing from becoming tawdry. He was much employed as a reader by the late Mr. Murray, and contributed many articles to the *Quarterly Review*, hardly one of which failed to attract a considerable amount of notice. In 1882-83 he wrote a novel called 'The Millionaire,' which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was subsequently issued in three volumes. The millionaire is said to have been Jay Gould, whom Mr. Jennings had known in New York, and had seen a good deal of during his visit to London, in the course of which he astonished Mr. Jennings, who was showing him the pictures at Stafford House, by asking whether he thought the Duke of Sutherland was open to a bid for the lot, or any of them. Mr. Jennings's next contribution to literature was the excellent three volumes of 'Croker's Correspondence and Diaries,' which he edited with conspicuous tact and taste, and which, if they do not entirely rehabilitate Croker, at least have secured him a more honourable reputation than he had enjoyed during the thirty years succeeding his death. The strong points of the man—his energy, industry, acuteness, and knowledge of men and books—were brought out with skill and judgment.

"In 1885 Mr. Jennings entered Parliament, and he gradually became absorbed in politics. Although he kept up a connection with journalism by acting as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he ceased to devote his time to literature, his remaining work, written soon after his entry into the House of Commons, being 'Mr. Gladstone—a Study,' which, as the title indicates, was somewhat of a party pamphlet. For the last two years Mr. Jennings's health had failed him, and he underwent much suffering, although he occasionally rallied; and the closing of his career at the comparatively early age of fifty-six was expected, although deplored, by his many friends."

## MISCELLANY.

THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL STATION AT NAPLES. —Vesuvius is wrapped in snow to the summit; from his crater the vapor streams sharply seaward, rolling in heavy masses down the western slope of the cone—a sign that a strong easterly gale is roaring over the heights, although on the sheltered strand of Naples the air is milder and the sunshine stronger than on many an English noontide in July. It is not a morning for extra-mural excursion; one's footsteps naturally tend along the Riviera di Chiaja into the beautiful gardens of the Villa Nazionale. Here, among waving palms and shimmering eucalyptus, it is possible to forget that three days ago in Paris the thermometer had registered twenty degrees of frost, and that the journey thence had been through a snowy continent, even the Roman Campagna being hard bound in frost.

Within these gardens, at the end of a shady avenue of ilex, and gleaming white in the sunshine amid a luxuriant growth of prickly pears, geranium, and aloes, stands a building—of its kind the most remarkable in the world—the great marine aquarium and biological laboratory of Dr. Dohrn. It is twenty years since that gentleman, almost entirely at his own expense and risk, undertook the construction of the first series of tanks and workshops for the systematic study of marine zoology and botany in the Mediterranean. Among a light-hearted people like that of Naples, it would have been no cause for wonder had the new Aquarium met with a destiny similar to that which has overtaken those of Westminster, of Brighton, and, since the death of Mr. Alford Lloyd, of the Crystal Palace. Perhaps it had been vain to expect among the volatile Neapolitans the degree of perseverance necessary to success. It is due to the Teutonic resolution and contagious ardor of Dr. Dohrn that, although the establishment in the Villa has been from the first a popular exhibition and place of resort, it has also developed into a laboratory of advanced research, and is at this moment far ahead of similar zoological stations in any country.

Into the main building the public are admitted to view the tanks; fortunately riff-raff are not tempted to make a lounge of a place to which admission is only obtained on payment of two francs—a substantial sum according to Neapolitan reckoning. But it is well worth many times that price to have the priv-

ilege of gazing at the thousands of fascinating or grotesque forms that people the transparent walls of the chamber. In the very first tank on the left are specimens of the sea-hare (*Aplysia*)—one of the strangest of the many strange invertebrate forms of life. Sustained and propelled by two lateral wings, a pair of these creatures move incessantly to and fro in mid-water. In their forward movement they might easily be mistaken for fish about the size of a half-grown whiting; two lustrous eyes are conspicuous on either side of a long beak, their general color being that of pearly smoke. Each time, however, that they approach within a few inches of the glass, the motor action—imperceptibly to the spectator—is reversed, and without turning round, they retire in the same line of their advance, and so they continue, oscillating between two fixed points without change of speed or moment of rest. He who has only seen live turtles in flaccid and sullen repose on slabs and in tanks in Leadenhall Street, will marvel at the ease, approaching grace, with which some huge specimens soar like aquatic vultures among the peaks and mimic cones of their abode; and as for the crustaceans, they exhibit such freaks of carapace, enormity of claw, and grotesqueness of countenance as can only have originated in one of nature's most flamboyant moods. The water in some corners is densely peopled by swarms of crab's fry of the size of gnats and midges, of some of which that monstrous sea-spider, with a body no bigger than a breakfast roll and legs two feet long, is no doubt responsible for the paternity.

Anglers will find matter for reflection in the behavior of some of the deep-sea fish. Of these, as many will bitterly affirm, none are more voracious than the dogfish; but it is cold to-day—cold, that is, for Naples, though the thermometer is many degrees above freezing; and so sensitive are these creatures to changes of temperature, that they will not look at food, but lie wreathed together in motionless groups in the deepest part of their tank. If it is thus with these gluttons, how vain at times must it be to ply various lures over capricious salmon or fastidious Hampshire trout! The varieties of beauty in zoophyte, medusa, starfish, pipeworm, corals of many kinds, as well as in the vertebrate species—wrasse, blenny, mullet, etc.—are bewildering; the specimens are shown in great abundance, and all seem in perfect health and ac-

tivity. If the visitor's nerves are sound, he may be tempted to receive an electric shock by touching the rayfish, and he will be sure not to grudge an extra franc to induce the keeper to feed a colony of octopus, which have their caverns in a couple of large tanks by themselves. Surely of all animate creatures these are the most weird and hideous, yet do they form an important part of the food-supply of the working-classes, and the gastronomes of Santa Lucia discriminate between the delicate qualities of eight different species. In the next tank to the octopus are the ink-fish, and it requires but a touch of the attendant's wand to make one of them discharge a jet of sepia, causing a dense cloud, concealed by which the animal darts off to a place of safety. —*Saturday Review*.

THE POLAR PROBLEM.—Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in all his public utterances on the subject, has displayed as much confidence in the existence of a current which shall carry his projected expedition across the inner polar circle, as Columbus did before the University of Salamanca with regard to reaching the Indies by sailing due west. The great Genoese navigator, sound as his reasoning was, failed to reach the Indies; but his memorable voyage in 1492 led to the discovery of a new world. The Nansen expedition may not succeed in getting near the Pole itself, but it is quite possible that something may be achieved which will at least narrow the polar problem. The close of the nineteenth century has witnessed the complete solution of that ancient geographical problem—the ultimate source of the Nile; and there is no reason to suppose it to be beyond the bounds of possibility that the primary mystery of the North Pole may be unravelled by some adventurous spirit before the next century dawns. There is an area of over two millions of square miles round the Pole which is virgin ground for the explorer; and it is not to be expected that all will be revealed to the first man who reaches the vanishing point of east and west. Yet just as Columbus's discovery of one of the Bahama Islands led to other discoveries which have been unparalleled in the history of the world, so may the discovery of a way by which the neighborhood of the North Pole can be reached lead to discoveries of great scientific importance.

This hardy Norseman's project is a new departure in Arctic exploration. He proposes

to pass through the inner polar circles by the assistance of an ocean current which is conjectured to flow there, and thus to avoid many of those natural obstacles which have proved insurmountable in all previous attempts to reach the North Pole. To go with the stream is a maxim of worldly wisdom, and if the current in question really exists it is obviously wise on the part of the scientific explorer thus to turn it to account. At any rate, Dr. Nansen assumes its existence as a working hypothesis, and having the courage of his convictions, means to put the matter to a practical test. The theory of a great watershed in Central Africa was reasoned out by the late Sir Roderick Murchison before Dr. Livingstone proved the fact of its existence in the very region that had been indicated. The intellectual prescience which led to the existence of the planet Neptune being brought to our knowledge is another case of the kind. At present it is only possible to discuss the main reasons advanced in favor of a polar current which may be taken advantage of in order to reach perhaps the Pole itself.

In the course of explorations round Spitzbergen in 1889, Dr. Kukenthal discovered a new and apparently important current flowing through the whole length of the Olga Strait from north to south. It was observed everywhere, and at all times, from Northeast Land to the Rye Yse and King Charles Land. This current appears to be disturbed only near the flat coasts by the tide, and it casts up driftwood plentifully upon the shores. The importance of this discovery will be apparent when taken in conjunction with a few well-known facts connected with Arctic exploration. The tree limit of the northern hemisphere being altogether outside the eightieth degree of latitude, it follows that driftwood carried southward by this current must have entered from the south at some other part of the circle. It is quite possible, for instance, that the driftwood in question is part of that sent into the Arctic Ocean by the Mackenzie and Yukon rivers, or by the great rivers of Eastern Siberia. The meridian nether to that which runs through Spitzbergen passes near Barrow Point, at the extreme northwest of the American Continent, and the meridian nether to that which skirts the eastern coast of Greenland passes through Siberia east of the New Siberian Islands.

Now, a remarkable thing happened between 1881-84 which gives point to all this. The

ill-fated Jeannette expedition entered the Arctic Ocean by way of Behring Straits, and when the vessel was wrecked the members of the expedition made their way over the ice to Siberia. Three years after the Jeannette went down, several articles which had belonged to her, and which had been abandoned by the crew at the time of the wreck, were found near Julianshaab, on the west coast of Greenland, having been carried thither on an ice-floe. The question arises, What chance, or what unknown current, carried these relics of the Jeannette from one side of the earth to the other within the short period of three years? Clearly they must have come by a comparatively direct route. Besides, in 1886, there were bows picked up off the coast of Greenland which were identified as those used by the Esquimaux in the vicinity of Behring Straits. It will be remembered, too, that Parry in 1827 made but little progress with sledges on the ice-pack north of Spitzbergen by reason of the ice-field moving southward almost as fast as his expedition could make its way northward. Taking things like these into account, Dr. Nansen conceives that a means of crossing the polar apex may be found, and he is organizing the expedition which starts next summer in the deliberate hope of realizing the conception.

His intention is to make first for the mouth of the Lena, one of the greatest rivers of Siberia. That river pours a vast volume of warm fresh water into the Arctic Ocean, which, being so much lighter than the colder salt water, sets up a current flowing—as Dr. Nansen contends there is evidence to prove—in the direction he desires to go. He calculates upon getting into the ice north of the New Siberian Islands, and then, trusting to the drift of the current, allow his vessel to go with the ice-field. This he expects will take him on toward, and past, the North Pole, and ultimately bring him into the North Greenland Sea. Under the most favorable circumstances, a journey of this kind would occupy at least two years, but the expedition will be provisioned and outfitted for five years. The adventure is a bold one, even for a descendant of the Vikings. The vessel in which, with a crew of twelve men, Dr. Nansen means to face the perils of Arctic voyaging has been designed with a special view to "take the ice," as well as to withstand the buffets of Hyperborean seas. In appearance it is not unlike a Scotch "Luckie boat," but it is carvel-built, and rigged as a three-masted schooner.

With all this, however, a sojourn in the highest latitudes for possibly several years is no light undertaking, although not quite unprecedented. Forty years ago, when Arctic equipments were by no means so complete as they are nowadays, Captain (afterward Admiral) Collinson, with the *Enterprise*, passed three consecutive winters in the ice north of Behring Straits, and would have passed a fourth but for the coals giving out. After a total absence from England of nearly five years and a half, he brought his vessel and crew home in sound condition—a notable achievement in itself. What experience and forethought can accomplish in the way of rendering high latitudes bearable is admirably shown by the record of the recent Peary expedition. They passed the winter at McCormick Bay (77° 43' N. lat.) in perfect comfort, and the whole object of the expedition was achieved without a single mishap, save the loss of the meteorologist under circumstances which might have happened on any Alpine glacier. Both the science and the art of wintering in the Arctic, after the vessel has been housed over and banked up with snow, are now pretty well understood, and the rigors of the climate can be mitigated in many ways.

The great danger which the Nansen expedition must run, in common with all Arctic voyagers, is not so much in being ice bound for long periods, as in being beset with pack-ice in an angry and comparatively open sea. This is in the far north what a lee-shore is to navigators further south. The provisions which Dr. Nansen is making against all anticipated contingencies, moreover, have the same element of speculation about them that his theory of Arctic currents has. "One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success," and the event alone can determine whether Dr. Nansen possesses this quality of a great explorer.—*Leisure Hour*.

HOW A CREW SHOULD ROW.—And who that has once seen such a crew can forget his feeling of esthetic satisfaction as every movement was performed with a perfect unison of strong bodies and flashing blades? But it is useless to suppose that we can maintain this high standard of graceful perfection if we neglect what is known as style. Let me try to explain, without being severely technical, what I mean by style, or, as it is sometimes called, "form." The aim and object of all instruction in rowing must be to make a man not only do the hard work which is necessary to

propel a boat through the water, but to exercise the highest amount of power with the greatest amount of ease and comfort to himself; not merely to row on his own account, but in such a way as will weld him as completely as possible into harmony with the rest of the crew. Now, to effect this, we believe that a man should be taught to row with a straight back, and with arms so straightened that the whole weight-power of the trunk may be through them immediately applied to the stroke. His swing forward should be slow, far-reaching, and well-balanced, so that he may have time to recover himself before he begins the next stroke, and so that the boat itself may in its progress enjoy the full benefit of the stroke just finished. His chest should be well opened (so that his heart and lungs may have free play), the whole carriage of his body at the finish of the stroke should be firm, but easy; upright, but not unduly rigid. The elbows must pass close to the sides, the shoulders must be thrown back, the head must be held erect. Every stroke, having been firmly gripped without the hesitation of a fraction of a second when the body has reached the extreme limit of its forward swing, must be forced firmly through with body swing and leg drive until the hands reach the chest, which they should then leave as a billiard-ball leaves a cushion, in order to free the body smartly for the forward swing. I often tell my men, when I am coaching them, to hold their heads up and look proud of themselves, and I try to make them row in a manner that will warrant the pride I ask them to assume. It is thus that we strive to harmonize eight individuals into a whole that shall exert power to its highest point, and shall, at the same time, show the combination of firmness with suppleness, of strength with ease, of energy with grace, which makes an eight-oared crew a pleasure to the artistic eye. This is our ideal. It is a high one, I admit, and its attainment is difficult; but if the art of rowing is to maintain its place with us we must strive earnestly to reach it. We have an unvarying experience to support us. The memory of every oarsman will supply him with cases in which strong crews rowing in bad form have been beaten by crews physically weaker, but more harmonious and of a better style. But I cannot remember a case in which a strong crew rowing in good form has suffered defeat unless it met a stronger crew rowing in a style as good or better. — *New Review*.

**THE POPE'S JUBILEE.**—On a warm, sunny Sunday, at Rome, Leo XIII. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate. Two battalions of Italian troops kept order before St. Peter's. As many as 80,000 persons—30,000 of whom were pilgrims—found places in the basilica. Some thousands of people were, however, turned away, although many of them had tickets. The enthusiasm was "simply indescribable." As the Pope was borne into the basilica "thunders of applause echoed through the vast building, handkerchiefs and flags were waved toward him, and the great dome resounded with shouts of 'Evviva il Papa-Re!' 'Evviva Leone Tredici!'" The Holy Father's face was of a deadly whiteness. Nevertheless the benediction was given in a voice which was loud and clear. On Monday the Duke of Norfolk presented the congratulations of Queen Victoria, and his Holiness celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his election to the papal chair.

**THE ENTHUSIASM OF HEALTH.**—Sir James Paget is desirous of implanting in our national character "an ambition for renown in health" comparable with that for bravery, beauty, or success in athletic games. Let us consider what this means. The subject is one which may be viewed in two different aspects. In the one case health, like the other qualities above mentioned, is regarded as a comparative rarity. As such it must appeal to the sense of admiration in minds of every type, even the most ordinary, and persons of strong physique would then stand out from the half-dead level of pallid humankind like rocks on a sandy shore. This condition we may be sure is very far from realizing Sir James Paget's ambition. His view takes in the subject from another point. It is that of minds higher than the ordinary in respect of their physiological knowledge. He would raise the most ordinary to the level of these, and would thus awake in them the slumbering sense of self-preservation in the matter of hygiene. "After virtue, knowledge," said Goethe, thus laying the foundation of his desires in healthy morality, and what virtue was in his ideal of mental satisfaction, health is in the physical system. What would beauty, athletic success, or even bravery—that is, physical courage—be without this foundation? We can hardly credit their existence in such a case. A short and perishing life they might have, that is all. Their best and most enduring forms cannot be

thus established. The intelligent ambition which appreciates this fact is certainly a feeling to be fostered by every possible means, and we are pleased to think that its culture is in these days increasingly cared for. Hitherto many sins have been committed against the body by persons who knew no better. Thanks to the extension of science teaching these are becoming plainly visible to the eye of reason. What we still want is the development of a yet keener sense than ordinary knowledge, an anxiety to live aright, an enthusiasm to learn and to obey the true law of our nature, moral and physical. We see more of this than formerly. We do not so tamely submit to the cramping tyranny of fashion. We are less easily gulled by the deceit of "wild oats." Even that capricious child, Society, submits many of its habits to sanitary rule. Yet there is room for improvement. The tide of enthusiasm must rise higher.—*Lancel.*

USE OF THE TELEPHONE.—An ingenious use of the telephone is mentioned in *Lightning* in the case of the manager of a large Australian ranch, who has established telephonic communication between the various distant homesteads by means of the wire of the boundary fences. By utilizing the top wire of the fence, and carrying the wire across the roads on poles, he has succeeded in connecting each station at the moderate charge of 20s. per mile. He carries an instrument in his buggy, and, by connecting it with the wire at any point, he is able to communicate with any homestead. The same principle has been tried before with success in some of the Northwest American ranches, and is found to be of great value in a land where distances are great and messengers are few.

TIMBER RAFTS ON THE RHINE.—Among the noticeable characteristics of the Rhine are the timber rafts. The timber is felled in the mountains and brought down to the Rhine by the Neckar, Moselle, and other rivers. The logs are first started singly on their long journey; then a few are tied together, and as they float down the streamlet, a few more are added, and the raft grows like a snowball, and in the Rhine itself they are bound together into huge masses, which are carefully navigated to Dordrecht and sold. A raft will often have eight or ten small houses on it and from four to five hundred workmen, including rowers and pilots, making a small town in itself.

These rafts are steered by huge bars, and are so put together as to twist and squirm along like a huge snake in the narrow and tortuous channel. A single raft will, at the end of its journey, often sell for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

HONOR PAID TO GARFIELD.—At the time President Garfield died, it was known in London that Queen Victoria had ordered the great bell of St. Paul's to be tolled, an honor paid heretofore only to the memory of an English sovereign. It had been long since the sound of that bell had been heard, and a vast crowd filled Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill waiting breathlessly for the first strokes of its iron tongue. The great crowd waited for hours, and at last came the deep, full, sonorous stroke. Instantly, as if by magic, every hat was doffed, and, says an eyewitness, "the change from a sea of hats to a sea of heads was most magical. The English crowd stood, while the bell tolled, with uncovered heads, a token of respect for the uncrowned monarch who lay dead beyond the ocean."

WEAVER BIRDS.—The *Hartford Times* gives some interesting particulars concerning a couple of weaver birds owned in that city. One of them came from Africa and the other from Australia. Although in captivity, they weave their long pendent nests out of the long grasses furnished them. In their native woods these birds often hang their nests from a slender branch which overhangs some stream. This is done so that the monkeys, who greatly relish birds' eggs, cannot get at them. Should an adventurous and hungry monkey attempt to reach a nest thus suspended, his weight bends the slender branch and he gets a ducking for his pains instead of the eggs he hoped for.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Presence of mind is sometimes shown by saying the right word at the right time. When Admiral Blake was a captain in the West Indies, one of his ships blew up in an engagement with the Spaniards. Seeing his crew discouraged at this, Blake called out, "Now, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up, let us see what sort of a figure a Spanish ship will make in the same state."

By this well-timed address he restored the courage of his men, and their antagonist was soon on fire.